



ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

From the British Quarterly Review.

CALIFORNIA—THE GOLD HUNTERS.

- (1.) *Eldorado; or, Adventures in the Path of Empire.* By BAYARD TAYLOR. London: Richard Bentley. 1850.
- (2.) *Personal Adventures in Upper and Lower California, in 1848-9.* By W. R. RYAN. London: William Shoberl. 1850.

BLOWING bubbles is a remarkably pleasant pastime. We were all engrossed with it here a few years ago; and sundry indisputable arguments were used for the purpose of showing why ours should be exempt from the fate of bubbles in general—that of bursting. Facts, however—and so much the worse for them—have contradicted this ingenious theory. Our bubbles have burst; our rockets have come down sticks. It remains to be seen whether the more dazzling ones that have attracted so many longing looks to the other side of the world, are to prove equally unsubstantial. Opinions differ widely about this; and to ascertain the precise value of Upper California to its present owners, and the world at large, would, at this stage of its progress, be no easy matter. Men's views and representations are influenced by their interests and prejudices at all times. But more especially are these apt to lead them astray in times of such extraordinary excitement as have been consequent on the recent

appearance of this region in an entirely new character, that of a gold-producing country. Astonished, bewildered, elated, with the prospect of gold for the having, it cannot be wondered at if many, with the best intentions in the world to be cool in their judgment and correct in their estimate, have begun by seeing double at least. And we must say that your sanguine people, who make no allowance for fiction, are about as great mischief-makers as can be. While, if the honest and right-minded may be thus misled, and frequently are so, it must be borne in mind that there is always another class prepared to take advantage of this state of mind, and, knowingly, to foster extravagance of expectation, from any probable source of gain, in order to serve their own selfish ends. We have seen enough of this at home, and our "slang" has been enriched with terms to describe such men. It is unpleasant to recognize their existence; but there they are. What is worse, we are not always in a

position to discriminate between these two classes; nor indeed to say whether the extravagant anticipations may, or may not, be the correct ones. We had a notable illustration of this a short time ago, during our own railway delirium; in the evil consequences of which both the innocent and the guilty are now alike involved. And more particularly in connection with an individual—"O breathe not his name!"—who carried, not only confidence, but apparent success, wherever he went; every property with which he connected himself immediately rising in value. That success was subsequently found to be delusive; but for a considerable time there existed absolutely no data upon which any judgment as to its reality, or otherwise, could be founded. Particular facts were then apparently against those who, judging from general principles only, deemed that this sudden increase of wealth was unreal, and must therefore sink under the general law of unsound speculation.

We have, as we have said, widely differing opinions and statements tendered to us. One voice from the West assures us that the reduction of the attenuated, yet brilliant fabric, to that little disappointing *spit* of soap and water which every bubble-blower must remember falling on his up-turned face, as the glittering sphere dissolved in mid-air, is just on the point of taking place. Another does not see why it ever should. A third, Mr. Taylor, holds a middle course, and thinks two or three years may pass before the collapse, inevitable on such over-inflated speculation as has been indulged in, in connection with Californian matters, shall ensue; and that then it will not be so complete as some people fear.

Had an idea which was talked about some fifteen years ago, that of making over California to Great Britain in payment of the Mexican debt, ever been carried out, we should not have been able to take these conflicting statements so coolly as we now permit ourselves to do, being simply lookers on. We do not, however, regret that the Americans have got the gold region, instead of ourselves. We feel not the slightest emotions of envy stirring within us, as we read their glowing anticipations of the wealth that is to accrue to them from the development of its capabilities: of its inexhaustible mines of gold and other metals, its widely-spread commerce, its rich wines, its beeves innumerable, that are to be fed to fatness on its fertile plains, which grow grass and oats for nothing. For, as it is discreetly remarked in an

official report upon the subject, cattle that have walked into California from the Western States, will *not* be fit for eating immediately upon their arrival thither. Of all this we read unmoved, save to wish, as was the wont of Goldsmith's immortal Vicar, that our cousins in the States may be "the better" for their new acquisition, not exactly "this day three months," but rather when the excessive speculation to which it has given rise, together with its long train of subsequent and inevitable evils, shall have passed away, leaving the country to a legitimate development of its natural resources.

We trust that no hasty person will hereupon assert that we have called California a bubble; because in that case we shall be under the disagreeable necessity of telling him that he has run away with only half an idea. We do say that there has been bubble-blowing in connection with it; and this, in its results, is as injurious to the morals of a community as it possibly can be to its pecuniary interests. It is a thing not to be tolerated.

The volumes before us are, we imagine, the first literary results of the extraordinary events that have been taking place on the shores of the Pacific, within the last two years; and a very entertaining and interesting view do they give of them. Both publications are derived from personal acquaintance with the scenes depicted. Mr. Taylor is an American. By the way, why does no one devise a more discriminating name for one born in the United States? We might as well call a Frenchman, simply a European. *Statesman* would be the correct term, but it is preoccupied. However, American let it be, till something less vague is found out. And he tells us that he did not visit California with the intention of writing a book; though one naturally arose out of his engagements there, and all his observations were made with that purpose in view. We presume that he went out as "our own correspondent" to the *New York Tribune*, in which paper the germ of these volumes appeared in the form of letters; for he neither traded, nor speculated, nor dug gold, save one day, when by way of experiment, taking a "butcher-knife," he went into one of the forsaken holes, in the diggings, and lying on his back, as he had seen others do, attempted, in vain, to pick out some grains from the crevices of the rock. His visit was later than Mr. Ryan's: indeed, his arrival at San Francisco would about coincide with the departure of the latter from that city; so that his narra-

tive brings us nearer to the present date by four months, the time of his stay in the country. His volumes do him credit as a spirited, intelligent, good-humored writer, and traveler; and just such a determined looking at the bright side of things as might be expected from one so constituted, and especially from an American, who is delighted with the bargain "Uncle Sam" has got, in the acquisition of the gold regions.

Mr. Ryan is, we presume, a naturalized subject of the States, English or Irish by birth; who proceeded to California as a volunteer during that war with Mexico which ended in the cession of the upper province to the Americans, in May, 1848, one month before the important discovery of her metallic treasures! When peace was concluded, his corps was disbanded, and he, not particularly pleased with either the pay or treatment which he had received from his adopted country, tried gold-hunting on a small scale, unsuccessfully; then house-painting to rather better purpose; and finally, not being of robust constitution, left the country, debilitated with hardships and climate, after a residence in the upper province, which is all we are now concerned with, of six months.

The two works are tinged by the characters and circumstances of their writers. Mr. Taylor could afford to take a cheerful view of men and things. Mr. Ryan has, occasionally, perhaps somewhat of the tone of the disappointed, frame-shaken man. And yet we have the impression that his has been, and will be, a true type of the experience of hundreds who have flocked to the land of promise, under the delusion that in that lottery there were no blanks.

For about ten years before the accidental discovery (on the south fork of the American River, forty-five miles from Sacramento City,) that gold was one of its products, the tide of emigration had been tending to California from the States. Bands of emigrants had, from time to time, crossed the Rocky Mountains, and the Salt Plains, enduring hardships innumerable, and even horrors unmentionable, in that slow pilgrimage of two thousand miles to the "far west;" a point towards which, the American, if he be but an out-lyer on the borders of civilization, seems irresistibly drawn. At the close of the war with Mexico, it was supposed there were from ten to fifteen thousand Americans and Californians in the province, exclusive of the converted Indians, formerly living under the protection of the Romish missions planted there; but which were dispersed, in 1836, in conse-

quence of one of those attacks of revolutionary fever to which Mexico is constitutionally liable.

How everybody rushed thither, when gold was first talked of, is too well known to require comment. How soldiers and sailors deserted, when they got within the charmed circle, and how parties sent to apprehend the deserters, only ran after them to the mines, to begin business on their own account; and how even the governor himself, tempted beyond endurance, at last joined the chase through the abandoned fields and deserted towns, is fresh in every one's remembrance. In 1849, the influx of Americans alone was eighty thousand, forming an addition to the population of one hundred thousand, within a twelvemonth.

The immediate advent of a golden age was looked for. Hints were thrown out, even here, in all seriousness, as to the probable depreciation of our currency in consequence of the anticipated influx of gold. Our cash, like fairy-money, was to turn to slate-stones in our pockets; and, for once in their lives, even the "holders" of sovereigns thought that shares were "looking down." We must own that we never felt inclined to treat ours any less respectfully on this account.

Two years have now elapsed: and the official estimate of the amount of gold obtained from the mines in 1848 and 1849, is 40,000,000 dollars, about £8,000,000; one half of which, in the general scramble, is supposed to have fallen to the share of foreigners. This has for some time been a grievance; but is now to be amended. Mr. Butler King, in his official report on Californian affairs, addressed to the home government, (U. S.) in March, this year, among other regulations which he suggests for adoption in the new states, proposes that of excluding foreigners from the privilege of purchasing permission to work the mines on the ground that they "belong to, and in his judgment should be preserved for the use and benefit of the American people"—meaning, "all citizens, native and adopted." In 1849, also, General Smith made an attempt to expel foreigners; but his prohibition was not much heeded.

In giving us an estimate of the gold sent from California, Mr. King might perhaps have contributed to the furnishing us with the means of forming a more accurate judgment of the present value of the province, if he could have stated how much had been sent to it. "The progress of San Francisco," says Mr. Ryan, "might be said to be, in some degree, paid for by foreign capital actually brought into the country."

That part of California known as the gold region, is a tract four or five hundred miles long, and from forty to fifty broad, following the course of the Snowy Mountains, between which and the low coast range it lies. This comprehends the valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin; the one flowing north, the other south of the Bay of San Francisco, into which they empty themselves. It was in the northern portion of this tract, which is also considered to afford the greatest amount of fertile land, so far as the country has been yet explored, that the first discoveries were made. Subsequent ones, however, have very greatly extended the sphere of mining operations, both north and south; till the modest limits originally assigned to it, a square of about seventy miles, have expanded to those we have just given. The central land is desert-like; the only signs of human visitation in the Great Desert, west of the Colorado, are "the bones of animals and men scattered along the trails that cross it."

San Francisco, the "great commercial metropolis on the Pacific coast," with its fine bay, seems naturally to claim our first attention. Mr. Ryan gives us a good sketch of the bay, which he entered in April, 1849. Its entrance is through a strait three or four miles in width.

"This opening, as seen from the ocean, presents the complete appearance of a mountain pass—abruptly cutting in two the continuous line of the coast range—and is the only water-communication hence to the interior country. The coast itself is of the boldest character, and of singular beauty in respect of distinctness of outline. The mountains bounding it on the south extend in the form of a narrow range of broken hills, terminating in a precipitous headland, against which the surges break angrily, casting up millions of briny spangles, which glisten in the sunbeams with all the colors of the rainbow. To the north these mountains rear their huge crests, like so many granitic Titans, in a succession of varying altitudes, until, at the distance of a few miles, they attain an elevation of from two to three thousand feet, the seaward point presenting a bold promontory, between which and the lower headland lies the strait I have already mentioned, and which, although appearing so narrow, on account of the immense bulk of mountain forming its shoulders, is nevertheless one mile broad in the narrowest part.

"Having passed through this gap, or I might more properly call it a gate, (it is named the Golden Gate,) we found the strait extend about five miles from the sea to the bay itself, which then opens right and left, extending in each direction about thirty-six miles, its total length being more than seventy miles, with a coast line of about 275. The land on each side of the strait is irregular and picturesque, resembling, on account of

its continuity, an immense bank, which forms an admirable natural protection against the fierce winds that frequently sweep the coast with unmitigated fury.

"Proceeding up the strait, we found the real or second entrance to the bay barred by an enormous rock, which offers a capital site for a fort."

Here lay a flag-ship, with other vessels, anchored at this inconvenient distance from the town, which is six miles off, in order to prevent the men deserting: no easy matter. On one occasion, eighteen from one vessel seized a boat, and went ashore to make their fortunes, under fire from every vessel in the harbor! It is said, that on the 1st of January, this year, two hundred and fifty ships were lying in the bay, all deserted by their crews.

The rock, rising sheer out of the water, to a considerable height, being past, the bay itself was gained:—

"Its first aspect is that of a long lake, lying embosomed between parallel ranges of mountains, in the midst of a country of alpine character; but the eye soon perceives that the monotony of its glassy surface is broken, and varied, and rendered eminently picturesque, by the several islands with which it is studded, and which rise to the height of 300 to 400 feet; preserving in the main, the bold and rugged character of their parent shores, some being mere masses of rock, while others are luxuriantly clad with a mantle of the very richest verdure, bespotted with flowers of the gaudiest hues.

"Immediately opposite the entrance to the bay, and forming a back-ground of unsurpassed majesty of appearance, rises, at a few miles' distance from the shore, a chain of mountains, which shoot aloft to an elevation of two thousand feet above the level of the water, and whose summits are crowned by a splendid forest-growth of ancient cypress, distinctly visible from the Pacific, and presenting a conspicuous land-mark for vessels entering the bay. Towering behind these again, like the master-sentinel of the golden regions which it overlooks, is the rugged peak of Mount Diablo, (O what a name!) rearing its antediluvian granite head, hoar with unmelted snows, to the height of 3770 feet above the level of the sea."

The immediate shores of the Bay present—

"A front of broken and rugged hills, rolling and undulating lands, and rich alluvial shores, having in their rear fertile and wooded ranges, admirably adapted as a site for towns, villages, and farms; with which latter they were already dotted. The foot of the mountains around the southern arm of the bay, is a low alluvial bottom-land, extending several miles in breadth, being inter-

spersed with and relieved by occasional open woods of oak, and terminating, on a breadth of twenty miles, in the fertile valley of San Josef."

To the town of this name the seat of government is transferred. The military governor of the province resides at San Francisco. The Bay is "a little Mediterranean in itself," with an average breadth of at least from ten to fifteen, some say twenty miles. Its head is nearly forty miles from the sea; and at this point is connected with the valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin. Its waters are of a depth to admit the largest vessels.

The town stands at the south side entrance of the Bay, in a "sort of irregular valley," surrounded by the lofty hills already mentioned.

It was in the streets of San Francisco that Mr. Taylor had his first view of what is now the staple business of the country—gold hunting:—

"Walking through the town, I was amazed to find a dozen persons busily employed in the street before the United States Hotel digging up the earth with knives and crumbling it in their hands. They were actually gold hunters, who obtained in this way about five dollars a day. After blowing the fine dirt carefully in their hands, a few specks of gold were left, which they placed in a peice of white paper. A number of children were engaged in the same business, picking out the fine grains by applying to them the head of a pin moistened in the mouth. I was told of a small boy having taken home fourteen dollars as the result of one day's labor."

He considers this was chiefly produced by leakings from the miners' bags, and the sweepings of stores.

Seeing these two gentlemen have done us the honor of coming to England to find a publisher for their books, we wish they had paid us the further compliment of expressing money value in terms more familiar to the generality of English readers than are American ones. Sums computed by dollars really convey a very indefinite idea at first sight. Thus, among various instances of the fabulous prices that have been current in this wonderful region, that of washing—laundress's washing, not gold-washing—being from eight to twelve dollars the dozen, bad as it sounds, does not sound half so bad as if "done into English;" some 2*l.* 12*s.* the dozen: or, as Mr. Ryan phrases it, by way of making it more startlingly apparent, "six shillings for a shirt." The consequence of cleanliness being thus converted into so expensive a virtue was, that large quantities of

clothing were sent to China and the Sandwich Islands for the necessary "purification."

Towards the end of August in this same year, 1849, San Francisco had a population of about six thousand souls, lodged in tents and canvass houses, with a few frame buildings. Three weeks later, Mr. Taylor says:—

"The town had not only greatly extended its limits, but seemed actually to have doubled its number of dwellings since I left. High up on the hills, where I had seen only sand and chaparral, stood clusters of houses; streets which had been merely laid out, were hemmed in with buildings and thronged with people; new warehouses had sprung up on the water-side, and new piers were creeping out towards the shipping; the forests of masts had greatly thickened; and the noise, motion, and bustle of business and labor on all sides were incessant. Verily, the place was in itself a marvel. To say that it was daily enlarged by from twenty to thirty houses may not sound very remarkable after all the stories that have been told; yet this, for a country that imported both lumber and houses, and where labor was then ten dollars a day, is an extraordinary growth. The rapidity with which a ready-made house is put up and inhabited in San Francisco, strikes the stranger as little short of magic. He walks over an open lot in his before-breakfast stroll; the next morning a house complete, with a family inside blocks up his way. He goes down to the bay and looks out on the shipping; two or three days afterwards a row of store-houses, staring him in the face, intercepts his view."

Six weeks later, about the beginning of November, the population was about 15,000.

"A year before it was about five hundred," says Mr. Taylor. "The increase since that time had been made in the face of the greatest disadvantages under which a city ever labored; an uncultivated country, an ungenial climate, exorbitant rates of labor, want of building materials, imperfect civil organization—lacking everything in short, but gold dust and enterprise. The same expense on the Atlantic coast would have established a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants."

Its great want was society.

"Think of a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, peopled by men alone. The like of this was never seen before. Every man was his own housekeeper, doing in many instances, his own sweeping, cooking, washing, and mending.—Many home arts, learned rather by observation than experience, came conveniently into play. He who cannot make a bed, cook a beefsteak, or sew up his own rips or rents, is unfit to be a citizen of California."

On this visit he found rents had risen "rather than fallen." On his arrival he had paid twenty-five dollars the week for a wretched garret with two cots in it. One of the hotels, a frame-house of sixty feet front, was rented at one hundred and ten thousand dollars yearly; of which sixty thousand—12,000*l.*!—was paid by gamblers, who had the second story; while a cellar, twelve feet square and six deep, was offered, for an office, at two hundred and fifty dollars a month.

The wages of labor had fallen a little. Money, (currency, from a variety of causes, has been very scarce) was fourteen per cent. *monthly*. The climate he found vastly improved. "The temperature was more equable and genial, and the daily hurricanes of the summer had almost entirely ceased."

During that season a high, cold wind from the sea blows constantly, from noon to midnight; and this, together with the fogs, renders San Francisco, Mr. King says, "probably more uncomfortable, to those not accustomed to it, in summer than in winter, when the atmosphere is tolerably mild." To add to the annoyance of these sweeping blasts, the dust there is something almost preternatural. In the valley of San Joaquin, Mr. Taylor, having some mules in his charge, could only see whether they were in order, as they trotted in file before him, by "counting the tails that occasionally whisked through the cloud." Mr. Ryan's experience was worse. In a *café* at San Francisco, he tells us—

"There was dust on the counter, on the shelves, on the seats, on the decanters, and in them, on the tables, in the salt, on my beefsteak, and in my coffee. There was dust on my polite landlord's cheeks, and in his amiable wife's eyes, which she was wiping with the corner of a dusty apron. I hurried my meal, and was paying my score, when I caught a sight of my own face in a dusty-looking and dust-covered glass near the bar, and saw that I, too, had become covered with it, my entire person being literally encrusted with a coat of powder, from which I experienced considerable difficulty in cleansing myself."

In the rainy season, which lasts from the middle of November to that of May, all this dust, of course, undergoes a conversion; and then the lower parts of the town "stand in a huge basin of mud."

At the time of Mr. Taylor's departure, the town had increased greatly, both in size and in the substantiality of its buildings. Four months previously,

"The gold-seeking sojourner lodged in muslin rooms and canvas garrets with a philosophic lack

of furniture, and ate his simple, though substantial" (he might of added, extravagantly dear,) "fare from pine boards. Now lofty hotels were met with in all quarters, furnished with home luxury, and aristocratic restaurants presented daily their long bills of fare, rich with the choicest technicalities of the Parisian *cuisine*."

At one of these hotels, board and lodging were a hundred and fifty dollars a month: considered unusually cheap. At another of them, a room alone was two hundred and fifty dollars the month. But, he observes, "the greatest gains were still made by the gambling-tables and eating-houses. Every device that art could suggest was used to swell the custom of the former."

Gambling, indeed, and drinking—not drunkenness, Mr. Taylor saw little of that—are the two leading vices of the country. In Stockton, the halting-place to the southern, as Sacramento is to the northern mines, Mr. Ryan found "every other hut either a grogery or a gambling-place." And Mr. Taylor's more recent account is full of allusions to this former propensity. The native inhabitants were addicted to it; but the present peculiar circumstances of the country have given great impetus as well as scope to the spirit of gambling. "Wherever there is gold, there are gamblers." The steamer which carried Mr. Taylor from Panama to San Francisco had on board "a choice gang of blacklegs from the States," going thither on a professional visit. And such gather in large harvests.

Mr. Ryan, we have said, was a practical gold-hunter, and made nothing of it. Gold is not altogether to be had for the picking up, even in California. Mr. Taylor, the looker-on, gives us a very entertaining view both of the process, and scene, of operations, in his visit to the "diggings" which had been discovered about two months previously, on the Mokelumne River, in the southern district. After a ride through some country, of which he speaks in terms of the highest admiration for its richness and beauty, though the heat was intense,—in the glens and *canados*, 110°,—he arrived at the little town, three weeks old, which had "sprung up" for the accommodation of the miners, and which already boasted at least a dozen gaming-tables. The "hotel" was "an open space under a branch roof; the appliances were two tables of rough plank, one for meals, and one for *monte*," (the universal gambling game,) "with logs resting on forked limbs, as seats, and a bar of similar materials, behind which was ranged a goodly

stock of liquors and preserved provisions." Their expenses at this "hotel," it should be named, were eleven dollars a day, for man and mule, exclusive of lodgings. They are, oddly enough, divided into four dollars for the man, and seven for the mule! barley being a dollar the quart, and grass a dollar the handful.

"Our first move was for the river bottom, where a number of Americans, Sonorians, and Kanakas" (Sandwich Islanders,) "were at work in the hot sun. The bar as it was called, was nothing more or less than a level space at the junction of the river with a dry *arroyo*, or "gulch," which winds for about eight miles among the hills."

The "gulch" denotes a mountain ravine of a very abrupt character.

"It was hard and rocky, with no loose sand except such as had lodged between the large masses of stone, which must of course be thrown aside to get at the gold. The whole space, containing about four acres, appeared to have been turned over with great labor, and all the holes slanting down between the broken strata of slate to have been explored to the bottom. No spot could appear more unpromising to the inexperienced gold-hunter. Yet the Sonorians, washing out the loose dust, or dirt, which they scraped up among the rocks, obtained from ten dollars to two ounces daily. The first party we saw had just succeeded in cutting a new channel for the shrunken waters of the Mokelumne, and were commencing operations on about twenty yards of the river bed, which they had laid bare. They were ten in number; and their only implements were shovels, a rude cradle for the top layer of earth, and flat wooden bowls for washing out the sands. Baptiste took one of the bowls, which was full of sand, and in five minutes showed us a dozen grains of bright gold. The company had made in the forenoon about three pounds; we watched them at their work till the evening, when three pounds more were produced, making an average of seven ounces for each man. The gold was of the purest quality and most beautiful color.—When I first saw the men carrying heavy stones in the sun, standing nearly waist-deep in water, and grubbing with their hands in the gravel and clay, there seemed to me little virtue in resisting the temptation to gold-digging; but when the shining particles were poured out lavishly from a tin basin, I confess there was a sudden itching in my fingers to seize the heaviest crowbar and the biggest shovel."

A company of thirty, further down the river, had cleared a hundred yards of its bed, and begun washing very successfully. But they quarrelled, "as most companies do;" and finally arranged with two of their number, to have all the work done at their ex-

pense, taking half the gold obtained for their remuneration. Many of the Americans employed Indians and others to work for them, giving them half the produce of their labor, in addition to finding them provisions, which would cost about a dollar a day. Rather poorly kept, either in quantity or quality, we should suppose they would be at this price, provisions of all kinds being "enormously dear." On their journey to the place, a little more than a bushel of wheat, for the mules, had cost them five dollars. Mr. Taylor and his friends were hospitably entertained by the miners; and were not a little surprised at the "table in the wilderness," spread for them in the airy hotel we have mentioned. Jerked beef, (they had, *en route*, bought about *six yards*, for half a dollar) and bread was the best they had expected: and, oh, omnipotent power of gold! they saw on the table "green corn, green peas, and beans, fresh oysters, roast turkey, Goshen butter, and excellent coffee. I will not pretend," he adds, "to say what they cost, but I began to think the fable of Aladdin was nothing very remarkable after all. The genie will come—but the rubbing of the lamp! There is nothing so hard on the hands."

He slept that night soundly on the "dining table;" and next morning found the party at work, in the sunshine, with two hours' hard labor at baling out the water before they could begin to wash. Again:

"The prospect looked uninviting, but when I went there again, towards noon, one of them was scraping up the sand from the bed with his knife, and throwing it into a basin, the bottom of which glittered with gold. Every knife-full brought out a quantity of grains and scales, some of which were as large as the finger-nail. At last a two-ounce lump fell plump into the pan. Their forenoon's work amounted to nearly six pounds. It is only by such operations as these, through associated labor, that great profits are to be made in those districts which have been visited by the first eager horde of gold-hunters. The deposits most easily reached are soon exhausted by the crowd, and the labor required to carry on further work successfully deters single individuals from attempting it. Those who, retaining their health, return home disappointed, say they have been humbugged about the gold, when in fact they have humbugged themselves about the work. If any one expects to dig treasures out of the earth in California without severe labor, he is woefully mistaken. Of all classes of men, those who pave streets and quarry limestone are best adapted for gold-diggers."

People's notions of what are hardships differ. On this same journey, a disheartened,

returning emigrant strongly advised Mr. Taylor to turn back; telling him "you'll have to sleep on the ground every night, and take care of your own animals, and you may think yourself lucky if you get your regular meals."

This was certainly one of the "slow" men, for which, together with the cautious and desponding ones, our sensible traveler remarks, "California is no place. The grumbler and idler had better stay at home." Where, we are sure, they are not wanted.

From 11 A.M., to 4 P.M., the mercury here "ranged between 98 and 110."

The discovery of this *gulch* was accidental. Dr. Gillette, in company with a friend, was "prospecting" for gold; and as he rested one day under a tree, struck his pick carelessly into the ground, and presently threw out a lump of about two pounds weight. They at once set to work:—

"Laboring all that day and the next, and even using part of the night to quarry out the heavy pieces of rock. At the end of the second day they went to the village on the Upper Bar, and weighed their profits, which amounted to fourteen pounds."

The largest piece found here was said to weigh eleven pounds. Mr. Taylor says he makes "due allowance for the size which gold lumps attain the farther they roll;" but of this he was told on the spot.

"Climbing up the rocky bottom of the gulch, as by a staircase, for four miles," the "dry-diggings" were visited.

"Deep holes sunk between the solid strata, or into the precipitous sides of the mountains, showed where veins of the metal had been struck, and followed as long as they yielded lumps large enough to pay for the labor. The loose earth which they had excavated was full of fine gold, and only needed washing out. A number of Sonorians were engaged in dry washing this refuse sand—a work which requires no little skill, and would soon kill any other men than these lank and skinny Arabs of the west. Their mode of work is as follows:—Gathering the loose dry sand in bowls, they raise it to their heads, and slowly pour it upon a blanket spread at their feet. Repeating this several times, and throwing out the worthless piece of rock, they reduce the dust to about half its bulk; then balancing the bowl in one hand, by a quick dextrous motion of the other they cause it to revolve, at the same time throwing its contents into the air, and catching them as they fall. In this manner, everything is finally winnowed away, except the heavier grains of sand mixed with gold, which is carefully separated by the breath. It is a laborious occupation, and one which, fortunately, the American diggers

have not attempted. This breathing the fine dust from day to day, under a more than torrid sun, would soon impair the strongest lungs."

Killing a few Sonorians is, we suppose, of comparatively little consequence.

The tools used here were the crowbar, pick, and knife, the miners being sometimes obliged to use them, "lying flat on their backs, in cramped and narrow holes"—like our coal miners!

And here Mr. Taylor says, "There is more gold in California than ever was said or imagined: ages will not exhaust the supply." The calm, official, Mr. King—all officials are supposed to be calm—expresses a similar opinion.

The labor, however, is admitted to be excessive; and from a variety of causes—one of them, the want of a mint, is to be removed—the miners, *as a rule*, are not the gainers. "Those who purchase and ship gold to the Atlantic States make large profits; *but those who dig, lose what others make.*" High prices and gambling will, to a great extent, account for this. "Only traders, speculators, and gamblers make large fortunes," says also the more desponding Mr. Ryan.

It is, however, not easy to ascertain the amount of the miners' gains. Like people at home, they are apt to complain when doing very well; and are unwilling to confess disappointment.

The use of chemical agents, instead of mere mechanical means, in separating the metal, will lessen both the labor and expense of the process, as well as add greatly to its remunerative returns. On revisiting this mine, Mr. Taylor found that the use of quicksilver had been introduced with great success:—

"The black sand which was formerly rejected was washed in a bowl containing a little quicksilver in the bottom, and the amalgam formed by the gold yielded four dollars to every pound of sand. Mr. James who had washed out a great deal of this sand, evaporated the quicksilver in a retort, and produced a cake of fine gold worth nearly five hundred dollars. . . . A heap of refuse earth, left by the common rocker, after ten thousand dollars had been washed, yielded another thousand to the new machine," with quicksilver.

Its scarcity and high price have hitherto interfered with its more extended employment. But mines of it are found in California; and Mr. King proposes to depart from his exclusive policy with respect to them, in order to encourage their more extensive working.

The character of the gold deposits does not vary materially. In dust, flakes, grains, and pieces, weighing from one grain to several pounds, it is found in the bars and shoals of rivers, in ravines, and places where quartz containing gold has cropped out and been disintegrated.

We have already given an account of a mine and its diggings; still in writing of California, to omit all notice of the Sacramento, and its city, would be very like playing Hamlet with the part of the Prince left out.

The city, a hundred and thirty miles by water from San Francisco, stands at the junction of what is called the American Fork, and the "beautiful stream" whence it takes its name, and which is not navigable beyond it.

"The aspect of the place on landing was decidedly more novel and picturesque than that of any other town in the country." "Boughs and spars were mingled together in striking contrast; the cables were fastened to the trunks and sinewy roots; sign-boards and figure-heads were set up on shore; and galleys and deck cabins were turned out 'to grass,' leased as shops, or occupied as dwellings."—*Taylor*.

It forms a square of one mile and a half—the streets laid out at right angles; those running east and west named alphabetically, and those north and south, arithmetically.

"The original forest trees, standing in all parts of the town, give it a very picturesque appearance. Many of the streets are lined with oaks and sycamores, six feet in diameter, and spreading ample boughs on every side. The emigrants have ruined the finest of them by kindling camp-fires at their bases, which in some instances have burned completely through, leaving a charred and blackened arch for the superb tree to rest upon."—*Taylor*.

This has brought about the destruction of several of them; a thing the more to be regretted, as in summer, when the mercury stands at 120, shade is a thing to be desired.

Lands, rents, living, were much on the same scale as at San Francisco. "The value of all the houses in the city could not have been less than two million of dollars."

But, "in summer the place is a furnace, in winter little better than a swamp, and the influx of emigrants and discouraged miners generally exceeds the demand for labor." Further, three-fourths of those who settle there are visited by agues and other debilitating complaints.

"The city," Mr. Taylor continues, "was one place by day and another by night; and of the two its night side was the most peculiar. As the day went down dull and cloudy, a thin fog gathered in the humid atmosphere, through which the canvas houses, lighted from within, shone with a broad obscure gleam, that confused the eye, and made the streets most familiar by daylight look strangely different. . . . The town, regular as it was, became a bewildering labyrinth of half-light and deep darkness, and the perils of traversing it were greatly increased by the mire and frequent pools left by the rain.

"To one venturing out after dark for the first time, these perils were by no means imaginary. Each man wore boots reaching to the knees—or higher, if he could get them—with the pantaloons tucked inside; but there were pitfalls, into which had he fallen, even these would have availed little. In the more frequented streets, where drinking and gambling had full swing, there was a partial light streaming out through doors and crimson window-curtains to guide his steps. Sometimes a platform of plank received his feet; sometimes he slipped from one loose barrel-stave to another, laid with the convex side upward; and sometimes, deceived by a scanty piece of scantling, he walked off its further end into a puddle of liquid mud. Now floundering in the stiff mire of the mid-street, he plunged down into a gully, and was 'brought up' by a pool of water; now venturing near the houses, a scaffold pole, or stray beam, lent him an unexpected blow. If he wandered into the outskirts of the town, where the tent-city of the emigrants was built, his case was still worse. The briery thickets of the original forest had not been cleared away, and the stumps, trunks, and branches of felled trees were distributed over the soil with delightful uncertainty. If he escaped these, the lariats of picketed mules spread their toils for his feet, threatening him with entanglement, and a kick from one of the vicious animals; tent-ropes and pins took him across the shins, and the horned heads of cattle, left where they were slaughtered, lay ready to gore him at every step."

"Ah me! what perils do environ
The man who"—

goes to seek his fortune in California!

At the time of Mr. Taylor's visit, the city was thronged with overland emigrants, who bore striking traces of the hardships to be endured in that six or even seven months journey over the salt deserts of the Great Basin, the rugged passes of the Sierra Nevada, and the arid plains of California. Their very beasts "had an expression of patient experience which plainly showed that no roads yet to be traveled would astonish them in the least." To the credit of the sisterhood, we must record that the women who had accomplished this terrible transit were not "half so loud as the men in their complaints."

Mr. Taylor gives us a pretty view of Sa-

cramento, in a very pleasing style; sketched in with neutral tint, and a wash of warm color passed over the lights, the higher ones being taken out. Views of the Bay of San Francisco, in November, 1848 and 1849, to indicate the changes that had taken place within that period, are also given in the same manner. Mr. Ryan's "illustrations" are very queer things indeed,—“Pilgrim's Progress” sort of cuts.

In Mr. Taylor's ride to Sacramento, we have the following description of scenery. Save for the “burnt-up grass,” which is never an improvement to the landscape, it is a very agreeable one.

“Our road now led over broad plains, through occasional belts of timber. The grass was almost entirely burnt up, and dry, gravelly *arroyos*, in and out of which we went with a plunge, marked the courses of the winter streams. The air was as warm and balmy as May” (why not, seeing it was only the beginning of September?) “and fragrant with the aroma of a species of *gnaphalium*, which made it delicious to inhale. Not a cloud was to be seen in the sky, and the high, sparsely-wooded mountains on either hand showed softened and indistinct through a blue haze. The character of the scenery was entirely new to me. The splendid valley, untenanted except by a few solitary *rancheros*, living many miles apart, seemed to be some deserted location of ancient civilization and culture. The wooded slopes of the mountains are lawns planted by Nature, with a taste to which art could add no charm. The trees have nothing of the wild growth of our forests; they are compact, picturesque, and grouped in every variety of graceful outline. The hills were covered to the summits with fields of wild oats, coloring them, as far as the eye could reach, with tawny gold, against which the dark glossy green of the oak and cypress showed with peculiar effect. As we advanced further, these natural harvests extended over the plain, mixed with vast beds of wild mustard, eight feet in height, under which a thick crop of grass had sprung up, furnishing sustenance to the thousands of cattle roaming everywhere unheeded. Far on our left, the bay made a faint, glimmering line, like a rod of light, cutting off the hardly-seen hills beyond it from the world.”

Wood and water are the two great deficiencies in California.

Monterey, formerly the seat of government, a distinction that it has now lost by the transference of the legislature to San José, appeared rather a dull place, after the overwhelming business and bustle of San Francisco, whence it is distant a hundred and fifty miles southward. This impression, however, speedily gave way to a most favorable one of its climate, scenery, society, and

situation. The town stands about two miles from the southern extremity of the bay. The northern point, twenty miles distant, runs out so far to sea, that the Pacific is not visible from any part of the town. Here, as elsewhere, the speculation in land has been excessive. Its trade is increasing, and is likely to be much promoted by the discovery of gold, in streams which, having their rise in the Sierra Nevada, discharge their waters into the Tularé Lakes. Monterey, as a port, is much more advantageously situated for the population which will be thus attracted to that vicinity, than San Francisco, which is a hundred and twenty miles further from the lakes.

One quiet afternoon, while remaining here, Mr. Taylor walked out along the sands, past the anchorage, till the open sea came into view; the “slow regular swells of the great Pacific.”

“The surface of the bay was comparatively calm; but within a few hundred yards of the shore it upheaved with a slow, majestic movement, forming a single line more than a mile in length, which, as it advanced, presented a perpendicular front of clear, green water, twelve feet in height. There was a gradual curving in of this emerald wall—a moment's waver—and the whole mass fell forward with a thundering crash, hurling the shattered spray thirty feet into the air. A second rebound followed; and the boiling, seething waters raced far up the sand, with a sharp, trampling, metallic sound, like the jangling of a thousand bars of iron. I sat down on a pine-log, above the highest wave-mark, and watched this sublime phenomenon for a long time. The sand-hills behind me confined and redoubled the sound, prolonging it from crash to crash, so that the ear was constantly filled with it. Once a tremendous swell came in close on the heels of one that had just broken, and the two uniting made one wave, which shot far beyond the water-line, and buried me above the knee. As far as I could see, the shore was white with the subsiding deluge. It was a fine illustration of the magnificent language of Scripture: ‘He maketh the deep to boil like a pot; he maketh the sea like a pot of ointment; one would think the deep to be hoary.’”

It was at Monterey that the sittings of the Convention, summoned to form a constitution for the “infant state,” were held. Of this we have an entertaining and somewhat enthusiastic account from Mr. Taylor, who is proud of the ability for governing which he conceives that his countrymen possess, the result, as we understand him, of their republican education. We are willing to grant them all the credit they deserve in this particular instance; but we really cannot, either to his government or countrymen, universal-

ly, ascribe "a steady integrity, and inborn capacity for creating and upholding law."

He gives us some rather amusing election anecdotes. The candidates for state offices were almost all unknown to the electors, in consequence of which, some strange rules for selecting one, rather than the other, were adopted. A Mr. Fair got many votes, on account of his promising name. Another gentleman lost about twenty, owing to his having been seen wearing a high-crowned silk hat, with a narrow brim. One enlightened elector thus justified his voting for those whom he did not know:—

"When I left home, I was determined to go it blind. I went it blind in coming to California, and I am not going to stop now. I voted for the constitution, and I've never seen the constitution. I voted for all the candidates, and I don't know one of them. I'm going it blind all through, I am."

A fair specimen, we doubt not, of hundreds, to whom, in other countries than this new one, the grave responsibility, for such it is, of contributing to form the character of the legislature is committed; though few would be found thus honestly to confess their own incompetence for such onerous duties.

At this Convention, it will be borne in mind, it was decided, unanimously, that slavery should not be one of the "domestic institutions" of California. The southern members of the Union are not, of course, so well pleased with such an enactment as are we in England, who, at a "great price, have obtained this freedom." But, with our ideas on the subject, it is very amusing to find Mr. King, in his report to the home government, which we have already alluded to, defending himself at some length, and most strenuously, against even the suspicion of having had any hand in the matter. American liberty and equality, however, still suggested a prohibition of the entrance of free people of color into the State. This, too, was rejected by a large majority; and all attempts to introduce any modification of it failed signally. The provisions of the constitution thus formed, "combined, with few exceptions, the most enlightened features of the constitutions of the older States." Those peculiar to itself, the boundary question, suffrage, the details of government, and even the difficult question of the Great Seal, for which some ludicrous designs were presented, were all in turn satisfactorily disposed of. The proposition for the payment of the officers, and members of the Convention, met with some opposition from the Californians and a few of

the Americans, but they were over-ruled; and as, in this golden land, the available funds were chiefly in silver, the recipients were to be seen carrying their wages home tied up in handkerchiefs, or slung in bags over their shoulders.

The business of the Convention was conducted, we are told, "in a perfectly parliamentary and decorous manner."

And is it come to this, that both Washington and Westminster must travel to the extreme West to receive a lesson in good manners! It is some consolation to our wounded vanity to find that even in this model assemblage, they, like our own senators, love to hear themselves speak, and, with a like inconvenience attendant upon it, to that which we have experienced: business is hindered by over-much talking. We should have been ashamed had we been the sole sufferers from this lingual infirmity.

At the close of their legislative labors, the members recreated themselves with a ball, to which the citizens were invited. "White kids could not be had in Monterey for love or money;" but a pair of patent leather boots attended, at a price of fifty dollars; and our pleasant traveler, in borrowed garments (accommodated to his smaller size by a liberal use of pins) and worsted gaiters, with very square toes, was, we dare say, not the worst dressed of the party.

During his stay in Monterey, some interesting documents were placed in his hands, relative to the missions established in Upper California, by a Franciscan friar, subsequently to the Jesuits being driven from the lower province, in 1786. The society, it will be remembered, was suppressed by Pope Ganganelli, in 1773. Romish missions do not generally command much sympathy from Protestants; nevertheless, it were unjust to doubt that the originators of these were actuated by the purest and most self-denying motives in undertaking an enterprise attended by so many dangers and difficulties. "The consolation," writes one of them, in 1772, "is, that troubles, or no troubles, there are various souls in heaven from Monterey, S. Antonio, and S. Diego." And Mr. Taylor, while far from lamenting their downfall, yet acknowledges that they have "nobly fulfilled the purposes of their creation."

We are not told to what extent provision is now made for any other worship than that of Mammon, among the thousands upon thousands so suddenly placed upon these shores. To the credit of the Convention it should, however, be told, that an invitation

was given to the clergy of Monterey, to open their daily session with prayer, which was thenceforth done accordingly.

The setting in of the rainy season impeded the traveler's movements, before he had accomplished all that he had marked out for himself. Yet with all the disagreeablenesses of climate, and there are plenty of them, neither the light-hearted journalist nor disappointed miner condemn it unqualifiedly. The former applies to it, at times, such terms as "balmy," "Italian," and so on; the latter, referring to the well-known ameliorating influence of civilization and cultivation in this particular, says, "Independently considered, it may justly be pronounced as the healthiest climate in the world; for it presents every variety of atmosphere, within a great extent of latitude." So that those whose object is simply to suit themselves, may do so. The large mortality, and great amount of disease among the miners, have, he asserts, been caused by their neglect of proper precautions in their exposure to its sudden extremes of heat and cold, during the prosecution of their severe and unhealthy labors. Mr. King's remarks on this subject are worthy of attention. One of them struck us as being exceedingly apposite:—

"If a native of California were to go to New England in winter, and see the ground frozen and covered with snow, the streams with ice, and find himself in a temperature many degrees colder than he had ever felt before, he would probably be as much surprised that people could or would live in so inhospitable a region, as any immigrant ever has been at what he has seen or felt in California."

Among this strange population, representatives of almost every nation under heaven, so strangely brought together, and at a time when, owing to the hasty transfer of the province from Mexican rule to that of the States, there was no proper provision for the maintenance of order and law, many sad disorders and crimes could not but arise; and we cannot be surprised to hear, that at one time "revolvers" were "good ventures." Still, from the very beginning there appears to have been a greater amount of security, both for life and property, than could possibly have been expected, in such very peculiar circumstances. One reason for this may have been, the excessive severity with which the adventurers punished all offenders, by means of officers appointed among themselves; and who were generally obeyed. They were obliged to take the law into their

own hands; and it is noticeable, that whenever the people do this, they execute it upon each other with tenfold more severity than do their rulers, under almost any circumstances. These self-appointed officers were an especial "terror to evil-doers." While the fact that many of the miners, though outwardly indistinguishable from the rough, unshorn laborers, handling the pick and wash-bowl at their side, were yet men of education and superior station in life, may also be assigned as, in some degree, explanatory of this state of things.

Of the habits of luxury induced by the sudden and fitful accession of wealth, we have some strange instances. Ice-creams, for the refreshment of over-heated miners, were in vogue so early as July, in last year. While more recently, it was no unusual thing to see a company of them drinking champagne at ten dollars the bottle, and warming in the camp-kettle their canisters of turtle-soup, and lobster-salad! This last is to us an entirely new idea, and seems analogous to taking an ice with the chill off. One coarse fellow regularly regaled himself with the "finest hams, at a dollar and a half the pound; preserved oysters, corn, and peas, at six dollars a canister; onions and potatoes, whenever such articles made their appearance; Chinese sweetmeats, and dried fruits, with the addition of a diurnal bottle of champagne at dinner-time." This man was said to have dug between thirty and forty thousand dollars, all of which he had spent in the gratification of his palate.

The route to California has long been a subject of interesting discussion. Six months round Cape Horn is intolerable: overland, infinitely worse, and scarcely thought of on our side the Atlantic. That by Panama sometimes takes three months, when people are unfortunate enough to get a sailing, instead of a steam-vessel, from the other side of the isthmus. Indeed, vessels have been considerably more than that time in only sailing thence to San Francisco. Mr. Taylor, with steam on both sides, accomplished it in fifty-one days: but then, there is the crossing from Chagres to Panama, by canoe and mules, at which poor Mr. Ryan, who returned that way, grumbles dreadfully. And, indeed, it is not pleasant. In 1835 some steps were taken, under General Jackson's auspices, to ascertain whether communication with the Pacific might not be practicable by the San Juan, and Lake of Nicaragua, issuing on the Pacific at San Juan del Sur, where the intervening land is under twenty miles

across; a route that offers a considerable saving of distance on that by Panama. This Nicaraguan route has again been referred to; and having just been made the principal subject of a treaty between the States and the English government, must be considered to be the more desirable one of the two. It was at one time supposed, that the rapids on the San Juan would necessitate the cutting of a canal the whole distance between the Lake and the Caribbean Sea, at least sixty miles; but more recent investigation has concluded that a very short side canal would suffice to carry vessels past that portion of the river where its navigation is thus impeded. The termination of the canal connecting the lake with the Pacific is, according to the present plan, to be considerably to the north of that formerly proposed—at Realajo; the whole length of the lake being thus traversed, instead of its south-western portion only, as in that of 1835. A communication of this kind between the two oceans, if practicable, is infinitely to be preferred to any other. But it must not be forgotten, that works of this description will, in that region, be attended by difficulties other than mere engineering ones. It is an undertaking the accomplishment of which is much to be desired.

With regard to the future of this interesting country, interesting, not only for the treasures of its soil, but for the vast aggregation of humanity whose interests are now bound up with those of this hitherto all but unknown portion of God's earth, judging, as we have before said, on general principles, we cannot express ourselves better than in the words of Mr. Ryan:—

"The only true and inexhaustible sources of a nation's wealth are, in my opinion, its agricultural and commercial capabilities; and where these natural means are so utterly neglected as in the country of which I am writing, its prosperity can be based on no permanent or enduring foundation."

A hard saying for the gold-hunters; but

one to which the history of the past nevertheless gives utterance. Mr. King says, that the gold discovery will most probably postpone for an indefinite time all efforts to improve the soil. While for those to whom its present glitter is irresistibly fascinating, we will extract just two more sentences from the same volume:—

"It is unquestionable that in no other part of the world can money be more easily acquired; but when we take into account the sufferings endured in its acquisition, and the relatively high prices paid for all the necessaries of life, it is very much to be doubted whether the same amount of industry and self-denial would not obtain equal results in more civilized countries."

"According to my belief, and looking at the men as they wrought, no amount of success they might hope for could ever sufficiently compensate them—accustomed as the majority had been to the comforts and even refinements of civilized society—for the privations and hardships they were compelled to endure; for the disruption of those social ties which bind men together; for the estrangement of the affections of their kith and kin; for the mental abnegations they must practice; for physical suffering and prostration; for the constant apprehension they dwelt in of dying a lingering death by fever and ague; and for the disorganization of habits which such a mode of life was calculated to induce even amongst the best-regulated minds."

Man is *not* a mere money-getting animal, though, with voluntary humility, he too often appears willing to rate himself no higher. There are yet more excellent things to which he is destined than the acquisition of even the richest stores of earth or seas. Let him not, then, thus proceed on his appointed course with constant downward gaze: but "*vultus ad sidera*,"—erect, with heavenward aspect, bearing always in mind that the ardently coveted good things of this world, "very good" in themselves, as issuing from the creating hand of One infinitely good, are so to him only as they subserve his higher interests as a spiritual being.

NINEVEH OR NOT?—Dr. Hoefer, a well-known *savant* in France and Germany, has astonished the Parisians by the publication of a work in which he boldly denies the authenticity of the ruins of Nineveh. Even admitting, he says, that the ruins of Nineveh remain, it is impossible that they can be in

the place which Dr. Layard has explored; and, moreover, the Assyrian-like sculptures and inscriptions found in the supposed Nineveh, were the work of a later and a different people, who had the affectation of imitating Assyrian taste.

From the Chambers's Journal.

RESIDENCE OF ADAM SMITH.

MANY who hear of the great economical work of Dr. Adam Smith know little of its history, or of the character and circumstances of its author.

Very unlike the literary productions of modern days, it was the result of *ten years' labor*. It was not merely written during ten years of a man's life, the product of occasional application or of leisure hours. Smith, who was a quiet bachelor, living with an aged mother, and wholly a being of study, retired from the busy haunts of men to write this book, and was *completely occupied by it* for ten years. Such, we suspect, is the true way to make great books, and consequently great and enduring reputations.

The retreat of Smith during these ten years was his mother's house, in the seaport town of Kirkaldy, on the north shore of the Firth or Forth, opposite to Edinburgh. He could here see the busy capital, where lived his friends Hume, Blair, Robertson, and others; but he seldom went thither. Having been born in Kirkaldy and brought up at its grammar school, he had some old friends of youthful days there, and with them he maintained a little intercourse. Beyond this he was almost a hermit. The space occupied by his remarkable labors was from the year 1766 to 1776, when the work was published, at which time the author was fifty-three years of age.

A stranger, passing through the long rambling town of Kirkaldy, will very probably observe, inscribed over an entry or ally, "DR ADAM SMITH'S CLOSE." He may here see the house, and even the room, where this great work was concocted. About twenty years ago, the following account of the residence of Smith was written by a gentleman of Kirkaldy, in obedience to an inquiry which had been addressed to him: *

"The house in Kirkaldy which was inhabited by Dr. Smith, his mother, and Miss

Douglas, a cousin, is a house of three storeys, situated on the south side of the street (nearly opposite the shop of Mr. Cumming, bookseller,) now the property of the heirs of Michael Beveridge, haberdasher. About the centre of the front is a close or entry by which you pass in ascending to the second and third storeys. At the extremity of the close is a large court or open area in rear of the house. On the east or left side of this court is a building at right angles to the front building, locally denominated a *back jamb*. This back jamb contains the staircase by which you ascend to the second and third storeys, and also several apartments. Dr. Smith occupied the third storey of the house, and his study was the southernmost room of the back jamb, a room I estimate (I visited it to-day) about fourteen feet by ten, having one window looking into the back court, and another in the gable or south wall of the back jamb looking towards the sea. The fireplace is in the gable. Between the fireplace and the side of the window is a space of about three feet: there stood the doctor's chair; and here he sat by the fire, the one knee over the other, reclining his right shoulder against the wall, dictating his immortal work to his amanuensis, Rob Reid, who sat on the opposite side of the fireplace, at a small table fronting the doctor. Dr. Smith wore a tie-wig, and when sitting in the position I have described, in deep meditation, he frequently leaned his head against the wall, by which, in process of time, the paper of the wall became stained by the pomatum on his wig. This stain or mark remained on the wall for many years after Dr. Smith left Kirkaldy, but is now no longer visible. The house became the property of Andrew Cowan, merchant in Kirkaldy, who carefully preserved the greasy mark upon the wall during his life. After his death the property passed into the possession of one who, though he knew sufficiently well the practice of amassing wealth, knew little of the principles developed in the "Wealth of Nations," and cared as little for this curious relic of its cele-

* The original letter from which these extracts are made has been found among the papers of a lady lately deceased. Being without an envelope, we know not to whom it was addressed. It may have been published before, but we deem this not likely.—Ed.

brated author. The room has been divested of its antique papering, and along with it the greasy mark of the philosopher's wig. The curious old mantelpiece has been replaced by one of more recent fashion, and the room itself is disjoined from the third storey by a partition; the entrance to it is now by a stair from the second storey.

"I cannot say I ever saw this mark myself, but several gentlemen who knew Dr. Smith, and who were well acquainted with the position of the mark, have pointed it out to me as I have now described it. I have some doubt that Mr. Fleming has been deceived by his memory in stating that he has *seen* the mark. I have a distinct recollection of having visited the room a number of years ago, along with the late James Sibbald, M.D., and some others, of whom perhaps Mr. Fleming was one, when we attempted a subscription for a bust of Dr. Smith, which, to the disgrace of Kirkaldy, could not be effected, and at that time I know the mark was obliterated.

"I presume you are aware that Dr. Smith's father was comptroller of customs in Kirkaldy. His mother was of the family of Douglas of Strathenny in Fife, and the doctor stood in relation of grand-uncle to the present Robert Douglas, Esq. of Strathenny. He received the rudiments of his education at the grammar school of Kirkaldy, under the tuition of David Millar, a celebrated teacher of that period. A gentleman now in Kirkaldy, whose father was a class-fellow of Smith's at Kirkaldy school, states to me, on the authority of his father, that when at school he displayed no superiority of intellect to his contemporaries, but his mind always kept hold of whatever it acquired; that he never cordially joined in any of the pastimes or youthful frolics of his school-fellows, but after school hours went his way quietly home. Whether this proceeded from a natural disinclination to schoolboy amusements, or whether his delicate constitution prevented him from taking part in the games of his more robust school-fellows, my informant cannot say. It was during the time that he was professor of moral philosophy in Glasgow that he composed his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. He left his chair in Glasgow to travel with the Duke of Buccleuch, (grandfather of the present duke,) who settled an annuity on the doctor. It was after his return from the continent with the duke, and before his appointment in the customs, that he composed his "*Wealth of Nations*." It is generally understood that he contem-

plated this work some years before this period, and had digested an outline of his subject; but when he came to prepare the work for the press, he found it would be more convenient to have an amanuensis to transcribe for him. For this purpose he engaged Robert Reid, a weaver in Linktown, to attend him in the evening, after he had finished his daily labor at the loom. In pursuance of this plan, Rob, who wrote a fair hand, attended the doctor in the evening, and wrote out the cogitations of the day. To give you some idea of the care and attention bestowed by the author upon his subject, I am informed by a gentleman here that Rob Reid has assured him that he (Reid) "is certain that he wrote the '*Wealth of Nations*' *fifty times over* before it was printed." Making even a large allowance for exaggeration in this assertion, sufficient remains to prove that the author had been at very great pains to render the work complete; and the character of the work justifies the pains he had taken."

Dugald Stewart, in his memoir of Smith, relates a curious anecdote of his infancy. "An accident which happened to him when he was about three years old, is of too interesting a nature to be omitted in the account of so valuable a life. He had been carried by his mother to Strathenny, on a visit to his uncle, Mr. Douglas, and was one day amusing himself alone at the door of the house, when he was stolen by a party of that set of vagrants who are known in Scotland by the name of tinkers. Luckily he was soon missed by his uncle, who, hearing that some vagrants had passed, pursued them with what assistance he could find, till he overtook them in Leslie Wood, and was the happy instrument of preserving to the world a genius which was destined not only to extend the boundaries of science, but to enlighten and reform the commercial policy of Europe."

It is not unworthy of remark, that Smith was one of the many instances which could be brought forward against the too gallant theory that men possessing extraordinary genius are chiefly indebted for it to their mothers. While the mother of Smith was an ordinary woman, the talents of his father had been evinced by his being raised from the duties of an ordinary writer to the Signet to be private secretary to the Secretary of State for Scotland. The father, however, having died before the son was born, Smith was indebted to his mother for the care which brought him through a sickly infancy, and for much domestic happiness during the

long period of sixty-one years that she was spared to him.

Adam Smith enjoyed the dignified situation of a Commissioner of the Customs in Scotland for the last fifteen years of his life, and during this time he lived in Edinburgh. The house he occupied still exists in the Canongate, but is much altered, besides being vulgarized by the neighborhood of an iron foundry. It used to be called Panmure House, having been originally the town mansion of the Earl of Panmure, which was forfeited for his concern in the rebellion of 1715.

It is interesting to know respecting Adam Smith, that he was an artless, unworldly man, of perfect purity of life, and extraordinary benevolence. As a consequence of his so exclusive devotion to study, he was remarkable for absence of mind, and for a habit of speaking to himself. It is a veritable anecdote told of him in Edinburgh, that a fishwoman was impressed by his uncouth

manner and his loud mutterings as he passed along the street, with the idea that he was a lunatic, remarking pathetically to a companion, "And he's weel put on, too;" that is well-dressed—her sense of the calamity being greatly increased by its contrast with his obvious good circumstances. He lived very inexpensively—being, as he himself remarked, "a beau only in his books." It therefore gave surprise that at his death he did not leave much money. The explanation at length appeared, in various cases which came to light, making it certain that he had been in the practice of giving large sums in charity, though with such modesty that the fact was not suspected in his lifetime.

So kind, gentle, self-devoting, and inoffensive was the philosopher to whom was vouchsafed the first clear insight into the principles which rule the great material interests of man in society.

HOMER, DANTE, AND SHAKSPEARE.—Plunge in the sea where you will, it is everywhere salt. Take these great poets where you will, though they may vary in tone and color, they everywhere savor of themselves. Whether he stoop or rise, Shakspeare is always Shakspeare, and Dante still himself, and Homer is Homer throughout. Illustration, however, is often more impressive than precept. Take the last of these at random. The *Iliad* is before us, lying open at the third book. Observe of this book, how naturally it grows out of the incidents of the preceding. The hostile armies in face of each other, the beautiful episode of the single combat of Paris and Menelaus, with the circumstances attending it, including Helen's description of the various chiefs that Priam asks her about,

(one of the sweetest incidents, by the way, and most picturesque of the kind to be met with anywhere) are all made to succeed each other in the most natural way possible. And here it behooves young poets to take especial note that there is nothing forced, nothing arbitrary about Homer: everything arises as of itself—nothing lugged in. They, therefore, if ever tempted to stick incidents in, whereby, as on pegs, to hang what they think some delicious writing, would do well to pause. They are on a road which leads not to poetic excellence, and, whatever else may be said of it, of this they may be sure, that such handling is no mark of power. And in poetry, especially be it remembered, that "to be weak is to be miserable."—*The Looker-on*.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

MODERN FRENCH NOVELISTS.*

THE French are great writers, whether we measure them by the quantity or quality of their productions. Their merit, however, is most considerable in the aggregate. Individual instances of the highest original genius are certainly rare among them. In the crowded pages of their literary history, we cannot put our finger on the names of a Bacon, Shakspeare, Dante, or Milton. Nor is Bossuet equal to Jeremy Taylor. Pascal is undoubtedly their greatest mind, and a world-wide light he might have diffused, had not his frame been worn down by mortifications, and the bright blaze of his genius crushed out on the cold walls and pavement of a dim damp cloister. We owe the French a vast meed of gratitude and praise for the persevering exercise and improvement of their national talent as historians. On this field no difficulty has daunted them. Hospitable and inhospitable—savage and civilized regions and races have found industrious annalists in the French; and with an ingenuity peculiarly their own, they have collected and arranged the scattered materials. In the middle of the eighteenth century the best history of England was to be found in the volumes of Rapin; and whether we now possess a better is a question which we leave for more experienced critics to decide. Let it be remarked, that among the subscribers to the edition of the original, printed at the Hague in 1724, very few English names are to be found, making all due allowance for the corruptions of French orthography, when proper and surnames are concerned.

The bibliography of natural history and science teems with the names of Frenchmen; they have been most laborious and disinterested expositors and explorers of the secrets and wonders of our earth. It demanded almost the zeal of an apostle to carry the wealthy, well-born, luxurious Buffon through his colossal undertaking. The "Recherches

sur les Ossements Fossiles" of Cuvier heralded the mighty discoveries of modern geology, and lured us to seek in her deeps and strata the unwritten chronicles of the world. Almost unknown in England is the enterprise which led Le Vaillant to publish his magnificent, and of course unprofitable, works on the ornithology of Africa. It is to Audubon, the son of a vice-admiral of France, that Europe owes the birds of America. He sought them among the magnolias of Louisiana, and the stunted pine-trees of Labrador. He has placed them before our eyes in their dazzling plumage amid the long waving grasses of the prairies, or the glowing berries of their native tracts of woodland. The same number of important and laborious works have been written in no other modern language, though most of the great critics and scholars of France have enshrined the fruits of their researches in the unchanging idiom of a dead tongue. Possessing a large share of very beautiful and spirited prose, it is notorious that little poetry of a high order is to be found in French. We know not where the cause of failure lies, whether in the language or the mental characteristics of the race; but certain it is that the radical superiority and defects of English and French poetry commence, and are evident, in the very cradle. Compared with the natural beauty and vigorous tone of those fine old ballads which have floated down to us, often by nameless authors, the graces and prettinesses of the poets of the *langue d'oc* and the *langue d'oui* seem as the chirping of the chaffinch, to the clear, strong tones of the thrush—untutored and harsh sometimes, but seldom feeble. One babe seems to have been a pale, weedy, sprawling infant, whom its mother decked with "pompons" and laces, sometimes, perhaps, bestowing on its cheeks a daub of rouge; the other was a handsome, uncouth, vigorous man-child, swathed in its hempen swaddling clothes, kicking lustily amid the fogs and frosty mornings of a sharp, northern climate: per-

* Balzac—Sand—C. de Bernard—Sue—Dumas—Reybaud—Sandeau—Brisset, &c.

haps its infant senses were braced by the vague rumors of the chaunts of Ossian and his unknown brothers in poesy—the strong sharp wail of the persecuted native bards may have thrilled on his ear, as they hovered between earth and heaven in their mountain fastnesses. Whatever may be the cause, the poetry of each country possesses in its maturity the same character, the same beauties, graces, and defects which marked the half-formed features of its infancy. In their personal memoirs, the French own a mine of wealth; they have an army of delightful writers of this class, tinctured, to be sure, with personal and national vanity, but, nevertheless, most charming and valuable, while we starve upon a few volumes. Would there had been more sweet Mrs. Hutchinsons and Ladies Fanshawe—more Sir Simon D'Ewes, Evelyns, Pepyses and Burnets among us. They would have rendered the paths of English history more flowery and agreeable.

The genuine wit of the French must strike every reader of their literature; it is eminently compact and keen; compared with ours, it is as the blade of a lancet to the rusty, coarse-grained steel of a schoolboy's bread-and-cheese knife; its meaning may travel from one mind to another, by the airy conveyance of an intonation, an interjection, a single word. It is playful, brilliant, intangible as the sunbeam, which we might as well attempt to catch and shut up in an oak box, as to pack in the strong practical sounds of Saxon English, French wit, or the delicate beauty of French sentiment—they belong neither to our mind nor our language; they shrink from our grasp; they grow pale and spiritless when we attempt to embody them.

At the present moment we may call the French the novel-writers for the world. Widely in every quarter is the use and knowledge of their language spread, and thither travel those cheap, light saffron-colored and pale gray volumes, which contain so much of the prose-poetry of passion and sentiment, and a subtile and sparkling humor. These books have become almost a necessary luxury to those who read without a plan, and for the amusement of the passing hour; and we do not hesitate to say, that such works exercise a most enervating and deteriorating moral influence. We cannot wonder at the zest with which they are perused, for the writers, in very many instances, possess great power; they hold at their command a passionate and melting eloquence, an exquisite sensibility to grace and beauty, the acute delicacy of the most vivid perceptions, and

the resources of the most expressive of living languages. Disguised and colored by these precious properties, for the last twenty years the novelists of France have been laying before the reading world their perverted notions on the laws of God and man, on the subjects of right and wrong, of morality and immorality; they have been endeavoring to excite our feelings and enlist our sympathies in behalf of the woman, *bien conservée* of 45, who employs herself in the artistic seduction of some handsome youth—in the unnatural rivalry of mother and daughter for the affections of one man—in the betrayal at the same time of the erring, confiding mistress, and her ignorant, hapless *femme-de-chambre*—in the love of the high-born countess for some intelligent peasant or mechanic. At other times, to give an additional zest to the narrative, we are kept quivering through the whole of two volumes with the fear that our interesting heroine may be unknowingly involved in an intrigue with her own natural son; or, by way of variety, the whole treasure of an innocent young heart is lavished on some abominable criminal; and others contain scenes and passages with the mention of which we dared not sully our page. To deal rightly with a great proportion of these books—so remarkable for perverted power—we should possess Hugh Latimer's heroic gift of plain-speaking; and did we arraign at the bar of critical justice, by their right names, the sins to which those pages are dedicated, we can assure the reader we should startle their ears by a very ugly and ill-sounding nomenclature.

We particularly object to these writers when they assume the tone of piety, and treat of mercy and repentance. The comparisons which involve the mention of names and characters, sacred and divine, are remarkable for their ignorance and profanity. It reminds one of Madame, when she likens her son, the Regent Orleans, to the Psalmist King of Judah, founding the comparison *solely*, we presume, on the affair of Bathsheba. In a like spirit the "*pauvres anges dechus*" of these novelists comfort themselves with the incidents and characters of Holy Writ. It was well for the morality of our higher and middle classes, and especially for the young, that the memorable article on this subject in a leading cotemporary scared the public with the mention of some of the grosser abominations in which many of these writers have dealt. We assume to ourselves a more pleasant task—it is to mention some volumes that may be read fearlessly, and an

author who may be perused with delight by the most scrupulous. Let us say also, in justice to our French neighbors, that many a husband who values his own peace, and almost every priest in any degree eminent for zeal and sincerity, forbids the most objectionable of these works to their wife, daughter, or spiritual charge.

For the genius of Balzac, one of the master novelists of his time, we have a profound admiration, mingled, clouded, and embittered with regret and indignation. Superior to all the other writers of his country, he is a leader among their errors. Capable of portraying, with the exquisite simplicity of the most perfect art, every phase and shade of character—a great dramatist, and powerful narrator—he has over the feelings of his readers the same control which the musician exercises on the strings or keys of his instrument. He holds us for the time bounden slaves to the lamp of his genius. His humor is playful and variable; we laugh and sigh at his bidding. Alas! that he should have so often and so shamelessly employed these fair and gracious gifts of his Maker in the service of vice and seduction, and swelled his pages with a wit so unpardonably gross, profane, and blasphemous. He has taught us himself that he was formed for better things, as the beauty of Milton's "Fallen Angel" streams through all the horror and depravity of his fall. The man who could write the histories of the "Recherche de l'Absolu," and "Eugenie Grandet," is deeply culpable for lending himself as a minister to the evil tastes of his time and country. He who could trace, in "Le Doigt de Dieu," the sure punishment that visits in some form the household treachery of adultery, is a mighty criminal to devote himself to its praises and illustration. In many of his books there stand characters so pure and beautiful in their conception, we think he must have placed them there to do penance for the sinners who surround them, and to blush for the scenes in which they act a part not always consistent with their general excellence. Prout might paint the streets of an old provincial town from his description. Creswick might garner up in his memory hints for a future picture from his well-told landscapes. The skill of a Flemish painter guides the pen of Mons. de Balzac—his interiors glow. Look long and steadily at the picture that he lays before you—fresh objects ever start out from the dim, yet transparent, shades of his background. The quaint forms of the old-fashioned furniture—the ancient household uten-

sils—his brazen pans and pewter platters—his tall goblets of Venice glass—they gleam, they glance with well-managed lights into observation; and among them move the hardy peasant servants of the provinces, and the Demoiselles de Guenies, de Pen Hoels, and de Cormons. His good angel might be predominant, or a penitent mood possessed him, when he traced the character of Margaret Claes. It tells of truth, and patience, and the holy charities of the household hearth. It is an illustration of the self-denial, forbearance, and child-like belief and practice of the woman-Christian. We delight to imagine the calm, blooming, Flemish face of the heroine—the broad and thoughtful brow—the clear eyes—the happy contentment of the young face—the close, white cap, and dark rich velvet robe. Such a form and countenance have now and then looked down upon us, almost majestic in their placid simplicity, from a canvass marked in some shadowy corner with a famous monogram. The "Recherche de l'Absolu" is a master work—national, yet true to that nature which is of all countries. "La Vieille Fille" is a fair specimen of the ability and faults of M. de Balzac. We meet there his eminent descriptive powers, combined with the irresistible wit which he mingles with indecency and impiety. The monotonous life of the country town and the characters of the inhabitants are drawn with admirable skill. "Modeste Mignon" is among the least objectionable of Balzac's writings. Many of the "Scenes de la Vie Privée" seem to have been written with what the author considered an honest and good intention—to inculcate a valuable moral—an impracticable undertaking for a genius so perverse. The scales sometimes waver, and the balance seems to be trembling toward virtue; but it speedily kicks the beam, and the evil principle prevails. We would pay our homage *en passant* to that great moralist in disguise, Charles de Bernard, who often turns the laugh against vice, and superannuated pretensions, and follies, though he sometimes forgets the part which he has enacted so well, and weakens, by the tone and details of his story, the moral which he works out irresistibly at the end of his book. His polished old men of the world, and his faded beauties, grasping at the last straws which vanity flings to them, are studies from life—in spite of wrinkles and rheumatism, they trip well-dressed and graceful into the grave. "La Femme de Quarante Ans" is such an exquisite morsel of satire, so pointed and strong in its ridicule, that we

wonder it has not driven from the face of society the character of "la femme incomprise." In "Gerfaut," where a criminal passion is described with more force, and as much decency as is to be found, perhaps, in any of these books, we would whisper to Monsieur de Bernard that he has committed a gross treason against the laws that govern the school of novelists with which he mingles, as the author of that exciting tale; for the husband, with his high sense of honor, his confiding love, which expends itself in no pale sentimentalities, and condescends not to suspect—with his courage and proud inflexibility—is a far more attractive character than the Parisian dandy who undertakes to dishonor him. "L'homme Sérieux" will provoke many a laugh, though it seems inferior to our vivid recollections of the wit and merit of "La Femme de Quarante Ans."

Of Mons. Paul de Kock we shall say but little. His wit is untranslatable, for two reasons—it is so purely national, and often so indecent. We confess, however, that it is perfect of the kind. We defy the sternest moralist to restrain his laugh, even had he sat down, as many a critic does, resolved to reprove and condemn. This author does not attempt to seduce us by false philosophy and vicious sentimentality. He is content with making us acknowledge that he is master of the subjects he handles, and evidently holds himself to be rewarded by the mirth he provokes. He is a modern Smollett, and a Hogarth without his moral intentions. We think, however, that his readers must sometimes be reminded, while engaged with his pages, of one of the discoveries of modern agriculture—namely, that it is possible to manure too highly. Partial translations have made Sue and Dumas better known to the English readers. They recall, by their gaudy, exaggerated style, the paintings of the revolutionary David; and like him, they love to grind up their colors with blood. Possessed of powerful imaginations and much industry, they are both writers of considerable ability, who blend with all that is false and immoral in their brother scribes, a coarse taste for the melodramatic and horrible. They can give us a kind of waking nightmare, and make one's hair stand on end with the powerful narration and strong coloring of some of their scenes. This quality is remarkable in "Atar Gul," and "La Vigie de Koat Ven." To the reader who wishes to judge of the writings of these authors, in their least objectionable productions, we would recommend "La Dame de Monsoreau," "Georges," and "Les

Trois Mousquetaires," by Dumas; also, "La Barbebleue," "Aventures d'Hercules Hardi," "Jean Chevalier," and the afore-named "Atar Gul," by Sue,—who has commenced 1850 with "Les Mysteres du Peuple."

It has been much the fashion to extol the merit and productions of George Sand. We believe this judgment to be false—that time and posterity will not establish and corroborate the praise. In giving this opinion, we set aside the fact that this intellectual hermaphrodite exhibits in her works the frailties and weakness of the woman combined with the vices of the man. She is elaborate and lengthy, when it were a merit to be concise and simple; her longer works are tedious, and seem to be written without a plan—bursts of passionate verbiage and eloquent essays confuse the details. It is a great point gained, when a female author weighs with a sound judgment the depth and grasp of her own ability. Now in this most valuable knowledge she is utterly deficient. She plunges into great social questions and philosophic disquisitions with the same confidence that she handles a crim. con. She ministers largely to the vicious appetites and dangerous ambition of a depraved democracy. Her frequent and irreverent mention of Him who bore our sins and knew our sorrows, shocks and startles us. Thoughts beautiful and poetical are scattered over her pages, and put in the mind or mouth of some hero or heroine, whose notions on virtue and vice are as confused and perverted as her own. Yet while charmed by her eloquence, it is rather what this author *might have been*, than what *she is*, that impresses our mind after a perusal of her works. It is yet day with her, and may she amend! At present she seems to be seeking public esteem and influence by espousing the cause of the people and the poor—a great mission worthily fulfilled—may it find a better prophet than either herself or Sue! "Little Fadette" and the "Peché de Mons. Antoine," are translatable; but in the "Piccinino" we meet with the same odious combinations, and loves, and crimes, which startle us, and jar so unpleasantly on our minds in the works of these novelists; but enough of a writer who has maintained that virtuous dispositions and purity of mind may remain uncontaminated, and exist in a wilful and willing harlot.

Madame Charles Reybaud is but little known to the English reader. She is a good and captivating writer, of considerable ability. Her numerous productions may be perused without fear by the conscientious and

scrupulous reader. We are doing them a service in recommending this interesting author to their notice. She will cheer many a winter evening, and the pleasant languor of a July noon; she will occupy very agreeably the odd hour between the return from the drive and the appearance at the dinner-table. Her intentions and tendencies are good; her sentiments very sweet and delicate; a strong sense of religious and moral responsibility evidently pervades her mind. She introduces her readers to the antique relics of that beautiful and graceful aristocracy—let us give all their due—which was destroyed by the first French revolution. We seem to move with her through the wide salons of her old chateaux, among their obsolete fauteuils, and tarnished gilding, and heavy faded damask—the pleasant prospects of the once gay France spread forth before the windows. She describes with a glowing pen the beauties of the provinces; she is at home in the passes of the Cevennes and the narrow streets of the old towns, in whose tall houses wintered the provincial nobility of by-gone days. In one of her later works she selects a fruitful theme—the “Annals of the Old Convents of Paris.” These foundations received into their bosoms, and hid beneath their sheltering walls, heroines of histories sadder and more piteous, sufferers under woes more intense, than the public grief and pompous penitence of any king’s mistress. Bossuet and Flechier did not commemorate these, nor make them live among the standard divinity of France, but Madame Reybaud has undertaken the task of imagining their narratives. To some the monotony and seclusion of the cloister was a blessed exchange for the scorn and abhorrence which they excited as the children of great and notable criminals. To these their fathers’ name was a curse; men gazed on them with curiosity and turned aside; the sin of the sire, who was broken on the wheel, fell with every circumstance of shame and humiliation around his offspring. The touching little story of “Felise,” is founded on this situation. Her father had committed a double murder by the destruction of his wife, the mother of Felise, and of an officer to whom his beautiful sister-in-law was affianced. He had prepared the way for marriage with the latter; but the secret witness of crime was abroad, and the guilt was traced to the criminal. Felise is consigned to a convent by her aunt, the innocent cause of these tragedies. This hapless lady, with beauty prematurely faded, and shattered nerves, dwells in a large dismal house in Paris, with two old servants,

nursing her feeble health and wretched recollections. The gay, beautiful, high-spirited child of the murderer and murdered grows into a glowing, passionate womanhood, and the Marquis de Gaudale waits upon her aunt to demand her hand.

“‘I refuse it, M. le Marquis,’ replied Mademoiselle de Saulieu, greatly agitated.

“‘And will you favor me with the grounds of your refusal, mademoiselle?’ said he.

“‘If you absolutely require it, sir,’ murmured the grief-stricken lady, almost inaudibly; ‘but be advised, and without explanation or details, give up the hand of my niece.’

“The marquis only replied by an impatient gesture, and his pride and love seemed equally to offer an indignant refusal. Mademoiselle de Saulieu paused, as if to summon up all her strength, and then said, at first very slowly, but as she proceeded, in abrupt and hurried accents:

“‘It is a melancholy history that I am about to relate, sir—the frightful misfortunes of two families. An orphan from infancy, I was brought up along with a younger sister, by an uncle who adopted us. At sixteen my sister married a man of rank, while I remained with my uncle, now grown infirm. I deferred my own establishment in life in order to watch over his declining years, and I remained with him up to the age of twenty-five, persuaded that he would share his fortune between myself and my sister, whom he had already richly portioned. But these anticipations proved groundless. A will which he had concealed from us made me his only heir. Alas! how shall I recall the consequences of this preference. My sister’s husband had long entertained a hateful passion for me; his avarice was equal to his depraved love. I was about to be married to one whom my heart had long selected. The wretch formed the project of marrying me, and getting rid of all obstacles previously. A dispensation from the Holy Father authorizes a man to marry two sisters in succession. The same night his wife was assassinated in her own chateau, while he to whom I was to have been united was shot through the head almost before my very eyes. The murderer had arranged his double crime with extreme address, but Providence willed his immediate chastisement. His crimes had secret witnesses; his victims were avenged, and he perished by the hand of the executioner. You have doubtless heard, sir, the dreadful history of the Count de Chardavon, who was broken on the wheel at Toulouse. He was the father of Felise. He had a young sister; she was called the fair Genevieve. Disgraced by his infamous crime and his no less infamous punishment, she died in a convent; and I, whom this monster had deprived of so many objects of affection, wear out the remainder of my life here with the old servants who have followed me, and this child, who accuses me of cruelty, but from whom I must for ever hide our misfortunes.’

“The marquis listened to this narrative in silent horror; he bowed profoundly, and half sunk on one knee, as if to ask pardon from one whom he

had forced to make such an avowal, then he slowly withdrew. As he disappeared, Mademoiselle de Saulieu perceived the pale face of Felise at the extremity of the salon. The unhappy girl, concealed behind the folding-doors, had heard every word that was uttered. Her look of calm and settled despair was terrible to behold.

"'Aunt,' said she, 'I must return to the Annonciades---my place is there. I have reflected since yesterday. I see that Mademoiselle de Chameroi loves the Marquis de Gaudale, and, since I am the daughter of a criminal, he will marry her. Oh, aunt! restore me to the convent, for, at this idea, I feel my father's blood flowing in my veins.'"

The same day Felise returned to the Convent of the Annonciades. When she crossed, for the second time, the formidable barrier of the cloister-gate, she was received by the superior and Father Boinet.

"'We were ever expecting you, my daughter,' said the good father. 'Come, my child,' exclaimed the superior, with accents of tenderness and joy. 'Oh, my poor bruised lamb, blessed be the Good Shepherd who leads you hither, and the day which restores you to the fold.'"

But we particularly recommend to English readers the story of "Clementine," which forms another part of the same series. The Marquis de la Rochefarnoux is warned by his incipient wrinkles that he is no longer an ornament to the court of Le Grand Monarque, who wished only to see around him a perennial maturity or bloom. He determines to retire to his castle of La Rochefarnoux, where one of his ancestresses had attained her hundredth year, and there to devote himself to the preservation of his life. He took with him his relations, Madame and Mademoiselle St. Elphège, who were to inherit a large share of his wealth; but, saith the Spanish proverb, "those who wait for dead men's shoes, may go all their lives barefoot." And so it proved. Madame died; Mademoiselle St. Elphège grew withered and old in waiting for her inheritance, and her spirits were depressed by the formal tyranny of the narrow-minded old man. When the ninetieth year of the Marquis's life was "bien sonnée," other candidates for the inheritance appear—Madame de Barjaval, his widowed niece, with her young son, the Baron; and the veritable heroine of the story, Clementine, in the bright bloom of sixteen, and the ignorance and innocence of a boarder in a well-regulated convent. We see the Marquis growing yellower and thinner every day, and his heirs more impatient.

The young Barron, who is devoted to the

pursuits of a naturalist, is one of the most charming characters in the book. He has all the simplicity and calm intelligence of one whose faculties and energies are devoted to an exalting and edifying study. We respect and delight in the boy who is so curiously active, and lives in so much happy excitement among his butterflies, chrysalises, and beetles. The industrious study of God's works and wonders, in the habits and forms of his minor creatures, preserves the delightful purity and integrity of his character to the end of the history. The heart aches for Clementine, as the book closes, and the convent-gates shut over her sorrows and great mistakes in life—discovered too late to be retrieved.

Madame C. Reybaud excels especially in her descriptions of the landscapes of the tropics. Many of her best scenes are enacted in those glowing countries. She makes us sigh amid our fogs and frosts for the clear moonlight heavens, the luxuriant foliage, and the luscious fruits and gorgeous flowers of Southern America, Mexico, and the West Indian Isles. When we give ourselves up to the charm of her pages, the delightful odorous evening of the tropics seems stealing over the imagination; the exhalations of a thousand blossoms are breathing in the air; around the columns of the palm-trees, and through the rich verdure of the high wide boughs, fall the many-colored cups and bells of the innumerable parasite plants which grow with the pompous luxuriance of savage vegetation, in a soil unturned by man. Similar scenes filled the heart of Heber with a glorious comprehension of the beautiful, while wandering "beneath the bamboo's arched bough"—

"Where gemming oft that sacred gloom
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom;
And winds our path thro' many a bower
Of fragrant tree and crimson flower.
The Ceiba's gaudy pomp displayed
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade;
While o'er the brake so wild and fair
The betel waves his crest in air."

We follow her among the Negro population, and the supple, indolent, passionate creoles, into the company of those Spanish nobles who carried with them across the Atlantic, among their sugar-canes and bananas, the proud prejudices of Europe, and old Spain. These are illustrated in the pretty story of "Mademoiselle de Chazeuil." She is the daughter of a distinguished French no-

bleman, who had married a beautiful half-caste. This secret was concealed from Esther. Family misfortune and her father's death compel her to seek an asylum in the West Indies, in the home of her maternal grandfather, Simon Baëz, of whose station, habits, and extraction she is entirely ignorant, as also of her father's mesalliance. The old man, filled with kindly affection, hastens to meet his young descendant, and the daughter of one of the proud nobles of France finds herself embraced by a Mulatto. In Paris, in the days of her wealth and prosperity, she had been affianced to a creole of high birth, the Marquis de Palmarola. The lovers were devotedly attached to one another, though the gentleman found himself perplexed by a previous intrigue with his cousin, Louise de Villaverde, who had perseveringly pursued and finally entangled him in an illicit connection. To gain his love, this lady committed dark and terrible deeds, for she had to remove two living obstacles ere she succeeded, namely, her father-in-law and her husband. Though no actual proof of her crime existed, an undefined suspicion of her guilt embittered every hour the Marquis was in her presence. She was like himself, a creole, and Mademoiselle de Chazeuil discovers that Dona Carlota, the proud aunt of the Marquis, and his cousin, Louisa de Villaverde, who had returned to America, lived very near to her grandfather, whose extraction quite places him beyond the pale of their society. In Paris the young ladies had met as equals—in South America how vast was the gulf between them! The unadulterated blood of the followers of the Cid flowed in her rival's veins, while the nobility of her father, the Count de Chazeuil, could not make her more or less than the granddaughter of Simon Baëz, the freed man. When the fair Parisian first discovered her descent from slave-ancestors, and that her father had outraged the prejudices and opinions of his equals by his marriage with her beautiful mother, Esther's feelings are very melancholy:—

"My poor Catherine," said Simon Baëz to her, "was sixteen years old, gentle and pretty, and nearly as fair as thou art. The Count became attached to her, and she loved him: then an event occurred which is, perhaps, without example in this country. The Count asked my child of me in marriage, and he wedded her. A month later they departed together; I did not attempt to detain them; they could not stay here."

"Could not remain near you!—and for what reason?" said Esther.

"Because thy father had made a marriage which drew upon him the disapproval and scorn

of his own people," sadly replied Baëz. "Here a white man cannot marry a woman of color without incurring the contempt of his equals."

"But have you not told me that my mother was as fair as I am?" interrupted Esther, in a troubled tone.

"But her origin was known; all the world knew," said the old man, "that she was of mixed race; besides, my child, there are signs by which persons accustomed to distinguish the difference of castes cannot be deceived. Even thou, fair as thou art, in thee thyself one can clearly see that thou hast in thy veins the blood of the Black."

"Esther bowed her head; she saw the distance which prejudices, unacknowledged in Europe but all powerful there, placed between her and Palmarola."

The Marquis, however, seeks her out, renews his vows and protestations of attachment, while, with a fixed purpose, Madame de Villaverde endeavors to throw every obstacle in the way of the lovers, to separate and prevent them meeting. Heaven, however, favors them, and Mademoiselle de Chazeuil, reinstated in her fortune, sails from the Havannah with her good old *bonne*, Madame Abel and her faithful lover, for a land where the daughter of the French noble will be no more despised as the grandchild of the good old slave. The heart of the reader will sicken over the despair of the deserted and guilty woman; from her quivering hands she drops the letter that announces, in the words of the innocent girl, her happy prospects and departure with her future husband. Louisa, then, had sinned and suffered in vain. "Her gaze was bent upon the ground; she seemed for a long time wrapt in some mournful thought; then in a low voice she murmured, 'God avenges the dead.'"

"*Le Dernier Oblat*" is a tale of great power and beauty. The sin of the mother, who had seen her lover lying murdered before her, is, through long years, sternly visited on the hapless offspring of her intrigue. The vengeance of the outraged husband is steady and relentless. There is something terrible in the obedience of the conscience-stricken mother; it is painful to trace the tale of the hapless and guileless victim of a woman's frailty, and a husband's revenge. The latter portions of the narrative are inferior to the commencement and earlier chapters, in the same manner that the first part of Mrs. Marsh's very beautiful novel, the "*Provisions of the Lady Evelyn*," greatly exceeds the merit of the lately written conclusion. This lady and Madame Reybaud possess the same class and grade of talent, and each country may be proud of these most agreeable and highly-gifted female writers.

We recommend "Marie D'Enambuc," "Gabrielle," "Mezelie," and "Madame de Rieux;" and did time or space permit, we could linger longer among the many pleasant volumes of this prolific writer. "Helène," one of her latest productions, is, perhaps, less striking than other tales which we have named; but it possesses the authoress's refinement of feeling and beauty of style.

"Paul Pierre Rubens," by Berthoud, is an excellent novel. The prosperous artist-life of the great painter is placed most pleasantly before the reader, who is introduced to the eminent pupils of that great atelier. We are made acquainted with many of the eccentricities and adventures of the jovial and gifted band. This series of historical novels written by Brisset, blend much information with a good style, and he interests his readers strongly in the characters called up to figure on the stage. Catherine and Marie de Medicis; the bevy of fair maids of honor; the history of Poltrot and his victim; the subtle ambition of the Guises; and the fate of the Concini, have occupied his pen, in common with Mons. Dumas, who has dealt with largely, and handled less scrupulously, some of the same characters and portions of history. His works are, however, better known in England. To this class of novels

belongs "Jacqueline de Bavière," an interesting historical tale, which reminds us of Mr. Grattan's manner and choice of subjects.

"Mademoiselle de Kérouare," by Sandeau, is the brief sad story of a young heart, cast away in vain; and his later volume, "Un Heritage," contains much true humor, and several clever sketches. The idea of a gentleman traveling over the world in search of a half-forgotten tune, possesses some novelty. The task allotted to us has been painful. We are wearied by the consideration of so much ability, combined with deep-rooted heinous error. To form a correct opinion, we have perused very many volumes of the popular literature of France, and these, it is reasonable to suppose, are no unjust interpreters of the tastes, feelings, and sentiments of the mass of readers. We will only add, that the present confusion and misery of that country is no longer matter of wonder to us—we can be no longer surprised that she has fallen from her place among the nations. The existing disorganization is the ruinous climax of the corruption which has been gnawing within her vitals, for, at least, the last two centuries. It has now risen to spread over the surface of society—it has taken its seat by the domestic hearth.

RICHARDSON, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.—There has been received from Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, a letter dated June 25, which gives some account of the movements of Mr. Richardson, the African traveler, and his companions. They were detained more than six weeks at Mourzouk, waiting for the Tourick escort from Ghat. At length, however, these wild chiefs of the desert arrived, and greatly to the astonishment of the Moors and Turks of Mourzouk, who could never believe that the hardy bandits of the Sahara would obey the summons of a Christian, and escort English travelers through the unexplored regions of Central Africa. The Turks had on previous occasions repeatedly invited the Touricks to visit the town of Mourzouk, but they never would do so.

The escort consisted of the eldest sons of the Sultan Shafon and the Sheikh Hatula. The son of the Sultan was to escort the traveler as far as Aheer, at the gates of Soudan. Before leaving for Soudan, the travelers will visit Ghat, and deliver to the Sultan and the Sheikhs the letter from the British Government. The travelers purpose meeting on the road up to Aheer all the caravans coming down from the interior to Ghat, so that in all probability intelligence will be received of their progress up to Aheer, which is about two months' journey from Mourzouk. It is satisfactory to learn that the travelers were, up to the date of the letter referred to, in good health and excellent spirits.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SNAKES AND SERPENT CHARMERS.

BY W. COOPER.

At the present time there are at the Zoölogical Gardens, two Arabs, who are eminently skilled in what is termed "Snake-Charming." In this country, happily for ourselves, we have but little practical acquaintance with venomous serpents, and there is no scope for the development of native skill in the art referred to; the visit, therefore, of these strangers is interesting, as affording an opportunity of beholding feats which have hitherto been known to us only by description. We propose, therefore, to give some account of their proceedings, and hope to draw attention to that portion of the collection which has been mentioned.

Visitors to the Zoölogical Gardens will remark, on the right hand side, after they have passed through the tunnel and ascended the slope beyond, a neat wooden building in the Swiss style. This is the reptile-house, and whilst our readers are bending their steps towards it, we will describe the performances of the Serpent Charmers.

The names of these are Jubar-Abou-Haijab, and Mohammed-Abou-Merwan. The former is an old man, much distinguished in his native country for his skill. When the French occupied Egypt, he collected serpents for their naturalists, and was sent for to Cairo to perform before General Bonaparte. He described to us the General as a middle-sized man, very pale, with handsome features, and a most keen eye. Napoleon watched his proceedings with interest, made many inquiries, and dismissed him with a handsome "backsheesh." Jubar is usually dressed in a coarse loose bernoise of brown serge, with a red cap on his head. The gift, or craft, of serpent-charming descends in certain families from generation to generation; and Mohammed, a smart active lad, is the old man's son-in-law, although not numbering sixteen years. He is quite an Adonis as to dress, wearing a smart, rich-embroidered dark-green jacket, carried—hussar fashion—over his

right shoulder, a white loose vest, full white trousers, tied at the knee, scarlet stockings and slippers, and a fez or red cap, with a blue tassel of extra proportions, on his head. In his right ear is a ring, so large that it might pass for a curtain ring.

Precisely as the clock strikes four, one of the keepers places on a platform a wooden box containing the serpents, and the lad Mohammed proceeds to tuck his ample sleeves as far up as possible to leave the arms bare. He then takes off his cloth jacket, and opening the box, draws out a large Cobra de Capello, of a dark copper color: this he holds at arm's length by the tail, and after allowing it to writhe about in the air for some time, he places the serpent on the floor, still holding it as described. By this time the cobra has raised his hood, very indignant at the treatment he is receiving. Mohammed then pinches and teases him in every way; at each pinch the cobra strikes at him, but, with great activity, the blow is avoided. Having thus teased the snake for some time, Mohammed rises, and placing his foot upon the tail, irritates him with a stick. The cobra writhes, and strikes sometimes at the stick, sometimes at his tormentor's legs, and again at his hands, all which is avoided with the utmost nonchalance. After the lapse of about ten minutes, Mohammed coils the cobra on the floor, and leaves him whilst he goes to the box and draws out another far fiercer cobra. Whilst holding this by the tail, Mohammed buffets him on the head with his open hand, and the serpent, quite furious, frequently seizes him by the forearm. The lad merely wipes the spot, and proceeds to tie the serpent like a necklace around his neck. Then the tail is tied into a knot around the reptile's head, and again head and tail into a double knot. After amusing himself in this way for some time, the serpent is told to lie quiet, and stretched on his back, the neck and chin being gently stroked. Whether any sort of mes-

We recommend "Marie D'Enambuc," "Gabrielle," "Mezelie," and "Madame de Rieux;" and did time or space permit, we could linger longer among the many pleasant volumes of this prolific writer. "Helène," one of her latest productions, is, perhaps, less striking than other tales which we have named; but it possesses the authoress's refinement of feeling and beauty of style.

"Paul Pierre Rubens," by Berthoud, is an excellent novel. The prosperous artist-life of the great painter is placed most pleasantly before the reader, who is introduced to the eminent pupils of that great atelier. We are made acquainted with many of the eccentricities and adventures of the jovial and gifted band. This series of historical novels written by Brisset, blend much information with a good style, and he interests his readers strongly in the characters called up to figure on the stage. Catherine and Marie de Medicis; the bevy of fair maids of honor; the history of Poltrot and his victim; the subtle ambition of the Guises; and the fate of the Concini, have occupied his pen, in common with Mons. Dumas, who has dealt with largely, and handled less scrupulously, some of the same characters and portions of history. His works are, however, better known in England. To this class of novels

belongs "Jacqueline de Bavière," an interesting historical tale, which reminds us of Mr. Grattan's manner and choice of subjects.

"Mademoiselle de Kérouare," by Sandeau, is the brief sad story of a young heart, cast away in vain; and his later volume, "Un Heritage," contains much true humor, and several clever sketches. The idea of a gentleman traveling over the world in search of a half-forgotten tune, possesses some novelty. The task allotted to us has been painful. We are wearied by the consideration of so much ability, combined with deep-rooted heinous error. To form a correct opinion, we have perused very many volumes of the popular literature of France, and these, it is reasonable to suppose, are no unjust interpreters of the tastes, feelings, and sentiments of the mass of readers. We will only add, that the present confusion and misery of that country is no longer matter of wonder to us—we can be no longer surprised that she has fallen from her place among the nations. The existing disorganization is the ruinous climax of the corruption which has been gnawing within her vitals, for, at least, the last two centuries. It has now risen to spread over the surface of society—it has taken its seat by the domestic hearth.

RICHARDSON, THE AFRICAN TRAVELER.—There has been received from Mourzouk, the capital of Fezzan, a letter dated June 25, which gives some account of the movements of Mr. Richardson, the African traveler, and his companions. They were detained more than six weeks at Mourzouk, waiting for the Tourick escort from Ghat. At length, however, these wild chiefs of the desert arrived, and greatly to the astonishment of the Moors and Turks of Mourzouk, who could never believe that the hardy bandits of the Sahara would obey the summons of a Christian, and escort English travelers through the unexplored regions of Central Africa. The Turks had on previous occasions repeatedly invited the Touaricks to visit the town of Mourzouk, but they never would do so.

The escort consisted of the eldest sons of the Sultan Shafon and the Sheikh Hatula. The son of the Sultan was to escort the traveler as far as Aheer, at the gates of Soudan. Before leaving for Soudan, the travelers will visit Ghat, and deliver to the Sultan and the Sheikhs the letter from the British Government. The travelers purpose meeting on the road up to Aheer all the caravans coming down from the interior to Ghat, so that in all probability intelligence will be received of their progress up to Aheer, which is about two months' journey from Mourzouk. It is satisfactory to learn that the travelers were, up to the date of the letter referred to, in good health and excellent spirits.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

SNAKES AND SERPENT CHARMERS.

BY W. COOPER.

AT the present time there are at the Zoölogical Gardens, two Arabs, who are eminently skilled in what is termed "Snake-Charming." In this country, happily for ourselves, we have but little practical acquaintance with venomous serpents, and there is no scope for the development of native skill in the art referred to; the visit, therefore, of these strangers is interesting, as affording an opportunity of beholding feats which have hitherto been known to us only by description. We propose, therefore, to give some account of their proceedings, and hope to draw attention to that portion of the collection which has been mentioned.

Visitors to the Zoölogical Gardens will remark, on the right hand side, after they have passed through the tunnel and ascended the slope beyond, a neat wooden building in the Swiss style. This is the reptile-house, and whilst our readers are bending their steps towards it, we will describe the performances of the Serpent Charmers.

The names of these are Jubar-Abou-Haijab, and Mohammed-Abou-Merwan. The former is an old man, much distinguished in his native country for his skill. When the French occupied Egypt, he collected serpents for their naturalists, and was sent for to Cairo to perform before General Bonaparte. He described to us the General as a middle-sized man, very pale, with handsome features, and a most keen eye. Napoleon watched his proceedings with interest, made many inquiries, and dismissed him with a handsome "backsheesh." Jubar is usually dressed in a coarse loose bernoise of brown serge, with a red cap on his head. The gift, or craft, of serpent-charming descends in certain families from generation to generation; and Mohammed, a smart active lad, is the old man's son-in-law, although not numbering sixteen years. He is quite an Adonis as to dress, wearing a smart, rich-embroidered dark-green jacket, carried—hussar fashion—over his

right shoulder, a white loose vest, full white trousers, tied at the knee, scarlet stockings and slippers, and a fez or red cap, with a blue tassel of extra proportions, on his head. In his right ear is a ring, so large that it might pass for a curtain ring.

Precisely as the clock strikes four, one of the keepers places on a platform a wooden box containing the serpents, and the lad Mohammed proceeds to tuck his ample sleeves as far up as possible to leave the arms bare. He then takes off his cloth jacket, and opening the box, draws out a large Cobra de Capello, of a dark copper color: this he holds at arm's length by the tail, and after allowing it to writhe about in the air for some time, he places the serpent on the floor, still holding it as described. By this time the cobra has raised his hood, very indignant at the treatment he is receiving. Mohammed then pinches and teases him in every way; at each pinch the cobra strikes at him, but, with great activity, the blow is avoided. Having thus teased the snake for some time, Mohammed rises, and placing his foot upon the tail, irritates him with a stick. The cobra writhes, and strikes sometimes at the stick, sometimes at his tormentor's legs, and again at his hands, all which is avoided with the utmost nonchalance. After the lapse of about ten minutes, Mohammed coils the cobra on the floor, and leaves him whilst he goes to the box and draws out another far fiercer cobra. Whilst holding this by the tail, Mohammed buffets him on the head with his open hand, and the serpent, quite furious, frequently seizes him by the forearm. The lad merely wipes the spot, and proceeds to tie the serpent like a necklace around his neck. Then the tail is tied into a knot around the reptile's head, and again head and tail into a double knot. After amusing himself in this way for some time, the serpent is told to lie quiet, and stretched on his back, the neck and chin being gently stroked. Whether any sort of mes-

meric influence is produced we know not, but the snake remains on its back, perfectly still, as if dead. During this time the first cobra has remained coiled up, with its head erect, apparently watching the proceedings of the Arab. After a pause, the lad takes up the second cobra, and carrying it to the first, pinches and irritates both, to make them fight; the fiercer snake seizes the other by the throat, and coiling round him, they roll struggling across the stage. Mohammed then leaves these serpents in charge of Jubar, and draws a third snake out of the box. This he first ties in a variety of apparently impossible knots, and then holding him at a little distance from his face, allows the snake to strike at it, just dodging back at each time sufficiently far to avoid the blow. The serpent is then placed in his bosom next his skin, and left there, but it is not so easy after a time to draw it out of its warm resting place. The tail is pulled; but no! the serpent is round the lad's body, and will not come. After several unsuccessful efforts, Mohammed rubs the tail briskly between his two hands, a process which—judging from the writhings of the serpent, which are plainly visible—is the reverse of agreeable. At last Mohammed pulls him hand-over-hand—as the sailors say,—and just as the head flies out, the cobra makes a parting snap at his tormentor's face, for which he receives a smart cuff on the head, and is then with the others replaced in the box.

Dr. John Davy, in his valuable work on Ceylon, denies that the fangs are extracted from the serpents which are thus exhibited; and says that the only charm employed is that of courage and confidence,—the natives avoiding the stroke of the serpent with wonderful agility; adding that they will play their tricks with any hooded snake, but with no other poisonous serpent.

In order that we might get at the truth, we sought it from the fountain-head, and our questions were thus most freely answered by Jubar-Abou-Haijab, Hamet acting as interpreter:—

Q. How are the serpents caught in the first instance?

A. I take this adze (holding up a sort of geological hammer, mounted on a long handle) and as soon as I have found a hole containing a cobra, I knock away the earth till he comes out, or can be got at; I then take a stick in my right hand, and seizing the snake by the tail with the left, hold it at arm's-length. He keeps trying to bite, but I push his head away with the stick. After doing

this some time I throw him straight on the ground, still holding him by the tail; I allow him to raise his head and try to bite, for some time, in order that he may learn how to attack, still keeping him off with the stick. When this has been done long enough, I slide the stick up to his head and fix it firmly on the ground; then taking the adze and forcing open the mouth, I break off the fangs with it, carefully removing every portion, and especially squeezing out all the poison and blood, which I wipe away as long as it continues to flow; when this is done the snake is harmless and ready for use.

Q. Do the ordinary jugglers or only the hereditary snake charmers catch the cobras?

A. We are the only persons who dare to catch them, and when the jugglers want snakes they come to us for them; with that adze (pointing to the hammer) I have caught and taken out the fangs of many thousands.

Q. Do you use any other snakes besides the cobras for your exhibitions?

A. No; because the cobra is the only one that will fight well. The cobra is always ready to give battle, but the other snakes are sluggish, only bite, and can't be taught for our exhibitions.

Q. What do the Arabs do if they happen to be bitten by a poisonous snake?

A. They immediately tie a cord tight round the arm above the wound and cut out the bitten part as soon as possible—some burn it; they then squeeze the arm downwards so as to press out the poison, but they don't suck it, because it is bad for the mouth; however, in spite of all this, they sometimes die.

Q. Do you think it possible that cobras could be exhibited without the fangs being removed?

A. Certainly not, for the least scratch of their deadly teeth would cause death, and there is not a day that we exhibit that we are not bitten, and no skill in the world would prevent it.

Such were the particulars given us by a most distinguished professor in the art of snake-charming, and therefore they may be relied on as correct; the matter-of-fact way in which he *acted* as well as related the snake-catching, bore the impress of truth, and there certainly would appear to be far less mystery about the craft than has generally been supposed. The way in which vipers are caught in this country is much less artistic than the Arab mode. The viper-catcher provides himself with a cleft-stick, and stealing up to the reptile when basking, pins his head to the ground with the cleft,

and seizing the tail, throws the reptile into a bag. As they do not destroy the fangs, these men are frequently bitten in the pursuit of their business, but their remedy is either the fat of vipers or salad oil, which they take inwardly, and apply externally, after squeezing the wound. We are not aware of any well-authenticated fatal case in man from a viper bite, but it fell to our lot some years ago to see a valuable pointer killed by one. We were beating for game in a dry stony district, when suddenly the dog, who was running beneath a hedgerow, gave a yelp and bound, and immediately came limping up to us with a countenance most expressive of pain; a large adder was seen to glide into the hedgerow. Two small spots of blood on the inner side of the left foreleg, close to the body of the dog, marked the seat of the wound; and we did our best to squeeze out the poison. The limb speedily began to swell, and the dog laid down, moaning and unable to walk. With some difficulty we managed to carry the poor animal to the nearest cottage, but it was too late. In spite of oil and other remedies, the body swelled more and more, and he died in convulsions some two hours after the receipt of the injury.

The Reptile-house is fitted up with much attention to security and elegance of design; arranged along the left side are roomy cages painted to imitate mahogany, and fronted with plate-glass. They are ventilated by perforated plates of zinc above, and warmed by hot water pipes below. The bottoms of the cages are strewn with sand and gravel, and in those which contain the larger serpents, strong branches of trees are fixed. The advantage of the plate-glass fronts is obvious, for every movement of the reptiles is distinctly seen, whilst its great strength confines them in perfect safety. Each cage is, moreover, provided with a pan of water. The chief inmates of this house at present are first a magnificent Python (*P. Seba*) from West Africa. He is upwards of nineteen feet in length, and his girth is equal to that of a small tree. In the next cage are two fine specimens of the *Oula Sawa* (*P. reticulatus*) from Ceylon. These two compartments fill the end of the room. Three large rattlesnakes (*Crotalus durissus* and *C. horridus*) occupy the next division; and their fit neighbors are, in succession, three large Cobra de Capellos from Egypt, an Anaconda, so fierce, that on being enraged some time ago, he bit himself severely; six horrid-looking and most deadly Puff-Adders, also from Egypt, and so called from the power

possessed by them, when angered, of inflating their bodies to the size of a man's arm. On the same side are six immense Boa Constrictors, just now shedding their skins, which shows them off to great advantage. We are in the habit of connecting with serpents the idea of everything that is horrible and repulsive—notions applicable indeed to the Puff-Adders and that tribe, but certainly not to the Boas and Pythons, for the variety and lustre of their colors bear out that noble description of Milton,—

“On his rear

Circular base of rising folds that towered,
Fold above fold, a surging maze! his head
Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes,
With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect
Amidst his circling spires that on the grass
Floated redundant.”

Several specimens of Cleopatra's Asp (*Cerastes Hasselquistii*), (the first brought to this country,) are well worthy of attention. The flat broad head of each is provided with two horny processes immediately above the eyes; and as these snakes have a habit of burrowing in the sand, so as to completely conceal the body and head, these processes may serve to give timely warning of their vicinity, for if trod upon, their bite would be very severe, if not fatal. According to good testimony, this species will continue for days together in one position, and as it never seeks to avoid danger, however imminent, its presence is often only discovered when the foot which has trampled on it is seized. It retains its hold with great tenacity, and considerable exertion is often required to detach the asp. This is a peculiarity characteristic of the viper tribe, and is strong evidence in favor of its having been a poisonous serpent which bit St. Paul at Melita, it being described as *hanging* on his hand after fastening thereon. The Asp has a singular mode of progression—a lateral wriggling of the whole body, causing it to advance sideways like a crab. Besides these mentioned, there are numerous other serpents great and small, now introduced for the first time, and not yet named.

Not less rich is the collection in Lizards. There is a huge Iguana from the West Indies, the flesh of which is very palatable, and is much esteemed as an article of food. They live principally in trees, and have the power of changing their hues according to the color of the spot on which they happen to rest.

In another cage is a very rare and active

black and white carnivorous Lizard, which is continually whining and scratching against its cage, presenting a great contrast to three huge brown Lizards, his immediate neighbors, who are remarkable for their sluggishness. On the other side of the room are numerous specimens of the little *Hyla*, or Tree Frog, very beautiful creatures, dwelling amidst the foliage of the woods in the South of Europe, and, like the Chamelion and Iguana, changing their hues in accordance with the colors of surrounding objects.

There are other very curious Frogs and Lizards, and fine specimens of the edible Snails, which hold so high a place in the estimation of continental gastronomes. Except when roused by hunger, the Serpents are generally in a state of torpor during the day, but as night draws on, they, in common with other wild denizens of the forest, are roused into activity. In their native state the Boas then lie in wait, coiled round the branches of trees, ready to spring upon the antelopes and other prey as they pass through the leafy glades; and the smaller serpents silently glide from branch to branch in quest of birds on which to feed. As we have had the opportunity of seeing the reptile-house by night, we will describe the strange scene.

About ten o'clock one evening during the last spring, in company with two naturalists of eminence, we entered that apartment. A small lantern was our only light, and the faint illumination of this imparted a ghastly character to the scene before us. The clear plate-glass which faces the cages was invisible, and it was difficult to believe that the monsters were in confinement, and the spectators secure. Those who have only seen the Boas and Pythons, the Rattlesnakes and Cobras, lazily hanging in festoons from the forks of the trees in the dens, or sluggishly coiled up, can form no conception of the appearance and actions of the same creatures at night. The huge Boas and Pythons were chasing each other in every direction, whisking about the dens with the rapidity of lightning, sometimes clinging in huge coils round the branches, anon entwining each other in massive folds, then separating they would rush over and under the branches, hissing and lashing their tails in hideous sport. Ever and anon, thirsty with their exertions, they would approach the pans containing water, and drink eagerly, lapping it with their forked tongues. As our eyes became accustomed to the darkness, we perceived objects better, and on the uppermost

branch of the tree in the den of the biggest serpent, we perceived a pigeon quietly roosting, apparently indifferent alike to the turmoil which was going on around, and the vicinity of the monster whose meal it was soon to form. In the den of one of the smaller serpents was a little mouse, whose panting sides and fast-beating heart showed that it, at least, disliked its company. Misery is said to make us acquainted with strange bedfellows, but evil must be the star of that mouse or pigeon whose lot it is to be the comrade and prey of a serpent!

A singular circumstance occurred not long since at the Gardens, showing that the mouse at times has the best of it. A litter of rattlesnakes was born in the Gardens,—curious little active things without rattles,—hiding under stones, or coiling together in complicated knots, with their clustering heads resembling Medusa's locks. It came to pass that a mouse was put into the cage for the breakfast of the mamma, but she not being hungry, took no notice. The poor mouse gradually became accustomed to its strange companions, and would appear to have been pressed by hunger, for it actually nibbled away a great part of the jaw of one of the little rattlesnakes, so that it died!—perhaps the first instance of such a turning of the tables. An interesting fact was proved by this, namely, that these reptiles when young are quite defenceless, and do not acquire either the power of injuring others, or of using their rattles, until their adolescence.

During the time we were looking at these creatures, all sorts of odd noises were heard; a strange scratching against the glass would be audible; 'twas the Carnivorous Lizard endeavoring to inform us that it was a fast day with him, entirely contrary to his inclination. A sharp hiss would startle us from another quarter, and we stepped back involuntarily as the lantern revealed the inflated hood and threatening action of an angry cobra. Then a rattlesnake would take umbrage, and, sounding an alarm, would make a stroke against the glass, intended for our person. The fixed gaze too from the brilliant eyes of the huge Pythons, was more fascinating than pleasant, and the scene, taking it altogether, more exciting than agreeable. Each of the spectators involuntarily stooped to make sure that his trowsers were well strapped down; and, as if our nerves were jesting, a strange sensation would every now and then be felt, resembling the twining of a small snake about the legs. Just before leaving the house, a great dor beetle which had flown in, attract-

ed by the light, struck with some force against our right ear; startled indeed we were, for at the moment our impression was that it was some member of the Happy Family around us who had favored us with a mark of his attention.

In feeding the larger serpents, the Boas and Pythons, some care is necessary lest such an accident should occur as that which befell Mr. Cops, of the Lion Office in the Tower, some years ago. Mr. Cops was holding a fowl to the head of the largest of the five snakes which were then there kept; the snake was changing its skin, consequently, being nearly blind (for the skin of the eye is changed with the rest,) it darted at the fowl but missed it, and seized the keeper by the left thumb, coiling round his arm and neck in a moment, and fixing itself by its tail to one of the posts of its cage, thus giving itself greater power. Mr. Cops, who was alone, did not lose his presence of mind, and immediately attempted to relieve himself from the powerful constriction by getting at the serpent's head; but the serpent had so knotted itself upon its own head, that Mr. Cops could not reach it, and had thrown himself upon the floor in order to grapple, with greater success, with his formidable opponent, when fortunately, two other keepers came in and rushed to the rescue. The struggle even then was severe, but at length they succeeded in breaking the teeth of the serpent, and relieving Mr. Cops from his perilous situation; two broken teeth were extracted from the thumb, the wounds soon healed, and no further inconvenience followed. Still more severe was the contest which took place between a negro herdsman, belonging to Mr. Abson, for many years Governor at Fort William, on the coast of Africa. This man was seized by a huge python whilst passing through a wood. The serpent fixed his fangs in his thigh, but in attempting to throw himself round his body, fortunately became entangled with a tree, and the man being thus preserved from a state of compression which would have instantly rendered him powerless, had presence of mind enough to cut with a large knife which he carried about him, deep gashes in the neck and throat of his antagonist, thereby killing him, and disengaging himself from his frightful situation. He never afterwards, however, recovered the use of the limb, which had sustained considerable injury from the fangs and mere force of the jaws, and for many years limped about the fort, a living example of the prowess of these fearful serpents.

The true *Boas*, it is to be observed, are restricted to America, the name *Python* being given to the large serpents of Africa and India. It is related by Pliny that the army of Regulus was alarmed by a huge serpent, one hundred and twenty-three feet in length. This account is doubtful; but there is a well-authenticated instance of the destruction of a snake above sixty-two feet long, whilst in the act of coiling itself round the body of a man. The snakes at the gardens will generally be found coiled and twined together in large clusters, probably for the sake of warmth. Dr. Carpenter knew an instance in which no less than *thirteen hundred* of our English harmless snakes were found in an old lime kiln! The *battue* which ensued can better be imagined than described.

The cobras, the puff-adders, and some of the other highly-venomous serpents are principally found in rocky and sandy places, and very dangerous they are. Mr. Gould, the eminent ornithologist, had a most narrow escape of his life when in the interior of Australia: there is a serpent found in those arid wastes, whose bite is fatal in an incredibly short time, and it springs at an object with great force. Mr. Gould was a little in advance of his party, when suddenly a native who was with him screamed out, "Oh! massa! dere big snake!" Mr. Gould started, and putting his foot in a hole, nearly fell to the ground. At that instant the snake made his spring, and had it not been for his stumble, would have struck him in the face; as it was, it passed over his head, and was shot before it could do further mischief. It was a large snake, of the most venomous sort, and the natives gathered round the sportsman anxiously inquiring if it had bitten him? Finding it had not, all said they thought he was "good for dead," when they saw the reptile spring.

There is no branch of knowledge, perhaps, in which prejudices adhere with so much tenacity, nor in which the general public are so little informed, as the organization and habits of serpents. This doubtless arises from the absence of these reptiles in any number from public or private menageries, so that but few opportunities have hitherto been afforded of gaining instruction in that branch of Natural History. In this respect the collection at the Gardens will be very valuable, and will do much to explode errors and impart correct information. Nine out of ten persons do not know the ordinary harmless snake of this island from the poisonous adder, and the strangest ignorance yet exists

respecting the structure of that class. Of this we had two striking examples whilst waiting in the reptile-house: a respectable-looking artisan, with a wife and three children, came in, and presently he began in an oracular tone to lionize his family. One of the rattlesnakes happened to vibrate his tongue, after the manner of his tribe, when the father exclaimed, "There! you see that! now if that snake were to touch anybody with that sting of his, he'd be dead in the twinkling of a hye!—that sting is the most venomistist thing in natur!" Another group were watching the asps as they wriggled about, and one remarked, "I s'pose they be deadly poisonous?" A friend rejoined, "Lor' bless you, nothing so deadly as the blindworm. I've heard say that if a dog be stung by a blind worm, he'd be dead in no time." The tenacity of life of popular errors is perfectly wonderful; and, curious enough, the blunders of these worthy men were prevalent at the time of Shakspeare, and shared by him. A more harmless creature than the blind worm, or slow worm (as it is sometimes called), does not exist, although from time immemorial it has had the misfortune to possess an evil reputation. The great poet speaks of

"Adder's fork and blindworm's sting."

Hermenias also says to *Demetrius* —

"And hast thou killed him sleeping? Oh, brave touch.

Could not a worm, an adder do so much?

An adder did it; for *with doubler tongue*

Than thine, thou serpent, *never adder stung*."

The expression "sting," as applied to snakes, is altogether incorrect; the tongue has nothing to do with the infliction of injury. Serpents bite, and the difference between the harmless and venomous serpents generally is simply this; the mouths of the harmless snakes and the whole tribe of boas are provided with sharp teeth, but no fangs; their bite, therefore, is innocuous; the poisonous serpents, on the other hand, have two poison-fangs attached to the upper jaw, which lie flat upon the roof the mouth when not in use, and are concealed by a fold of the skin. In each fang is a tube, which opens near the point of the tooth by a fissure; when the creature is irritated the fangs are at once erected. The poison bag is placed beneath the muscles which act on the lower jaw, so that when the fangs are struck into the victim the poison is injected with much force to the very bottom of the wound.

But how do Boa Constrictors swallow goats and antelopes, and other large animals whole? The process is very simple; the lower jaw is not united to the upper, but is hung to a long stalk-shaped bone, on which it is movable, and this bone is attached to the skull by ligaments, susceptible of extraordinary extension. The process by which these serpents take and swallow their prey has been so graphically described in the second volume of the "Zoölogical Journal," by that very able naturalist and graceful writer, W. J. Broderip, Esq., F.R.S., that we shall transcribe it, being able, from frequent ocular demonstration, to vouch for its correctness. A large buck rabbit was introduced into the cage of a Boa Constrictor of great size:—"The snake was down and motionless in a moment. There he lay like a log, without one symptom of life, save that which glared in the small bright eye twinkling in his depressed head. The rabbit appeared to take no notice of him, but presently began to walk about the cage. The snake suddenly, but almost imperceptibly, turned his head according to the rabbit's movements, as if to keep the object within the range of his eye. At length the rabbit, totally unconscious of his situation, approached the ambushed head. The snake dashed at him like lightning. There was a blow—a scream—and instantly the victim was locked in the coils of the serpent. This was done almost too rapidly for the eye to follow; at one instant the snake was motionless—the next he was one congeries of coils round his prey. He had seized the rabbit by the neck just under the ear, and was evidently exerting the strongest pressure round the thorax of the quadruped; thereby preventing the expansion of the chest, and at the same time depriving the anterior extremities of motion. The rabbit never cried after the first seizure; he lay with his hind legs stretched out, still breathing with difficulty, as could be seen by the motion of his flanks. Presently he made one desperate struggle with his hind legs; but the snake cautiously applied another coil with such dexterity as completely to manacle the lower extremities, and in about eight minutes the rabbit was quite dead. The snake then gradually and carefully uncoiled himself, and finding that his victim moved not, opened his mouth, let go his hold, and placed his head opposite the fore-part of the rabbit. The boa, generally, I have observed, begins with the head; but in this instance, the serpent having begun with the fore-legs, was longer in gorging his prey than usual, and in conse-

quence of the difficulty presented by the awkward position of the rabbit, the dilatation and secretion of lubricating mucus were excessive. The serpent first got the fore-legs into his mouth; he then coiled himself round the rabbit, and appeared to draw out the dead body through his fold; he then began to dilate his jaws, and holding the rabbit firmly in a coil, as a point of resistance, appeared to exercise at intervals the whole of his anterior muscles in protruding his stretched jaws and lubricated mouth and throat, at first against, and soon after gradually upon and over his prey. When the prey was completely engulfed, the serpent lay for a few moments with his dislocated jaws still dropping with the mucus which had lubricated the parts, and at this time he looked quite sufficiently disgusting. He then stretched out his neck, and at the

same moment the muscles seemed to push the prey further downwards. After a few efforts to replace the parts, the jaws appeared much the same as they did previous to the monstrous repast."

In conclusion, we would offer a remark which visitors to the Gardens would do well to bear in mind; the glass which encloses the cages is incapable of being broken by any efforts of the serpents themselves, but we have seen many persons rapping on it with sticks and parasols to irritate those creatures. An accidental push from behind, or too sharp a blow, might break the glass, and the consequence, of the escape of half-a-dozen angry Puff-Adders, a leash of lively Rattlesnakes, or even a couple of active Boa Constrictors into a crowded room, might be exceedingly unpleasant.

From Dolman's Magazine.

LINES ON A FAVORITE TREE.

Oh life, what art thou? but a span,
Curtailed, alas! to mortal man,
Since first the human race began
In Eden's vale:—
Then like the oak, now sere and wan
Like willow pale.

Yet would I be to thee resigned,
If I could through my journey find
A faithful friend, to tell my mind,
And hear my moan:
One, only one, has been so kind—
But, ah! he's gone.

Alas! poor neighbor sycamore,
How I've watched thee from my door,
How oft surveyed thee o'er and o'er
In beauty bright;
Till rude hands from my presence tore
Thee, my delight.

Thou wert to me from heat a screen;
Thy ample leaves a guard have been,
While I admired thy lovely green
Beneath thy shade;
And zephyr, opening leaves between,
Heaven displayed.

Thy boughs a roof, thy trunk a stay,
Thou oft hast heard me sigh and pray,
Lamenting friendship far away,—
Too far, alas!
Could I have thought thy fated day
So nigh thee was!

Wherein hast thou, dear tree, offended?
Thou wert not old, nor bent, nor rended;
Thy stately branches wide extended
Thy stem around:
But now thy day of pride is ended
Low on the ground.

Thy fate, fall'n tree, will soon be mine;
Thou art cut down while in thy prime:
Fate only leaves me to repine
The loss of shade
A little longer;—then resign
The grief thou'st made.

I've watched thy budding leaves in spring,
Trained flowers thy stem encircling,
And listened to the robin sing
So sweet and clear:
I'll now lament, till echoes ring,
With many a tear.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

THE FATHER OF THE QUEEN.

It would seem, indeed, that Edward, the Duke of Kent, was really, as Dr. Maton styled him, "a most princely-minded man;" not merely a prince by birth and station, but a prince also among the lofty aristocracy of noble minds. As his life was a troubled and eventful one, and his memory has been long lying under some unmerited suspicions, it is highly proper that an authentic record of his actual deeds and character should be rendered public, for the satisfaction of a reasonable curiosity, and also as a means of vindicating a reputation that has been in some respects aspersed and unfairly represented.

Such a record, having every appearance of faithfulness and credibility, Mr. Neale has here produced. He had many qualifications for the work. He knew the Duke; retains an "indelible recollection of his courtesy and kindness," during a certain "memorable interview;" has been at different times acquainted with several persons competent to speak of his habits, peculiarities, and circumstances; had opportunities of gaining large access to documents necessary to be consulted; possessed sufficient industry and patience for their due investigation, and the needful ability for arranging and reproducing them in a shape readable and convenient: he is, moreover, a man of evident candor and calm judgment; knows and respects all the conventional amenities; and has the aptitude and talent requisite for a delicate handling of his subject. His object, as he affirms, is "to do justice to a noble-minded man," whom he conceives to have been throughout his life "most harshly, unfairly, and spitefully treated." By such a sentence, Mr. Neale evidently casts blame on somebody; and it is only fair that it should fall where it is due: this is his intention, and for the rest he leaves his book to fate.

Feeling the interest of the work, and supposing that sundry readers—in these days of competition, agricultural hardship, over-population, dreadful stress of pauperism, and a ruinous weight of taxes—may not care to spend fourteen shillings on a single volume,

it is proposed, for their benefit, to select some of the main particulars it contains, and to present them for larger circulation in the present pages. Let the reader bear in mind the straitness of our space, the severe brevity that must be practised, and believe that we design to do the utmost that is possible for his curiosity; and then, perhaps, he may realize a state of mind which may incline him to be thankful for what he gets.

Edward Augustus, fourth son of George III., was born at Buckingham House, at noon, on the second of November, 1767. In allusion to his birth, he was sometimes heard to say,—“My arrival was somewhat *mal-à-propos*. The month was gloomy, November; the court was enveloped in gloom, for it was a season of mourning; one of my uncles, a great favorite with my father, was then lying dead in his coffin; his funeral, in fact, took place some twenty-four hours after my birth. Sometimes the thought has crossed me, whether my inopportune appearance was not ominous of the life of gloom and struggle which awaited me.”

“The Duke's childhood,” says Mr. Neale, “as that of princes generally, may be passed over as affording little scope for observation; but at an early period of life, he was placed under the care of an earnest and judicious instructor, Mr. Fisher, subsequently Canon of Windsor, and successively Bishop of Exeter and Salisbury.” This gentleman worthily fulfilled his trust, and continued to the end of a long life to cherish the most affectionate feelings of regard for his royal pupil. In 1824, at a party in his own house, in Lower Seymour Street, the good bishop entertained his guests with some of his recollections of the prince, referring to the period of his early life. “I may well be proud of him,” said he; “a prince with whom the love of truth was paramount to every consideration; a prince whom nothing could induce to dissemble; even in childhood it was the same. At Kew Palace there was a time-piece, highly prized by George III.: it was a clumsy affair; there was nothing particular

in its construction, or ingenious about its movement. The only attraction it possessed arose from its historical associations. It had belonged, if my memory rightly serves me, to the youthful Duke of Gloucester, son of Queen Anne. One morning the pedestal of this relic was found vacant, and the timepiece itself lying on the ground, a wreck. It had been battered by some heavy instrument, and lay shivered in fragments. Repair was hopeless. The dial was damaged irreparably. The king's displeasure was not light; and immediate inquiries were instituted. They issued in no satisfactory result; the culprit could not even be guessed at; no one had witnessed the disaster; no one could explain its occurrence. After many hours elapsed, by mere chance a question was put to Prince Edward. "I did it," was the instant and unhesitating reply. "But," said one party [probably the tutor], anxious to screen the intrepid boy,—“your royal highness did it by accident?” “No; I did it intentionally.” “But your royal highness regrets what you have done?” “No; not at all.” “Not sorry?” “No; I may be sorry for it to-morrow, but I certainly am not sorry for it now.” It was impossible to get over this avowal. The Prince was punished, and not slightly. But *when*,” added the Bishop, “*was it otherwise, in childhood or manhood?—WHEN and where?*” Emphatic interrogatory!—which, had it been uttered sooner, might have prevented Mr. Fisher from knowing the comforts of a bishopric. The capacious memory that retained a lively recollection of a “Pigeon Paley,” might easily have remembered (for no good) the insinuated censure of the Prince's tutor.

Having chosen the profession of arms, the prince, in his eighteenth year, was sent to Luneburg, then forming a part of the electorate of Hanover, there to prosecute his military studies, under the superintendence of Baron Wangenheim. “Farmer George,” as the prince amusingly styled his father, granted him an annual allowance of a thousand pounds; most of which, however, was privately appropriated by the “Governor:” the said Baron being of opinion that it was the best policy for himself to keep his pupil short of cash. “One guinea and a-half per week, sometimes melted down by military forfeits to twenty-two shillings,” was all that found its way into the prince's purse for personal expenses of every description. Rather tight reining for a colt of the royal blood! Meanwhile, his “military duties” were enforced with unrelenting punctuality and se-

verity. There was no pause or respite in the grim old Baron's discipline. The order of every day was “parade and drill;” parade and drill to the utmost weariness of soul and body. A spirited sprig of royalty, not unnaturally, found such a kind of destiny a bore. He grew disgusted with the “Governor;” disgusted with wretched, poverty-stricken, gloomy, insufferable old Luneburg; disgusted with his “professional duties;” in every respect immeasurably disgusted.

After a year's residence at Luneburg, the prince was removed to Hanover, where apartments were provided for him in one of the royal palaces. “It was a change of scene,” said he, “but with it came no remedy of existing evils. The same niggardly allowance was dealt out; the same system of *espionage* was carried on; my letters were intercepted; several never reached the King; he was displeased at my apparently undutiful silence; false representations were made to him respecting my conduct: I was described to him as recklessly extravagant. I had the means of being so, undoubtedly, on a guinea and a half a-week! Much of the estrangement between my royal parent and myself—much of the sorrow of my after life, may be ascribed to that most unwise and most uncalled-for sojourn in the electorate.”

Nevertheless, the sojourn at Hanover and Luneburg was not wholly overshadowed with disgust and gloom. The close of it was rather pleasantly lit up by a little candle-light of professional promotion. On the 30th of May, 1786, he learns that he has been gazetted Colonel in the army by brevet. On the 3d of the following month he is elected Knight of the Garter. Luneburg and Hanover shall soon be things of simple recollection. In October, 1787, by the King's command, he goes into quarters at Geneva. Here he had the opportunity of making the acquaintance of several English noblemen of his own age. “The charms of companionship there awaited him. The worth of youthful friendship was proffered to him. In the situation of the city itself there was much to interest him. Nowhere does nature appear more lovely and attractive than on the shores of Leman's lake. And marvellously fair is the city which is mirrored in its crystal waters.”

In this picturesque environment, a prince, with ready money, might have had a chance of pleasantly enjoying life. Unhappily, the fate of Tantalus was a doom which the prince might think upon, and draw comparisons. Although the sum paid to the old Baron, for maintaining the establishment of his royal

pupil, was now six thousand pounds per annum, the beggarly dole of thirty-one and sixpence was all that the young colonel received from week to week as private pocket-money. The Baron was extremely considerate of the cash, and liked to make a profit by his undertakings. The Baron shall have praise among the crafty, but, nevertheless, behold the consequences. "From not having any of those indulgences allowed him which other young Englishmen of his own age, with whom he was living, enjoyed, and who were the sons of private gentlemen, the Duke incurred debts by borrowing money to procure them:" debts which were a burden to him during the remainder of his life. "In truth," as Mr. Neale remarks, "the inadequacy of his income, for many years, to support him in the style of living which, as a prince, he was called upon to adopt, was a perpetual and *unmerited* source of discomfort and disquiet." Till he came to reside at Geneva he had not any kind of equipage, nor had even been the owner of a horse. No rideable sort of animal—unless, perhaps, it might be some elderly and degenerate donkey—could, of course, be purchasable out of an income so unprincely as thirty-one and sixpence by the week, liable to fines.

Anybody who has been in debt, knows what it is to hear a knock at the street door. Debts, when the debtor is a prince, may be easily contracted, but, by a prince extremely scant of cash, cannot so readily be paid. We suspect his royal highness came to be acquainted with the astonishing perseverance of a dun. To a prince of the royal blood, extremely well disposed to pay, but always destitute of change, the frequent visitations of individuals having pecuniary demands were likely to grow burdensome. Appeals to the Baron are like asking compassion of a flint; appeals to the paternal majesty are not a whit the more successful. The prince declares at last: "I have so seldom found a gracious answer to any of the little, trifling requests I have made him, that I am now very shy of asking." Other annoyances are not wanting: his valet is a spy upon him, and much in favor with the Baron; the Baron is a sort of Satan in disguise, and obstinately opposes him in all his wishes, right or wrong; on all hands he feels himself most miserably straitened. What were it advisable for a prince, feeling his situation to be intolerable, to think upon, and do? It occurs to him that, like the young man in the parable, he will "arise and go unto his father," and see what kind of fatted calf, or other prodigal's

provision, will be there prepared for him. He is now of age, and believes himself entitled to an impartial hearing; perhaps "Farmer George" may be pleased to be considerate.

Accordingly, on a certain night in January, 1790, the young Prince suddenly arrives in London, taking up his quarters at an hotel in King Street, St. James's. Notice of his arrival is sent to the Prince of Wales, who immediately goes to visit him, and brings him home to Carlton House. Here the two are joined by the Duke of York, by whom, it is agreed, intelligence of the event shall be communicated to the King. But who shall express the extreme and unappeasable displeasure of his majesty! The rage of Achilles is understood to have been rather terrible; but the rage of George III. is even still more awful to encounter. Tremble intensely, O Edward! for thou art now to be its victim. To every extenuating circumstance suggested in the Prince's favor by his brothers—and it seems that their conduct on this occasion was most disinterested and affectionate—the King sullenly replied, "Edward has quitted his post without leave; he is now in England without my cognisance or consent. His presence here is an act of the most daring and deliberate disobedience; and you call on me to sanction it! Not so," said his majesty. And the majestic mind straightway formed its own decision; a decision that was unalterable, like the laws of the Medes and Persians. For thirteen days, the Prince sought every opportunity to see the King; but prospered nothing in his enterprise. On the thirteenth day he received a sealed official paper. He opened it with impatience, and read with astonishment and sorrow, a peremptory order to—embark for Gibraltar within the space of four-and-twenty hours! On the night of his departure, he was allowed an audience of *five minutes*, and then dismissed. On the 1st of February, he sailed from England, with the "insignificant sum of 500*l*," advanced for his use to Captain Crawford. "He did not receive with his orders one single sentence to soothe, to cheer, or to satisfy him as to what his stated allowance would be when he should arrive at his destination. Such was the reception, and such the treatment measured out to the Duke of Kent."

"Now," says Mr. Neale, "when one recalls the numerous escapades of his elder brother, the Prince of Wales, the debts which that expensive gentleman contracted, and which were again and again defrayed by the

nation; the messages which, in rather rapid succession, came down to parliament, relative to the pecuniary difficulties, perplexities, and embarrassments of the first gentleman in Europe; the manner in which he more than once contravened the royal authority and was forgiven—hard measure seems to have been dealt out to the youthful Edward." His offence, considering the circumstances, was of quite a venial description, since there are grounds for believing that his main object was personally to represent his position to the king, and thus obtain some means of providing for his pecuniary obligations.

As no opportunity was granted him for this purpose, and no provision made on his account, one of the first results attendant on his new appointment, was an immediate increase to his difficulties. In the first place, he was compelled to provide his outfit at an enormous cost, as he had to purchase it in a colony, at prices extravagantly exceeding what he would have had to pay in England. Instead of paying off old debts, he found it impossible to avoid contracting new ones. One satisfaction, however, he possessed to comfort him—he was everlastingly quit of the old Baron; Governor Wangenheim could fret and worry him no more. He had, besides, the fortune to be placed under a much more generous tutelage. Colonel Symes was deputed by General O'Hara, then in command at Gibraltar, to take the Prince under his special superintendence. In the Colonel he finds a friend, who makes repeated efforts to get him relieved from his embarrassments. In one of the communications sent to the Home authorities, there is this admission:—"The Prince's general conduct has been perfectly to the satisfaction of General O'Hara, and has met the approbation of the whole garrison." If the Prince had any fault, it seemed to be a tendency to rather rigorous discipline. He had drawn his notions from the Baron, the only military disciplinarian he was hitherto acquainted with. These notions, it is said, he subsequently abandoned; though it is admitted that while at Gibraltar, he attached too much consequence to trifles. While Colonel of the Royal Fusileers, his strict habits rendered him unpopular with the men. Before long, representations relative to their dissatisfaction were transmitted home, and the result was that his Royal Highness was shortly ordered to embark with his regiment for America. At his departure, however, the officers gave him a splendid banquet, at a cost of 250*l.*, when the warmest assurances of esteem for

his character and person were unanimously presented him. In an account of the *fête*, drawn up by Captain Fyers, of the Royal Engineers, allusion is made to the unfavorable representations understood to have been circulated in England to the Prince's prejudice. "*We*, however," says the writer, "*know* that these rumors can only find credit amongst those that are strangers to his character. His conduct, whilst here, has been most meritorious; and were we to inquire what young man in Gibraltar has shown himself to be the most attentive and diligent in the discharge of his public duties, as well as the most regular and temperate in his private hours, the answer would be 'Prince Edward.'" Such a testimony, we suppose, is quite sufficient to show the estimation in which the Prince was held among those to whom he was best known in Gibraltar.

From Gibraltar to Quebec was not the pleasantest change of climate. That, however, might have been endured, had his income been such as to enable him to provide for his pecuniary engagements. But the most arbitrary and inconsiderate course had been all along pursued toward him. After several months residence at Gibraltar, he had learned that his yearly allowance was fixed at 5,000*l.* a year—1,000*l.* less than was granted to Baron Wangenheim for the expenses of his establishment at Geneva, where he was completely under the control of his governor, and had no stately appearances to support; while at Gibraltar, he had "a definite public position to maintain, with private and professional claims on him on all sides." Surely, if 6,000*l.* were required at Geneva, 5,000*l.* was miserably inadequate at Gibraltar. On quitting for America, he entered into arrangements with his creditors, by giving bonds to them for sums amounting in the whole to 20,000*l.*, payable at the expiration of seven years. He was induced to take this course under the impression that before the arrival of that period he should obtain his "parliamentary establishment," and from it be enabled to cancel the bonds, the interest of which was in the meanwhile to be paid quarterly—a stipulation faithfully carried out, but which absorbed a fifth of his current income. The debts incurred at Gibraltar the King subsequently undertook to discharge, but, for some reason or other, never fulfilled his promise.

After his arrival in America, the Prince found that his position as a prince and a field-officer was utterly incompatible with his

means, and that instead of diminishing his difficulties, he was daily constrained to add to them. Living in such a coil of harrassing entanglements, he naturally grew anxious for any change that would divert his attention from them. He accordingly sought, and readily obtained, an appointment to serve under Sir Charles Grey, who was then engaged in the reduction of the French in the West Indies. On joining Sir Charles, an honorable post was immediately assigned him; and in the first despatch from the invaded island of Martinique, he is described as "commanding at Camp la Coste, with great spirit and activity."

During the progress of this campaign, his daring bravery procured him the general admiration of his companions in the contest. He distinguished himself in several engagements, and so freely exposed himself to danger as to obtain an unusual degree of popularity among the soldiers. At the capture of Guadaloupe, in April, 1794, the Prince led on the first division, consisting of the first and second battalions of grenadiers, and 100 of the naval battalion, to the attack of the post on Morne Marcot, which was performed with such exactitude, spirit, and ability, "as," in the language of Sir Charles Grey, "to do the officer who commanded it, and every officer and soldier under him, more honor than he could find words to convey an adequate idea of, or to express the high sense which he entertained of their extraordinary merit on the occasion."

He has thus, at the age of twenty-seven, gained a creditable reputation for skill and courage in the field. The Parliament of England hears of it, and both Houses pass a vote of thanks to him for his "gallant conduct and meritorious exertions." The Irish Parliament does the like; so that, as far as honor goes, the Prince may deem himself to have been tolerably rewarded. Honor is pleasant; but then, as Falstaff said, "honor cannot set a leg." It has "no skill in surgery." Neither is it adequate to replenish one's finances. To a prince so utterly "hard up," that "when he arrived at Martinique he was destitute of all but the clothes upon his person," parliamentary praises must have been comparatively indifferent. Had the parliament been pleased to grant that long expected "parliamentary establishment," it would have done something which the Prince could have been grateful for. Whether he expected it at this period does not definitely appear; but there were precedents for expecting it even earlier, since his

brother, the Duke of York, had obtained *his* provision at the age of twenty-one, and the Duke of Clarence at the age of twenty-four. The latter, indeed, received 16,000*l.* in addition to his income, as mere "pecuniary assistance"—10,000*l.* of which was given to help him to set up housekeeping. Contrasted with these liberal allowances, the indifferent provision made for Prince Edward indicates a negligence of his interests and comfort quite unworthy the father of a family. One asks, with Mr. Neale, Whence arose this insensibility to his position? And, as the Yankee said, with reference to an inquiry which he made in the halls of his respected ancestors—"Echo answers, 'Really, I don't know!'" Mr. Neale gives us the impression that the Prince was always disliked at court; that he was distinctly slighted by the King, and treated with a systematic disregard of all his natural claims. Whether this was because the Prince was supposed to have liberal political tendencies, or whether there be any other reasons, or none whatever, to account for it, Mr. Neale is not able to inform us. The Prince, however, had an impression of his own. In a letter, full of bitterness, he says, in allusion to his career in the West Indies—"The wish entertained about me, in certain quarters, when serving there, was *that I might fall.*" Are we to understand that such a wish was attributed to George III.? If so, one cannot suppose that Queen Victoria can much respect her grandfather.

The West India campaign having been concluded, his Royal Highness received orders to return to Canada. But he never took a step without increasing his embarrassments. An extraordinary combination of untoward circumstances—the loss of several equipments through capture of the vessel in which they were conveyed,—in a few months added to his debts not less than 14,000*l.*; a sum completely lost, but for which he was nevertheless answerable. Upon the whole, when he quitted North America, he was far more seriously involved than when he entered it. An unsuspected circumstance, which occasioned his departure, was probably a relief to him. In October, 1798, as he was "returning from a field-day of the garrison," he sustained an accident from the falling of his horse, in the street of Halifax; and for the benefit of surgical advice he immediately repaired to England.

In the spring of the following year, the House of Commons granted him his first parliamentary income of 12,000*l.* per annum. But, as if to signify the royal partiality, the

King provided that the Duke of Cumberland, though four years younger, should have *his* public allowance settled on him at the same time. Respecting this arrangement Mr. Neale remarks.—“It requires but the operation of a very simple rule in arithmetic to show that, by the postponement of Prince Edward’s parliamentary allowance, the country was, on every principle of equity, his debtor to the amount of 48,000*l.* Either this was the case, or his younger brother, Prince Ernest, had received his parliamentary provision four years too soon, and was therefore a debtor to the country in the like sum.”

Allowing all this to pass, as we needs must, we go on to tell, that on St. George’s day, 1799, the Prince was raised to the dignity of “Duke of Kent and Strathearne in Great Britain, and Earl of Dublin in Ireland;” and on the 7th of May in the same year he took his seat in the House of Lords. On the 10th he was promoted to the rank of general in the army, and on the 17th received the appointment of commander-in-chief of the forces in British North America, whither he proceeded in July. His stay, however, was brief; for, “in the ensuing autumn, a severe bilious attack, followed by alarming symptoms, rendered it necessary that he should obtain immediate leave of absence, and return forthwith to England.”

After his recovery, he availed himself of his presence in England to press, in person, his claims to remuneration for the repeated losses he had sustained in his removal from place to place, by order of his sovereign, and in the service of his country. During an audience with Mr. Pitt, he also pointed out the singular and invidious delay that had taken place with respect to his parliamentary provision. To which representations the minister replied, that “the Prince having been abroad for so many years on foreign service, his provision had been totally overlooked—an omission which was entirely his (Mr. Pitt’s) fault; and for that he took shame to himself: but that so far as pecuniary loss was concerned, his Royal Highness should receive amends.” Ultimately he promised, that if the Prince were not placed on an exact footing with the Duke of Clarence, and so invested with a grant of 96,000*l.*, in compensation for eight years’ arrears of his parliamentary income, he should at least enjoy the same advantage as the Duke of Cumberland, and be paid an arrear of four years, or 48,000*l.*—a promise which greatly brightened the Prince’s prospects, and gave

him hope of redeeming himself from his embarrassments. Unhappily, a prime minister’s promises are not the most stable things to put one’s trust in; they depend on so many circumstances; and, after all these years, Mr. Neale writes it down with an exclamation, “NEITHER SUM WAS EVER AWARDED!”

The fact is, the great Pitt had quite enough to do to get money enough to keep his ministerial pot boiling. Moreover, he retired from office, and was succeeded by Mr. Addington, who also promised—promised in a manner the “most positive and unqualified”—but eventually “forgot, or made a show of forgetting, the assurances he had uttered.” The Duke obtained nothing from Pitt or Addington, unless it were an impression that all prime-ministers are liars.

After many equivocations, Minister Addington seems to have adopted the confession of St. Peter—“Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have I will give unto thee,—that is to say, a *place*. Here is the vacant governorship of Gibraltar; go into that, and be comforted.” The Duke hesitates, but finally accepts the offer. He is given to understand, however, that the “state of things” in the garrison is very bad; that there is much drunkenness and insubordination among the soldiers, which *must be put down*; that his Royal Highness will be required to put it down, and is, indeed, considered the proper man to do it; but that in the discharge of his arduous duties he shall have the “fullest support from Government.” One of his “instructions” ran as follows:—“It is essential that your Royal Highness should be made aware, previous to your assuming the command at Gibraltar, that too great a proportion of the garrison has been usually employed on duties of fatigue; that, in consequence, discipline has been relaxed, and drunkenness promoted; that it will be the *duty* of your Royal Highness to *exact* the most minute attention to all His Majesty’s regulations for disciplining, arming, clothing, and appointing of the army, from *all* of which not the most trifling deviation can be allowed.”

The Duke was appointed to the government on the 27th of March, 1802, and reached his destination on the 10th of May. From the statements previously made to him, he was prepared to find the troops in a most irregular and licentious state, and the garrison thronged with abuses in every department. But the representations made to him in England fell infinitely short of the actual immorality, insubordination, and open

laxity of all military rule which he found prevailing. On the very day he landed, he had an immediate opportunity of forming a judgment of the terrible task he had undertaken, from the exterior appearance of the troops, as they assembled in "review order" on the Grand Parade, and afterward formed a line from thence to the lieutenant-governor's quarters, where the Duke at first took up his residence. "To describe the slovenliness of their appearance," says Mr. Neale, "the total want of uniformity in their dress and appointments, the inaccuracy of their movements, and the unsteadiness of both *officers and men*, is beyond the power of language." Moreover, the grossest irregularities characterized the bearing of the men in the public streets, and in their personal intercourse with the inhabitants. They might be seen roving about in scores, in a state of the most riotous intoxication. Discipline was a thing of mere tradition; and every man did that which was "right in his own eyes,"—which was usually the grossest *wrong* that his drunken head could think of.

The Duke looked on for several days, a silent, inactive, and disgusted spectator. He ponders a variety of plans for cleansing this Augean stable, and thinks at last, with Hercules, that he can do it best by turning a little water through it. Water, to be sure, is a scarce element in Gibraltar, but of *wine* there is an evident superabundance. He may not be able greatly to increase the supply of water; but he fancies something may be done to diminish the supply of wine. When less wine shall be obtainable, it is a reasonable inference that, in a hot climate, there will be a larger use of water; a beverage well known to be considerably more conducive to sobriety. There were in Gibraltar about ninety licensed wine-houses, all mainly supported by the soldiery. At the risk of some of his revenue, the Duke determines to suppress as many of these as possible. He therefore issues an order to shut up thirty; selecting such as were in the immediate vicinity of the barracks, and in by-lanes and obscure places favorable for drinking on the sly, and allowing those to remain which stood prominently in the public streets. In cancelling the licenses, he was, however, careful to distinguish between parties who could support themselves without the wine trade, and those who depended upon it solely for subsistence—avoiding a too rigid interference with the latter.

This arrangement being made, he took steps for providing the soldiers with more

regular occupation. He established a roll-call at sun-rise; a dress parade morning and evening; insisted that the men should regularly attend meals; and that after firing the second evening gun, a report should be made that they were in their barracks. He also instituted regular periods for drill and exercise; provided for the regiments being off duty in succession, so that the commanding officers might see their men together once a-week; and enforced a system of operations to effect a general uniformity throughout the garrison.

These checks upon drunkenness and idleness were of some avail, but other and more stringent measures were found necessary. The Duke eventually considered it expedient to prohibit the soldiers from buying liquor of the retail venders, and to restrict them to the use of the regimental canteens established in the barracks for their convenience—a regulation which soon issued in a violent catastrophe. The soldiers rose in mutiny; instigated, it is said, by many of the officers. There was, however, a want of unanimity, and the conspiracy therefore failed. According to the evidence of an old soldier—probably a mutineer—whom Mr. Neale encountered in his researches, the affair was a "sad blunder." "You see, sir," said he, "the men warn't quite unanimous. On Christmas Eve the Royals broke out in mutiny, and went to the quarters of the 25th regiment, and expected the men would join them. *But they didn't*. On the 26th o' December, the 25th broke out and went to the Royals, and expected the Royals to join 'em, and then *they* wouldn't—and so the mutiny was crushed. But if, on the first outbreak, on Christmas Eve, both regiments had been unanimous, the Duke would never have seen England again." This communicative veteran declared that the *officers* were at the head of the conspiracy. "You say, sir, that it was the men as mutinied. *You say very wrong*. It wor not. It wor the officers. They mutinied *fust*. I say they did *fust*; for I wor a mess waiter, and heerd much of their talk; and bitter agen the Duke it sartinly wor. It soon reached the ranks. It set all wrong there: for it pisoned the minds of the men; and the head mutineer was——himself. That's gospel truth; and I'll maintain it to the death." But who is Blank? Why should the supreme offender in the business continue shrouded in impenetrable anonymity? Had he been a private soldier, nobody would have scrupled to publish forth his name; his *feelings*, if he were living, no-

body would have cared to spare; consideration for *his friends* would not have been for a moment entertained: why should a mutinous villain, *in commission*, be so tenderly concealed? If Blank were really the "head mutineer," he ought in all justice to have been hanged with the three convicted "ringleaders," who were but subordinate mutineers. It is true, your "supreme villain" is often difficult to be detected; and in this instance, as in others, appears to have escaped. But if his name be really known, it ought, in all fairness and honesty, to be divulged. As the charge stands, all the other officers who were then at Gibraltar are liable to the suspicion of being implicated; any one of them may be regarded as the very Blank referred to as the grand anonymous miscreant. With all his desire to clear up this affair of mutiny, Mr. Neale has not cleared it up, and cannot clear it up, while he is satisfied to tell us upon hearsay that the principal offender was an officer named—Blank.

The declaration of Henry Salisbury (a transported mutineer), made in 1804, very distinctly charges the origin of the mutiny upon the officers. They are also described as being of the *first rank*. He says, they formed a committee for directing the proceedings, and for the payment of the men who were most active in disorder. A plan was likewise made for seizing his Royal Highness, and forcibly placing him on board one of the ships of war, with orders not to return on pain of death. The signal for this outrage was to have been given *by an officer*. The scheme was not executed, because the committee were informed that the Duke had become acquainted with it. The names of the officers stated to have been most prominently mutinous are (apparently) given in Salisbury's confession; but they are printed here as—"Captain ——— and ——— of the Royals, and two officers of the name of ——— and ———." Some of these Blanks are probably still living in respectable society: while the three subordinate "ringleaders" that acted under their instructions were hanged at Gibraltar! Justice, in this world, is often done imperfectly; it is so extremely difficult to *detect* a "supreme scoundrel," particularly when, as often happens, he is clothed in the regimentals of respectability.

From what has been related of this mutiny, it is very evident that, however excellent may have been the Duke of Kent's regulations and intentions, his administration rendered him exceedingly unpopular with both

officers and men. The officers were as much provoked by the strictness of his discipline as the common soldiers, since it involved an unusual demand upon their time, and unpleasant limitations of their amusements, to carry it out in actual exercises of military duty. They had long been accustomed to freer ways, and desired a continuance of the old courses. So much parade, so much drilling, was not agreeable to their sensations, nor adapted to their notions of convenience. They were interrupted in their billiards, and could not sit so long or so delightfully over their wine. As to the men, they naturally hate "parade," especially in warm climates; and to be debarred from drinking, when they had money in their pockets, seemed to be the height of practicable severity. "The Duke of Kent!" said an old Chelsea pensioner, "I recollect him well. *He was a very bad man, He wouldn't let us drink.* He was wus than any teetotaller going. Much wus. He said a soldier might do without drink! An impossibility! A rank, sheer, downright impossibility. And then his hours—he was up before the sun! And the parades—he never missed one. There was one word always foremost in his Prayer-book—the word *DUTY*—and by that he swore." And yet it seems the Duke commanded some respect. "He was noble-looking," said the pensioner—"noble-looking was the Duke, sir—noble, noble,—but had rather too much iron in him. Few of his officers stood by him—very, very few—about the wine-houses particularly. In that matter he stood alone, almost, if not altogether alone. . . . To be sure, 'twas surprising how the deaths in the garrison diminished after many of them wine-shops were shut up. The sick-list was wonderfully shortened. Perhaps the Duke meant us well. But about parades and wine-shops, his notions were most cussedly onaccountable." The probable mutineer, before quoted, bears a somewhat similar testimony to the Duke's excellent intentions, and more particularly to his kindness, though he has the self-same reservation respecting his restraints on drinking. "There wor a deal o' kindness about the Duke, too. He never forgot the sick soldier; went to the hospital, saw that justice was done to the poor fellows there; and would listen patiently to any request a poor devil had to make. But for a soldier, mark you—for a soldier—he wor—he certainly wor—too temperate. That's gospel truth."

As far as we can see into this affair, as far as we have the means of estimating the Duke's conduct in it, we think, with Mr.

Neale, that there is nothing in the matter which the "most ardent admirer of the Duke need shrink from contemplating." His administration was marked by no features of cruelty, partiality, vindictiveness, or cupidity. Much exaggeration has been circulated respecting the "strings of executions" that succeeded to the mutiny, and about the general severity of his discipline: but, on examination, it is found that the only string of executions was the small string of three—the three convicted ringleaders of the conspiracy, who, in like circumstances, under any governor, must have suffered the same fate. His severity, again, was simply that which the state of the garrison at Gibraltar needed, to bring it under appropriate regulation. He found it abandoned to intemperance—licentious, insubordinate, every way disorderly; and it was his special mission, deputed him from England, to reduce it into order. In reference to the "pretty pass" to which things had come before the Duke arrived, let us once more quote our beforementioned "probable mutineer:"—"The men were part slovens and part rebels. And as for the women creatures, they could neither stir in the streets, nor rest quiet at their homes, especially at night, on account of the soldiers being all about on the stroll,—wicked,—drunk, and audacious lively. The quiet ones—the civilians, and such like—what complaints they did make, surely, of what they called 'military license!' However, the Duke soon put all that down." A state of things evidently requiring to be put down. And the Duke seems to have put it down wisely, temperately, and effectually. If by his efforts to this end he indirectly produced a mutiny, he was nowise chargeable with the consequences. Neither were his punishments inflicted on the mutineers any way excessive. They were the common penalties for such offences, and were apparently awarded with a conscientious reference to the amount of delinquency proved against the offenders. He was personally convinced of the infidelity and culpability of many of the officers, though he had no means of tracing the crime of mutiny home to them; but in spite of their apathy and opposition, he effected a considerable reformation; and, for three months prior to his recall, the troops were in regular and real subordination, and perfect tranquillity was established in the garrison.

Three months after the restoration of order, the Duke was not a little surprised to receive the King's command to return to England, "upon the consideration that it might be desirable that the different departments of his

Majesty's government at home should have the advantage of some personal communication with his Royal Highness, upon the recent events in Gibraltar." "The Duke," says Mr. Neale, "in order that every possible mortification might be heaped on him, was bidden to resign his trust into the hands of his second in command—General Barnett:" a man whose indifference to the irregularities in the garrison had greatly hindered the success of the Duke's endeavors. The Duke resisted this, and remained until the arrival of the new Lieutenant-Governor. On reaching England he demanded an immediate investigation into his conduct. He desired to waive all the privileges of his rank, and requested that a court-martial might be forthwith assembled to sit in judgment on his entire course of proceeding at Gibraltar. His suit, however, was negatived. The assembling of "a court-martial to adjudicate upon the propriety or impropriety of the actions of an officer of his rank, was manifestly inexpedient." "No court of inquiry could be granted." He then pleaded for the summoning of any other tribunal to which the charges, "whispered rather than made," against him, could be referred. This again, was negatived. He then demanded permission to return to his government; but was answered that *that* too must be withheld: though *why* withheld, no reason was assigned. Though the commander-in-chief at the Horse Guards was his brother the Duke of York, he was so far from being a friend to him, that he was even one of his principal opponents.

To call a man from a distant government under pretence of requiring explanations from him, and then to afford him no opportunity of giving the explanations which might possibly justify his conduct, was, to say the least of it, extremely shabby treatment. This, however, seems to have been the treatment to which the Duke of Kent was subjected. By no effort or solicitation could he obtain even so much as a statement of the reasons which had induced the members of the government to recall him from Gibraltar. All his applications to be reinstated in his appointment were capriciously repelled. No inquiry was instituted which might have offered him the chance of vindicating his character against insidious misrepresentation. He was left to bear the imputation of misconduct in his administration, without being permitted to do anything to clear himself, or to justify his doings before the public. All his entreaties to obtain what he designated "common justice," were contemptuously disregarded; so

that, at length, he was compelled to relinquish the attempt ; to renounce his claims of any further employment in the public service ; and to betake himself to the humbler career of private and unambitious usefulness.

For several years the Duke lived a comparatively sequestered life. There is, indeed, little that is important to be related of him until his marriage. His pecuniary embarrassments had not, in the meanwhile, been very considerably diminished. Several of his creditors were occasionally rather pressing. Though he often renewed his applications for the payment of large sums which he had lost, or made use of, in the public service, and repeatedly received promises that his claims should be favorably considered, he never obtained any material assistance. After many delays, and manifold experience of the futility of relying upon ministerial assurances, he finally determined to make an effort to reduce his obligations by personal self-denial, and a rigid exercise of thrift. Accordingly, in 1807, he conveyed "one-half of his income to trustees for the express purpose of liquidating his debts ; at the same time reducing his establishment and limiting his arrangements, with the hope of effecting his purpose within a certain definite period." This scheme suffered some partial interruption, owing principally to the numerous demands made upon the Duke's liberality ; but in 1815 he made a further and more considerable effort to accomplish his creditable object. "After many conferences with his friends, he resolved to constitute a committee of them, to assign over *three-fourths of his income* into their hands until the complete liquidation of his debts was effected ; to give them complete control over his income ; and to limit his own expenditure to a sum not exceeding the remaining fourth part thereof, with which he agreed to content himself." This plan being matured, "the Duke parted with many of his servants, and made reductions to a large extent in every part of his establishment, the admirable results of which were speedily visible ; for by the strenuous exertions and judicious arrangements of his friends, more was done in the first twelve months that followed the general retrenchment than was accomplished in the eight years preceding."

In order to carry his plan more effectually into execution, the Duke quitted England, and, in 1816, settled himself at Brussels. From hence he made frequent excursions into Germany, for the purpose of visiting several branches of his family. On one of these occasions he became acquainted with the Prin-

cess of Leinengen, a young and amiable widow, to whom he was ultimately induced to tender matrimonial proposals. The Princess was the sister of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Cobourg ; and, at the age of sixteen, had been married to the hereditary Prince of Leinengen—a somewhat venerable suitor, eight-and-twenty years older than herself, and, it is said, "in no one respect, either of person, manners, qualifications, or habits, suited to her." The prince was a sort of Squire Western, being entirely devoted to his hunting, and the victim of a temper "singularly irritable and *uncertain*." The union lasted twelve years,—"*a period not without its trials*," but marked throughout, on the part of the youthful princess, by the most guarded and exemplary discharge of her domestic duties. At the death of the prince, her two children, a son and a daughter, were confided to her guardianship. Her widowhood was characterized by the most dignified and irreproachable demeanor. To a man inclined to wed, and not objecting to a widow, the princess was a woman worthy of the wooing. The Duke of Kent perceived this, paid his addresses, and succeeded. They were married at Cobourg on the 29th of May, 1818 ; the marriage, according to courtly customs, being subsequently re-solemnized, at Kew, on the 13th of July.

A marriage, whether in high life or low, is commonly attended with expense. Though the Duke's had been "conducted with every possible regard to economy," it cost him nevertheless a considerable sum of money. It is said the ministry had led him to expect an outfit of 12,000*l.* ; but it appears that not a farthing of it was ever granted him. "His committee were therefore obliged to make a commensurate advance from the funds destined to the liquidation of his debts ; and thus the period of his deliverance from his encumbrances was still further protracted." Under these circumstances his Royal Highness was constrained to persevere in his plan of residing on the Continent. Accordingly, after a few weeks' stay in England, he proceeded to Amorbach, the residence of the Prince of Leinengen, which the duchess, who had been appointed regent of the principality during her son's minority, had occupied in the period of her widowhood.

The next year, however, it became necessary to return. The Duchess was in an "interesting situation," and it was desirable that the infant should be born in England. But a grand difficulty intervened, and was well-nigh hindering the journey : the Duke was

absolutely "hard up" for travel-money. The Duchess was "far advanced" before they could set out: "being literally prevented," as the Duke expressed it, "from moving until then, through the want of means to meet the expenses of the journey."

But how, and by whom, think you, were the means at length provided? Not by the "luxurious Sybarite at Carlton House;" not by Lord Liverpool, the premier; not by any of the Duke's family or state connections,—though all were perfectly aware of his straitened circumstances, and of the situation of the Duchess;—but by a few devoted, untitled, and, comparatively speaking, humble friends, who, hearing of the urgency of the case, raised the requisite remittances, and thus enabled his Royal Highness to surmount the difficulty. He and the Duchess soon after reached this country in safety; and on the 24th of May, 1819, at Kensington Palace, a little princess made her appearance in the world, who is at present known to us as Victoria, Queen of England.

The Duke now desired to remain in his fatherland. His debts, however, were a continual burden to him, and the source of incessant anxiety and concern. As a last effort to be delivered from them, he determined to dispose of his valuable residence of "Castlebar Hill," which was estimated by a London land-agent to be worth upwards of fifty thousand pounds. The times, unfortunately, were very unfavorable for the sale of such a property; and therefore, to avoid a loss, the Duke sought to obtain the sanction of the House of Commons to dispose of it by lottery. After much debate about the matter, the House decided against the Duke's proposal. Mr. Neale thus sums up the measure of indignity and annoyance to which the Duke was necessitated to submit. "Ministers would neither mete out to the Duke of Kent common justice; nor fulfil the promise solemnly made him by Lord Sidmouth; nor grant him the arrears fairly due to him of his parliamentary allowance; nor remunerate him for the heavy losses which he had sustained by the destruction of equipment after equipment in the public service; nor pay his debts, which he did *not* ask; nor afford him facilities (which he *did*) for discharging them himself. They were content only to harrass, impede, and annoy him."

But now, in the meantime, the health of the Duchess, which had "suffered from the unwearied solicitude with which she fulfilled her maternal duties," seemed to demand a warmer climate. The royal pair therefore went to

Sidmouth to spend the winter; intending to return early in the spring to their former residence at Amorbach. From Walbrook Cottage, on the 29th of December, the Duke writes thus to a friend with whom he had long freely corresponded: "My little girl thrives under the influence of a Devonshire climate; and is, I am delighted to say, strong and healthy; *too healthy*, I fear, in the opinion of some members of my family, by whom she is regarded as an intruder: how largely she contributes to my own happiness at this moment, it is needless for me to say to *you*, who are in such full possession of my feelings upon this subject." This was one of the Duke's last letters. On the 23d of January (1820) he died of inflammation of the lungs, caught a few days previously, from sitting in wet boots.

With this event we are brought to the end of the Duke's history. There remains little further for us to say respecting him. He appears to have been a man of solid worth, fair talents, and Christian principles; a man much respected and regretted by the nation, on account of the liberality both of his opinions and practices; a man also considerably ill-treated by his family and the ministerial powers of the day, because of his sympathy with the popular aspirations after a greater political freedom than was consonant with the sentiments of the prevailing administration. In the promotion of charitable and philanthropic objects, the Duke labored with a steady and resolute consistency. With his name and with his purse he aided almost all the religious and benevolent associations of the day. Had he not been so much embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances—through the debts which he contracted, partly in the heedlessness of youth, and partly under peculiar emergencies while engaged in the public service—there is every reason to believe that his beneficence would have been still more largely and liberally exercised. So greatly did these embarrassments oppress the Duke, that a considerate mind regrets he cannot now be made acquainted with the fact, that they have all been since honorably and thoroughly extinguished; not by the nation, nor by the generosity of his admirers, but by the united savings and self-denial of the Duchess and her daughter. It is a fact in the highest degree honorable to them both. For this, as for many things, shall Queen Victoria be respected; nor can the worth, the devoted love, the lofty-mindedness of her noble mother, be likely to pass away from the memories of Englishmen.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE MYSTERIES OF HISTORY.

Geheime Geschichten und Räthsalhafte Menschen. Sammlung verborgener oder vergessener Merkwürdigkeiten. Herausgegeben von FRIEDRICH BULAU. Erster Band, Leipsig: Brockhaus, 1850. London: Williams & Norgate.

FREDERICK BULAU, Professor of Practical Philosophy at the University of Leipzig, and editor, since the year 1843, of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, is one of those learned and indefatigable men of letters whom Germany produces in greater numbers perhaps than any other country—slaves of the lamp, whose whole lives are devoted to the acquisition and diffusion of knowledge, and whose very recreation consists apparently in that which, by most men, would be considered toil. Born in 1805, educated at Freiberg and Leipzig, at the age of twenty-three he was a lecturer in the latter city, at whose University, five years later, he was called to a professor's chair. During the last twenty years, besides fulfilling his academical duties, and displaying extraordinary fertility and activity as a journalist and encyclopedist, he has produced numerous political and historical works. An annotated translation of the *Germania* of Tacitus, executed in conjunction with his friend Julius Weiske—who since then has also filled a chair at Leipzig University—was his earliest production; a history of Saxony, published at the end of 1849, was his latest, we believe, until the appearance of the curious and amusing volume whose attractive title is at the head of this page, and whose preface explains its nature and object. Professor Bülau there informs us that, whilst especially devoting himself, in his historical researches and writings, to the exposition of important events, and to the development of great political laws, he has always taken a lively interest in those minor details which illustrate the men and manners of the times, and especially in mysterious or inexplicable incidents, and in individuals of ambiguous or enigmatical character. Concurrently with his more serious labours, he has collected copious materials for a work of which the present volume is the commencement. Whilst

collating innumerable dusty tomes, long unopened save by the antiquary or historian, whilst wading through masses of old journals, biographies, and memoirs, he has stumbled upon many things which, in their day, excited the strongest interest, and which he deems still calculated so to do, if rescued from long oblivion and again placed before the world. Other remarkable and mysterious events, originally known to few persons, and which have been distorted or slurred over by memoir writers, claim a careful and impartial investigation of their circumstances. Valuable connections and fortunate accidents, Mr. Bülau informs us, have placed at his disposal much that has hitherto been hidden. "In this volume," he proceeds to say—

"I am so fortunate as to bring forward some important contributions to history, which hitherto have lain dormant in the portfolios of veteran statesmen. Others, equally valuable and novel, are in my hands for publication in future volumes. And I cherish the hope of being favored, from similar sources, with other buried treasures of the same kind, whose possessors may be willing to communicate them, when assured of their being used with care and discretion. With this pledge, I here invite friendly communications."

The invitation is by no means a bad idea; and whilst the learned professor's ability and reputation may well induce the confidence he desires, they offer, on the other hand, a guarantee to his readers that what he puts forth as trustworthy and authentic, may safely be received as such, even though he be not at liberty to name the source whence it is derived.

Mr. Bülau's first volume contains twenty-two sections, including great variety and contrast of subject. Of some of the events recorded, time has cleared up much of the mystery which enveloped them at the period of their occurrence. Others still are, and

probably will ever remain, inexplicable. In more than one instance new light is thrown on important historical episodes. Where little is added to facts already generally known, Mr. Bülow enriches his subject with acute deductions and conjectures. Although he wanders to many parts of Europe, most of the persons and incidents he touches upon appertain to the annals of France and Germany. Russian history furnishes two long and interesting chapters. A memoir of Lord Lovat fills a third. With the renegade Count Bonneval we are taken to Turkey; and with the singular impostor Cagliostro we wander to and fro, and are never at rest. Court intrigues, military adventures, remarkable conspiracies, strange superstitions, religious fanatics, alchemists, ghostseers, prophets and conjurors, constitute the leading topics of the volume. At the head of the index stands the Russian revolutions of 1762 and 1801; the dethronement and death of the Czars Peter III. and Paul I. "For these two memoirs," says the Professor,

"I am indebted to an honored hand. The first, however, was incomplete, and I supplied the deficiencies from other sources. But I certainly do not err in estimating the memoir of the death of the Emperor Paul to be a most valuable historical document, elucidating that remarkable event to the utmost possible extent."

It would be more satisfactory were Mr. Bülow at liberty to name the *verehrte hand* from whom he obtained the document. But although he does not do this, he gives, at the commencement of Section II., certain particulars in corroboration of its authenticity, and which might even afford, to persons still alive in Russia and Germany, indications whereby to trace its origin.

"The memoir of the revolution of 12-24 March, 1801, which we are here allowed to publish, was drawn up in December 1804, by a statesman who, during a more than three years' residence at the Russian court, collected the most trustworthy information that could be procured concerning the event. The memoir had remained for a long time in his desk, when a fortunate chance supplied him with fresh materials, enabling him to enrich, extend, and corroborate his statements. These materials consisted, first, of the copy of a report made in June 1801, to his government, by the representative in Russia of a great foreign power, and which was chiefly based upon communications made to the said ambassador by General Benningsen. Secondly, of certain notes which a person had committed to paper, after confidential conversations with Benningsen, toward the close of the life of that general, who, more than twenty years after the occurrence, was living in Germany, and there ended his days. The author of the me-

moir had the satisfaction of finding, that in not one essential point were these two papers at variance with his own sketch. We here give the memoir itself, translated from the French of the original."

Besides comprising many new details and curious anecdotes, this memoir is highly interesting by reason of certain points of difference from the generally received account of the plot in question. The author begins by declaring, that, if he cannot flatter himself with having got together every detail worthy of note, on the other hand he can vouch for the correctness of all those that he has set down.

"The catastrophe," he says, "which put an end to the reign and life of the Emperor Paul I., was accompanied by so many extraordinary circumstances, and so many persons, still (1804) high in office, were implicated in it, that a certain repugnance to busy one's self with the details of an apparent crime, and the apprehension of collision with powerful men, have hitherto prevented any but inexact and unconnected particulars of the affair from passing the Russian frontier."

He proceeds to sketch the character of Paul, and to glance at the causes of the mental disease that manifested itself towards the end of his life—his singular fickleness of character, and the general distrust and suspicion of all around him, which arose in great part from the system of *espionage* adopted towards him by his mother, the empress Catherine, whose interference in all his affairs—even to the education of his children—galled and chafed him, and rendered him extraordinarily irritable and violent. "Constantly surrounded by his mother's agents, the Grand-duke had sought friends, and found only informers; till at last he conceived the most profound contempt for the nation he was destined to rule."* The same extraordinary capriciousness, which, in less than four years and a half, caused him alternately to conclude treaties and declare war with almost every European power, and in the same period to change his minister of foreign affairs four times, and his minister of the interior five times, governed him also in

* At Venice, in the year 1782, in conversation with the Countess of Rosenberg, whom he honored with his friendship, he addressed to her these remarkable words:—"I know not whether I shall come to the throne; but if fate decrees that I shall, wonder not at what you will then see me do. You know my heart, but you do not know these people, (meaning the Russians,) and I know how they must be managed."—BÜLOW, *Geheime Geschichten*, &c., p. 61.

his choice of confidants and favorites. Of these the change was constant; and only two, Prince Kurakin and Count Kutaizow, preserved his confidence for any length of time, and were faithful to him until death. Kutaizow, whose real name was Paul Petrovitsch, had been the emperor's barber, but became his master of the horse, and received the blue ribbon. He and Alexander Narischkin, according to this memoir, were purveyors of Paul's pleasures, and were thought to have increased his mental malady by stimulating him to abuse of his physical powers.

Count Rostopschin, best known in connection with the burning of Moscow in 1812, was at the head of foreign affairs when Count Pahlen first acquired influence at court. Pahlen did this so skilfully and unobtrusively, that he had captivated Paul's confidence before the jealousy of the other favorites was in the least awakened.

"This able man," says the memoir, "who concealed a most subtle genius under an appearance of boisterous candor, knew how to render himself useful and even necessary without exciting the mistrust of rivals. The sensual egotists then at the head of Russian affairs, needed the aid of an active and decided man. When Rostopschin had set aside Count Panin (nephew of the Count Panin who superintended Paul's education,) Pahlen became a member of the department of foreign affairs, whose chief guidance he assumed when Rostopschin soon afterwards fell into disgrace. With that important charge he combined those of postmaster-general, governor and military inspector of St. Petersburg, and governor-general of Ingermanland and Livonia. Never had a Russian subject legitimately exercised greater powers than those enjoyed by Pahlen during the few months preceding the outbreak or the plot whose chief he was.

"Born of a noble and ancient Livonian family, at a very early age Pahlen entered the Russian Guards as a cadet,* and was thence transferred,

with rank of major, into a cavalry regiment of the line. During the two wars with the Turks he rose to be major-general. He passed for a brave, active, and resolute officer, but a great spendthrift. His passion for play, and his large winnings, subsequently gave rise to suspicions of his probity. Pahlen would never have thought of aiding in a change of government, had not Paul's fickleness been too often proved to allow the minister to doubt that he himself would sooner or later have a fall—the more fatal for the great elevation he had attained; and if he had not also had opportunities of observing (better than any one else) that the Czar was subject to such fits of fury as left no doubt of his occasional insanity. It may be positively stated that he, Admiral Rivas, Count Panin, (nephew of the old minister, and then vice-chancellor of the empire,) and Lieutenant-General Talizin, commander of the Preobratzschenskoj Guards, had formed, in the autumn of 1800, a plan to dethrone the emperor, and to replace him by his son Alexander. It was essential to obtain the Grand-duke's concurrence in the project. We believe ourselves in a position positively to declare that Count Panin was intrusted with this negotiation, and brought it to a successful issue.

"The character of the young prince and of the minister (Panin,) are sufficient assurance that there was never any question of taking Paul's life. Count Panin was actuated in the undertaking by pure and unselfish patriotism, which apprehended the ruin of Russia as a consequence of the prolongation of Paul's reign, and foresaw the happiness of the empire, under the rule of Alexander. It was only to crown the son that he agreed to the father's dethronement."

The memoir-writer proceeds with further arguments, to show that Alexander had never contemplated his father's death. The pious and amiable character, and many virtues of Paul's successor, rendered such arguments almost superfluous. The writer also exonerates Benningsen, and the majority of the conspirators, from any preconceived intention of depriving the Czar of life. But more of this appears when we reach the scene of the murder. The first conspiracy was in a measure broken up by the banishment from court of Count Panin, who had fallen into disgrace. The author of the memoir merely adverts to it, he says, to settle the important question whether or not Alexander was privy to the plots against Paul. He adds the following curious note:—

"At this time, (the month of November 1800,)

* From these cadets of the Guard, the strongest and steadiest were selected to act as couriers, and the poorer nobility looked upon such journeys as a means of seeing foreign countries at the expense of the State. During Count Ostermann's embassy to Sweden, Pahlen was one day sent for to go as courier to Stockholm with important despatches, and the money for his traveling expenses given to him. Pahlen gambled the whole night, lost the entire sum, exhausted his small credit, and looked upon himself as a ruined man. He was wandering along the quays, musing over the consequences of his folly, when he met the master of a ship with whom he had some acquaintance, and told him of his desperate plight. As it happened, the ship was on the point of sailing for Sweden. Pahlen took his passage by her, taking his chance whether the voyage would last for days, or a whole month. As it happened, he reached Stockholm in so short a time that Count

Ostermann thought there must be a mistake in the date of the despatches. The rapidity of his journey was attributed to his extreme zeal and activity, and contributed to his favor with the empress and ministry. This was the first extraordinary piece of luck that fell to his share.—BULAU, p. 66.

Count Panin had numerous secret interviews with the Grand-duke Alexander. In order effectually to conceal these, they met at night in the connecting galleries of the vaults of the winter palace. One evening, as Count Panin left his hotel, alone and on foot, he thought he saw a spy observing and following him. To escape him, he walked to and fro through several streets, and at last slipped into one of the entrances to the above-mentioned vaults. With uncertain steps he was hastening to the place of rendezvous, which was dimly lighted by lamps, when he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder. He made no doubt but that he was in the power of the police, when suddenly he recognized the Grand-duke Alexander, who had been some time waiting for him. These details were related to the author of this memoir by Count Panin himself, who died at the beginning of 1837."

At the end of the year 1800, the emperor published a sort of amnesty, permitting the return to St. Petersburg of dismissed and banished officials, both civil and military. The three brothers Zoubow, favorites of Catherine, but harshly treated by Paul, were thus enabled to reappear in the capital. Count Valerian Zoubow, a brave and enterprising officer, who had lost a leg in Poland, and who was in the full tide of a successful campaign against Persia when Paul's accession was followed by the recall of his victorious army,* was the very man to replace Panin. The Zoubows threw themselves readily into the conspiracy; and their sister, Madame Scherebrow, obtaining permission to travel abroad, betook herself to Berlin with a large amount of money and jewels, to provide a refuge and resource for her brothers in case the conspiracy should miscarry, and they should succeed in escaping. Finally, the Brunswicker Benningsen, who had passed from the Hanoverian to the Russian service, bringing with him strong recommendations to Count Panin, and who had commanded a division in Persia under Valerian Zoubow, was summoned to St. Petersburg by his old friend and comrade Pahlen—from a provincial command (a virtual exile) to which he had been condemned by Paul, on suspicion of his being in the interests of England—and was easily prevailed upon to join the conspiracy. It was arranged that he should command the detachment intended to penetrate into the interior of the palace—a command which Pahlen was to have assumed, but which he willingly resign-

ed to a man of Benningsen's acknowledged courage, coolness, and capacity, himself taking charge of a strong body of infantry, which was to surround the palace, with the double view of preventing Paul's escape, and of checking any demonstration in his favor on the part of the regiment of horse-guards, which, for the most part, had resisted all attempts to seduce them from their duty. Benningsen concealed himself until the day for action should arrive. He and Pahlen, General Talizin, and the three Zoubows, were now the chiefs of the plot. Admiral Rivas had died a few weeks before. Each one of the six leaders recruited accomplices amongst his friends, and especially amongst the officers of the Guards and of the *corps d'élite*. Amongst the persons thus enlisted, the memoir names Tatarinow and Tschitscherin, two dismissed generals; Mansurow, colonel of the regiment of Ismailow (guards); the artillery colonel Yeschewel; Talbanow, who commanded a battalion of the Preobratzschenskoy Guard; and a lieutenant of the same corps, named Marin. There were about fifty persons altogether concerned, but the above-named were the most active and prominent. Alexander (we continue to give the essence of the memoir, neglecting, for brevity's sake, literal translation) was informed of the plot. Plato and Valerian Zoubow had replaced Panin as his confidants. Matters, however, were not yet fully organized, nor was the outbreak close at hand, when this was accelerated by Paul's own acts. His mistrust of all around him daily increased. His dreams were of plots against his life. His slightest suspicions entailed exile or a dungeon on their objects. But Alexander still wavered, and without his concurrence, the conspirators dared not stir. To bring him to a decision, Pahlen had recourse to a stratagem. He stimulated the suspicions which the emperor entertained of his sons to such a height that Paul gave him, as military governor, a written authorization to arrest the Grand-duke, for the safety of his sacred person. Pahlen showed this order to Alexander, and thereby obtained his consent.

It has been said that the emperor also projected the imprisonment of the empress, and intended to declare the Grand-duke Nicholas his successor, and to superintend his education himself.

Everything combined to accelerate a catastrophe. The emperor exhibited, in his dealings with foreign powers, the same violence and impetuosity that he showed in his domestic government. He was at war with

* The army was recalled immediately on Catherine's death, by orders sent, not to the general-in-chief, (to whom no communication was made on the subject,) but directly to the commanders of the regiments—a strong indication that hatred to Zoubow was amongst the motives of its recall.

England; hostile manifestoes were to be hurled at Prussia and Denmark, and his ambassadors had orders to quit Berlin and Copenhagen. The Russian empire, with its credit rapidly sinking, and its commerce destroyed, (consequences of its breach with England,) was to plunge into war with peaceful neighbors, without possessing one single ally in Europe; for although, against England, France was a sharer in the strife—with Prussia and Denmark France was at peace. There was no motive, no pretext for war, and the emperor himself could have given no reasonable account of what had led to it. According to all human calculations, the ruin of the empire must quickly have ensued, had not a seemingly accidental circumstance hastened a crisis.

At a former period of his reign, the emperor had appointed a general of artillery, named Araktschejew, Governor-General of St. Petersburg, but had afterwards dismissed him on account of his great severity of character. It now occurred to him that this man was well suited to serve his views; and whether it be, as some suppose, that he suspected Pahlen, or, as others have thought, that he deemed Araktschejew the best possible person to carry out those harsh measures he contemplated towards his own family, he sent a courier to recall him to the capital. Pahlen detained the courier, and did not let him go till he was quite sure that, with very little acceleration of the plot, Araktschejew would arrive too late. Then only did he communicate to the chief conspirators the certainty he had obtained that the emperor was about to remove him from his post of Governor-General of St. Petersburg. He represented to them that his dismissal would not only upset their scheme, but probably lead to its discovery. Finally, he made it clear to them that the coming of Araktschejew left them neither the alternative of giving up their plan, nor that of postponing its execution; and the night from the 23-11 to the 24-12 of March was then definitely fixed upon for carrying it out.

Before coming to the catastrophe which the critical state of Russia and the dangerous monomania or insanity of Paul were now rapidly accelerating, the memoir gives an interesting account of the building and configuration of the palace in which it occurred; accompanying it with a plan—copied from one of those published in 1800 by Brenna, the architect—of the suite of apartments in which the Czar met his death.

"In the first months of his reign Paul had begun to build a new palace, intended for his residence. Whether it was that he desired to sanctify the building by linking a religious motive with its erection, or that he really believed in the vision which one of the sentries in the vicinity of the garden declared himself to have beheld in the summer of 1797, certain it is that the emperor immediately gave orders for the foundation, upon that very spot, of a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, and that he connected with it the plan of a castle, to be known as St. Michael's palace. In the back-ground of the summer garden, on the right bank of the Fontanka canal, and on the site of the old summer palace, which the Empress Elizabeth had inhabited, this gigantic building was completed in less than three years and a half. A scarped ditch, and some slight fortifications, armed with cannon, were impediments to approach; but the winter, by covering the ditch with ice, destroyed the defensive value of the drawbridges over which ran the chief approaches to the palace.

"The facade of St. Michael's palace was of the light red tint of the gloves which the emperor's mistress, the Princess Gagarin, wore upon the day when the color was decided upon. The interior was exceedingly rich, and surpassed, in its lavish abundance of marble and bronze, all the architectural splendor previously known in Russia. Thus had this eccentric Prince united in his palace the sacred and profane, devoting it to a saint whilst it bore the colors of his mistress. And whilst the exterior had the aspect of a fortress, the interior displayed all the luxury and magnificence of an imperial abode.

"Towards the end of the year 1800, Paul I. went to reside in this palace with his whole family. The monarch manifested the greatest eagerness to inhabit the building which was to be his grave, and which posterity will view as his mausoleum, and as a monument of his extravagant reign and tragical death.

"On the evening of the 23-11 March the conspirators supped at the house of some of their chiefs, where there was no lack of strong drinks to revive the courage of any whose hearts might be failing them. Subsequently they all assembled at the quarters of Lieutenant General Talizin, where Pahlen at last appeared, and addressed to his accomplices a few energetic words. Then they again separated, to act according to the plan agreed upon.

"General Talizin repaired to the barracks of the Preobratzschenskoy Guards, and under pretext of disturbances in the city, ordered one of Talbanow's battalions to take arms. The battalion moved silently along the north side of the *Champ de Mars*, and over the bridge opposite the hotel Rivas, into the summer garden, through which it marched to surround the palace of St. Michael. Here there was an instance how the most trivial circumstances may at times influence the fate of empires. The old linden trees of the summer garden serve during the night as an asylum for thousands of crows. On the approach of

troops at this unusual hour, the ill-omened birds roused themselves and filled the air with their croakings. The noise was so great that the officers, who led the battalion, were in great uneasiness lest it should awaken the emperor. Had it done so, and he had taken alarm, the plot might have completely failed, and the crows of the summer garden would have been as historically famous as the geese of the Capitol. Meanwhile Pahlen had completed his arrangements with respect to the avenues to the palace on the side of the Perspective, marching thither cavalry detachments, which now united themselves with the battalion of the Preobratzschensky Guards. *He himself did not enter the palace until all was over.* The other conspirators afterwards taxed him with having wilfully lingered, with the intention of profiting by the plot if it succeeded, but of appearing as Paul's deliverer, if it failed.

"The palace guard that day consisted of a battalion of the Ssemenowsky Guards, which furnished the main guard, and took charge of the exterior portions of the buildings; whilst the care of the interior, and of the person of his majesty, was confided to a detachment of the Preobratzschensky, under command of that Lieutenant Marin who was one of the conspirators. When Talbanow had brought his battalion within sight of the palace, he addressed his men, and asked them if they would accompany him on a dangerous expedition, which he undertook for the salvation of the empire and the nation? They unhesitatingly replied in the affirmative. The frozen ditch was then crossed upon the ice, the outpost sentries of the Ssemenowsky battalion were unresistingly disarmed, and that detachment of the conspirators whose destination was the emperor's chamber, approached his apartments by a small winding staircase leading from that facade of the palace which overlooked what is termed the third garden. This detachment consisted of the three brothers Zoubow, General Benningsen, General Tschitscherin, and of a number of unknown men, such as Mansurow, Tatarinow, Yeschwel, who, in the course of that terrible night, made themselves conspicuous by their fury."

Without subjoining Brenna's plan, it is scarcely possible, except by a very long and tedious explanation of the locality, to follow step by step all the movements of the actors in this bloody drama, as given in the Memoir. This, however, is scarcely essential to the general comprehension of what occurred. An antechamber intervened between the head of the stairs and the emperor's bedroom. There had been a door of communication between the latter chamber and the empress's apartments, but Paul, estranged from and suspicious of his wife, had had it walled up, and had even put Brenna under arrest for delaying the execution of his order to that effect. Adjoining the inner apartments of the emperor (three rooms, of which

the bed-chamber was the centre one) was a small kitchen.

"For several months past," says a note to the memoir, "Paul had lived in fear of poison, and he had, therefore, applied to a merchant, long established in St. Petersburg, to procure him a good English family cook. This woman was preparing him his dinner in the little kitchen; she was terrified by the noise the conspirators made, escaped in the confusion, and reached the house of her former master in the middle of the night, alone and on foot."

There is something very striking to the imagination in the idea of this woman making her escape through the hedge of soldiers and across the frozen moat, through the cold and darkness of a Russian winter night, and startling the merchant's peaceful family with intelligence that armed men had forced their way into the palace, and that there were sounds of strife and clash of swords in the innermost recesses of the Czar's apartments. But we remember no historical episode of the kind that more abounds in strange and dramatic incidents. The following is not amongst the least interesting:—

"At the entrance of the bed-room, on the very threshold of the door, slept a hussar, belonging to the emperor's household. This faithful servant opposed the entrance of the conspirators, but had to yield to superior force, and fled, after receiving a few contusions, to summon help."

"This hussar," continues a note to the Memoir,

"Had been attached by the empress-mother to her own person. When, with his head all bloody, he rushed into the hall where stood Marin's detachment of the Preobratzschensky Guards, and called for help to rescue the emperor, the detachment had already been alarmed by a stove-heater, who had made a similar report, but whom Marin had treated as a fool and drunkard, and had sent about his business. On this confirmation of the alarm, however, the excitement of the troops became strong and general, and a soldier demanded, in the name of all, to be led to the emperor. Marin put his sword's point to the man's breast, threatened him with instant death if he uttered another word, and ordered the detachment to stand at attention, a military posture which in Russia obliges the most profound silence. The men obeyed, and remained in that attitude until all was over. Then they were informed that Paul had gone mad, and was deposed, and with one voice they recognized Alexander as their emperor. This anecdote strikingly illustrates Marin's rare presence of mind, and the extraordinary discipline of Russian soldiers."

We revert to the proceedings of the main body of the conspirators—

"An aide-de-camp of the emperor's," says the Memoir, "whose name we do not know, served as guide to the intruders, and followed them into the bed-room. Prince Zoubow and General Benningsen were in full uniform, with hat on head and sword in hand. They stood before the emperor's bed, and said to him, 'Sire, you are a prisoner.' The emperor sat up, greatly amazed, and asked what they wanted; whereupon they repeated their words, and declared that he must resign the crown, enjoining him at the same time to keep himself quiet. Prince Zoubow and the aide-de-camp went to the door to call in the other conspirators, and Benningsen was a while alone with the emperor, who kept silence, and alternately flushed and grew pale with anger. Benningsen said to him, 'Sire, your life is at stake; you must submit to sign an act of resignation.' At that moment several officers pressed into the room. Benningsen bade them keep an eye upon the emperor, and turned toward the door to shut it. Paul profited by the opportunity, and jumped out of bed. One of the officers seized him by the throat; the emperor broke from his grasp, sprang behind a great fire-screen, and fell. For the last time Benningsen called out, 'Sire, do nothing: your life is at stake.' But the emperor got up and turned toward a table, upon which he had several loaded pistols.

"At the moment when the mass of the conspirators rushed upon him, a noise was heard at the door. It was an officer with a detachment, who came to take Benningsen's orders, and received directions from him to guard the entrance. Meanwhile the emperor was thrown upon the ground by the conspirators, who ventured to lay their ruthless hands upon their sovereign. It is affirmed positively that a certain Yeschwe, by birth a Tartar, was the first who seized the monarch in his regicide arms. After a tolerably powerful resistance, Paul was thrown down and strangled with the military sash of an officer of the Ssemenowskoy Guard, named Scariat, which had been originally intended, it is said, to bind the emperor's feet.

"During the brief contest, which lasted barely ten minutes, the emperor was heard to ask what they wanted of him. An officer answered that, 'they ought to have settled matters with him long before.' Most of the conspirators were intoxicated with wine. It seems beyond a doubt that the master of the horse, Nicholas Zoubow, strangled the emperor with his own hands. He was a tall man, with rather fine features, but of a wild expression. He died rather young, still holding office; and it must be assumed that neither the Emperor Alexander nor the Empress Mother ever knew what an immediate share Count Nicholas had in the murder. In the ambassador's report, already several times referred to, is the following:—"It is only too certain that this last act of barbarity was committed by a person (Nicholas Zoubow) who on that very evening had supped in the same room with the emperor."

VOL. XXL NO. III.

"It is difficult," continues the Memoir, "to give with certainty the names of all the murderers, and so to denounce to the execration of future centuries the memory of all those who dipped their reckless hands in their sovereign's blood. The number of the conspirators was large; and it must be stated, to the scandal of the times, that so great was the hatred of Paul and the inveteracy of his foes, that in the year 1801, a host of officers were to be found who boasted of having taken part in the murder, without their having in reality had anything to do with it. The names of Nicholas Zoubow and General Tschitscherin, and those of Mansurow, Tatarinow, and Yeschwe, are handed down as those of the chief actors in the tragedy. It may be positively stated that Count Pahlen, Prince Zoubow, Count Valerian Zoubow, and Generals Benningsen and Talizin had no personal share in it; and perhaps it is now due to the memory of the late Count Valerian Zoubow (deceased in 1804) to say that his tears of regret at the tragical and unexpected issue of the affair were mingled with those of the son of Paul I.

"Shut up in his apartment, Alexander awaited the result of the undertaking. General Uwarow* and Colonel Nicholas Borosdin remained with him, to defend him in case of need, and to share with him the dangers of possible failure. Count Valerian Zoubow now went to him, and had some difficulty in obtaining admission. He found him dressed in uniform, and lying on a sofa, and informed him of his father's deposition, of the commencement of his own reign, and, finally, of Paul's death. It is well known that this last news plunged him into the most terrible despair.† . . . The Empress Mary had heard a noise in the palace, and had been informed that a movement was taking place against the emperor, her husband. She endeavored to go to him, but sentries had been placed in all the avenues leading to his apartments, with orders to prevent her passage. An officer, to whom the empress ap-

* This circumstance was told to the author by Colonel Nicholas Borosdin himself, then imperial aide-de-camp, and who died a lieutenant-general. It is somewhat contradictory with what has been stated above, that Uwarow was with Pahlen at the head of a battalion of the guards. The two statements may perhaps be reconciled by assuming that Uwarow left Alexander for a time.

† In the diplomatic report already mentioned, it is said that "the two brothers (Alexander and Constantine) were together, and, as may easily be supposed, were horror-struck and deeply affected. But the new sovereign, who saw the necessity of complying with what was demanded of him, and to whom they had naturally said nothing of the violent means that had terminated the emperor's life, was at last induced to sanction a proclamation, which declared the emperor to have died of apoplexy in the night. Early on the morning of the 24th March this news was announced, with beat of drum, in the streets of St. Petersburg; and in the course of the forenoon, Alexander, who had gone over to the winter palace, received the oath of allegiance of the senate, nobility, garrison, &c."—BULAU, p. 22, 87-88.

plied, sent to General Benningsen for further orders. Benningsen charged him, on his life, not to let her leave her apartment. An attempt she made in another direction to reach the Grand-dukes Alexander and Constantine was equally fruitless.

"After Alexander had been recognised as emperor, by the acclamations of the Guards, the Zoubows and General Pahlen left the palace, to repair to their posts in the city. Benningsen remained at the palace of St. Michael, in charge of it and of the imperial family. He was commissioned (probably by the Emperor Alexander) to go to the empress, and to beg her to tranquillize herself. When he appeared before her, she asked him if she was yet at liberty. The general replied in the negative, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket. Thereupon the empress commanded him to open it again, and to give orders that she should have free passage whithersoever she chose to go. He answered that he was not empowered so to do, and added, 'The Emperor Alexander—' when the empress interrupted him, raised her hands to heaven, and exclaimed, 'Alexander! who has made him emperor?' 'The nation, madam; the Guards have proclaimed him.' 'But who has formed the conspiracy?' 'All classes were concerned in it, military, civilians, and courtiers.' 'Let me go to the Emperor Alexander.' 'No, madam; I am forbidden to do so. You cannot leave these apartments.' 'Ah! general,' replied the empress, 'I will make you repent this.' She continued to insist upon going to her sons, until Benningsen at last said, 'I will agree to it on two conditions: that you will not pause upon the way, and that you will speak to nobody.' 'I promise you that,' answered the empress. Benningsen then placed sentries, with strict injunctions to let no one approach or answer her. In this manner she reached Emperor Alexander, who advanced to meet and embrace her, and with whom she found a number of the chief conspirators. She did not see her husband till they had dressed him in his uniform, and laid him out upon a camp-bed in the room in which he died. A glance sufficed to remove all doubt as to the manner of his death, and her affliction was so violent, that it was only by force she could be removed from the apartment."

We might multiply extracts from this remarkable Memoir and its interesting notes, but other sections of M. Bülow's volume have claims upon attention, equally novel and curious, although perhaps of less historical importance. The celebrated Princess des Ursins, the conspiracy of Cellamare, the secret diplomacy of Louis XV. and the Chevalier d'Eon, occupy the three next sections. No. VI. treats of Colonel Agdolo, a Saxon officer, who, on the 16th September, 1776, was arrested at his residence in Dresden, under very mysterious and extraordinary circumstances, and was sent the next day to the fortress of the Königstein, where he remained, with the

exception of a short period passed at Pirna, until the day of his death. During the first years of his captivity, he was most strictly guarded. His temporary removal to Pirna was for his health's sake, the bleak air of the mountain fortress having affected his chest. The orders for his arrest and imprisonment, and for whatever concerned him, emanated directly from his sovereign, Frederick Augustus, Elector (afterwards King) of Saxony, who never confided, even to his most trusted ministers, the reasons of Agdolo's detention. It has been said—but M. Bülow declares himself unable to trace the origin of the tradition—that papers containing an explanation of this mysterious affair were kept in a cabinet, in the King of Saxony's own room, and were destroyed after his death. The whole affair attracted great attention at the time, and for some years afterwards, and various writers attempted to explain it; among others Mirabeau, who, in his work *De la Monarchie Prussienne*, repeated the current and popular version of the story. This was, that Agdolo had served as an instrument to the Dowager-electress in an intrigue having for object her son's dethronement. Upon this were embroidered a variety of additional and unfounded particulars, in which the Pope, Frederick of Prussia, and other personages of mark, were made to play a part. It was, however, evident that, besides the Elector and Agdolo himself, the chief person mixed up in the matter was the widowed Electress. Professor Bülow, in the course of his researches into Saxon history, has done his utmost to clear up the affair, and has been assisted by communications from well-informed sources. He has gone some way towards proving that it did not hinge on a political conspiracy, and has altogether thrown a good deal of light upon the subject; but he admits that he has been unable completely to clear it up—that the *fin mot* of the enigma is yet wanting, and that the story of Agdolo must still be classed as a *Geheime Geschichte*. Notwithstanding this, and although the reader is disappointed at the absence of a final and satisfactory elucidation of the conflicting circumstances of the affair, the chapter is amongst the most interesting in this volume—curiously illustrating the manners and morals of the Saxon court eighty years since. Agdolo, who, although a Saxon subject and of German parentage, held an Italian marquise, served in the cavalry during the Seven Years' War, and, having been wounded, went to get cured at Dresden. During his stay in that city—

"There appeared an anonymous lampoon against the most illustrious ladies of the court and city. It affords a notion of the sort of reputation Agdolo enjoyed, that suspicion of its authorship fell upon him. In the lampoon, the Countess Amelia Louisa Rutowska was particularly ill-treated. She was so persuaded he had written it, that she is said to have declared, if Agdolo presented himself before her, she would have him thrown down stairs by her servants. This was repeated to Agdolo. 'She shall pay dearly for that,' was his remark. And pay for it she did; for, after her husband's death, she gave Agdolo her hand, although the marriage was kept private, probably because she would not give up her rank at court. The ceremony took place, however, in the Electress-dowager's chapel, and with her sanction."

Agdolo proved but a faithless husband. He was notorious for his intrigues. Possessed of ready wit and great assurance, he pushed his way into the highest circles, and was an adept in that sort of smooth, but dangerous scandal which was the bane of the society at the time. During the carnival of 1776, he was reported to be one of a cabal whose object was the downfall of the cabinet ministers, Von Ende and Count Sacken. Agdolo, who had many reasons for desiring the good opinion of those statesmen, sought out the author of the rumor, and having, as he thought, detected him in Count Joseph Bolza, (whose father was a Milanese Jew,) took up the matter very fiercely, talking of nothing less than batoning his slanderer, or cutting off his ears. Bolza declared his innocence, and the matter was made up—partly by the intervention of Count Sacken. These circumstances have no bearing on the catastrophe of Agdolo's fate, but serve to show the character of the man, and justify the presumption that he was not in very good odor with the Elector and the more discreet members of his court and council. This premised, we come to the events that immediately preceded, and in some way (which has never with certainty been explained) led to the arrest and long captivity of Agdolo.

The Electress-dowager, although richly provided for by her husband's will, and her son's generosity, contrived, by her sumptuous habits, patronage of art, and general liberality, to get into pecuniary embarrassments. Her wish to increase her income, already very considerable, led her into speculations, which proved unfortunate; and these, combined with extravagant living, not only cost her a half million of dollars, paid to her in hard cash on her husband's death, but

also compelled her to pawn her very valuable diamonds. Anxious to release the jewels, which were in the hands of a Roman money-lender, and harrassed by her creditors, whom her son refused to satisfy, she employed Agdolo in a negotiation which he conducted with zeal, and brought to a successful issue. By an arrangement concluded during her absence from Dresden, it was stipulated that she should renounce, in favor of the Elector, her reversionary claim on the allodial heritage of the electoral house of Bavaria, of which the direct male line was on the point of extinction.* The amount of compensation for this renunciation was to be matter of subsequent arbitration; but, on her adhesion to the transaction, her son was at once to advance eight hundred thousand dollars for the release of her diamonds and the payment of her debts, in consideration of which the diamonds were to become his property. Agdolo displayed extraordinary activity in the affair: the money was paid down, Count Sacken and Baron Ende received each a diamond snuff-box, and Ferber, the privy-councillor, a gold one, full of louis d'ors, from the dowager—well pleased to be released from her difficulties—and the transaction was apparently concluded to the satisfaction of all parties, and in perfect good faith. But the mysterious part of the business was yet to come. We will give it in Professor Bülow's words:—

"In the first days of September, 1776, the Electress-dowager (then at Munich, where her married daughter, the Duchess of Zweibrücken, resided) is said to have written to the Elector of Saxony, requesting him to send her a trusty person to take charge of the diamonds which she had received back from Rome. Whether at her request or not, however, the Elector sent Privy-councillor Baron Zehmen to Munich. The following account is given of this mission. On the very instant of her arrival in Munich, Zehmen waited upon the Electress, who received him in a very friendly manner, and said to him, that he doubtless was anxious to get speedily back to Dresden, and would therefore like to arrange his

* The claims of the Electress were subsequently estimated at forty-seven millions of dollars. They in part gave rise in 1778, (on the death of her brother, Maximilian Joseph, Elector of Bavaria, and the last male of his line,) to the short war between Austria on the one hand, and Prussia and Saxony on the other, known as the Bavarian war of succession, but which, by the Saxons and others engaged in it, was nicknamed the potato war (*kartoffel krieg*) or the Bavarian lawsuit, out of contempt for its trivial character. It consisted entirely of skirmishes, marches, and countermarches, did not include a single general action, and was quickly terminated by the intervention of France and Russia.

business at once with her secretary, Hewald. She rang the bell. One of her women entered and received orders to call Hewald immediately. The woman smiled; and, on being asked the reason by the Electress, she replied that her highness probably forgot that Hewald had been for some days absent. 'That is true,' replied the Electress; 'I quite forgot he had leave of absence; but as it is so, you must go to his apartments, and if the door is locked, break it open.' Zehmen instantly executed the order; but the diamonds had disappeared. Thereupon the Electress fell into a violent passion with Hewald, whom she designated as the thief, and also with Agdolo, as being assuredly mixed up in the affair. Zehmen was instantly to hurry back to Dresden and prevail upon the Elector to have Agdolo arrested, and to send her the papers that should be found in his possession, so that the whole affair might be cleared up. From this it seems evident that the Electress had not to fear that Agdolo would say anything to compromise her. On the 7th September, Zehmen got back to Dresden, and at the same time the Elector arrived there from Pillnitz, for a day's stay. By his orders, Agdolo, without being immediately arrested, was informed of the affair, with respect to which he sent to the Elector, on the 15th, a letter intended as his vindication. It is stated that Zehmen urgently dissuaded him from sending this paper—which Zehmen must therefore have read—and only at Agdolo's repeated and pressing instance did he at last consent to hand it to the Elector. On the 15th, the Elector was again in Dresden; but, in the evening, after receiving the document, he returned to Pillnitz. The next evening, at seven o'clock, Privy-councillor Baron Zehmen and Major-general and aid-de-camp Von Schiebell were sent from Pillnitz to Dresden, with orders to arrest Agdolo, to seize and seal up all his papers, and to bring them to the Elector so soon as the prisoner was in safe custody."

Agdolo was one of a card-party at Councillor Ferber's, when he received a message from Zehmen, desiring to speak to him. On reaching Zehmen's house, he was at once informed of his arrest, given in charge to the town-major, and escorted to his own dwelling, which was already occupied by an officer and eight soldiers. The two commissioners sealed up his papers, and took them to Pillnitz; and although it was nearly midnight when they arrived there, the Elector received them in person. Professor Bülau speculates as to the contents of these papers, and of the memorial previously addressed to the Elector, and supposes the probability of their containing matter personally offensive to that prince, whose refusal to satisfy the unreasonable expectations of the Dowager's *coterie*, was possibly treated as stingy and unfilial, and made the subject of insolent comments. Or, they may have thrown light on Agdolo's

share in the disorder and extravagance prevailing in the Electress's household, or may have contained advice how to extract more money from her son.

"Whether the diamonds," says the Professor, "or the sum intended for their redemption, were purloined by Hewald, (whom the chief authority for this memoir holds to have been unconcerned in the business,) by Agdolo, or by some other agent of the Electress—whether, perchance, Agdolo wished to keep back the money for the projected emigration of his patroness to Italy—what, in short, became of the jewels or the gold, we know not. But on the following day, (the 17th,) at ten in the evening, Agdolo, strongly escorted, was sent to the Königstein. A few days later, Zehmen and Schiebell arrived there, with a commission to the prisoner, which, however, consisted only in the delivery to him of a sealed letter from the Elector and in the receipt of a sealed reply from Agdolo."

The Electress-mother remained at Munich. Her expected arrival at Dresden was repeatedly announced, and as often deferred, until none believed she would come. At last she did arrive—on the 21st of December, more than three months after Agdolo's arrest. It was said that her son's threats to withhold her jointure, and his assurances that she had nothing to apprehend at Dresden, were required to induce her to visit that capital. Countess Rutowska, who was certainly likely to represent her husband as a victim, declared that she herself had read a letter addressed to Agdolo by the Electress, in which that princess said, "she hoped her house in Padua would soon be ready, and then she would bid adieu for ever to Saxony, which she detested, and to her son, whom she did not love."

Hewald was arrested at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, and sent to the Königstein. His wife was also imprisoned for some weeks, and was allowed to speak to no one, but was then released. Professor Bülau has been unable to find any account of her husband's fate, nor does his arrest appear to have drawn attention at the time.

It has already been mentioned that the Elector kept his reasons for Agdolo's imprisonment a secret, even from his principal ministers. Von Ende did not allow this reserve or mistrust greatly to affect him, but Sacken was much annoyed, and lost no opportunity of expressing his vexation. At his own table, in presence of twenty-four guests, he is said to have declared that Agdolo was his friend, and that he should always so consider him. He ventured remonstrances in the highest quarter, and the Elector was said to have

promised him an explanation ; but this never came. Then he attacked members of the privy council, endeavoring to interest them in the matter, but without success : one of them, Von Wurmb, telling him there was nothing irregular in the proceeding—that Agdolo, as a military man, was not subject to civil authorities—and that as the cabinet ministers had often decided on matters without consulting the privy council, so it appeared perfectly fair that the Elector should, for once, come to a decision without the knowledge of the cabinet.

“ Before Agdolo, after his brief abode at Pirna, was again conducted to the Königstein, the Elector is understood to have submitted the whole affair (withholding the name and under the strictest injunctions to secrecy,) to a foreign legal authority. We have reason to believe that Pütter of Göttingen was the referee. The opinion given was, that the prisoner had merited death. Only after this was Agdolo brought to the fortress for perpetual imprisonment, (21st April, 1777,) whilst the Elector declared that he could answer to his conscience for this punishment. At Königstein he was treated, however, with indulgence ; and before his death, which did not occur for twenty-three years, (27th August, 1800,) he distinctly declared himself grateful to the Elector.”

The complications and contradictions of this strange affair give it a very strong interest, and peculiarly recommend it to the notice of the historical romance-writer, for whose purpose it is farther adapted by several minor marvels and coincidences, to which we have not referred in our condensation of Professor Bülow's narrative. For instance, the Baron Zehmen, who was sent to Munich to the Electress, and who afterwards was deputed to arrest Agdolo, had received his appointment as privy-councillor at the same time that Agdolo got his as lieutenant-colonel, and, it would appear, had been on terms of intimacy or friendship with the man to whose punishment he was afterwards compelled to be instrumental. His fellow-commissioner in the affair, General von Schiebell, had commanded, as colonel, the regiment in which Agdolo served during the Seven Years' War. Such coincidences, when invented by the novelist, are often set down as strained and unnatural.

The story of Agdolo is followed by scenes in Saxony in the year 1790, when the peasantry, whose condition was but one degree removed from serfdom, and who were often grievously oppressed and ill-treated, gave ear to the echoes of French revolution, and made some feeble, ill-directed, and speedily-suppressed attempts at revolt. The chapter is

characteristic and interesting. Still more curious, perhaps, is a sort of postscript to it, telling of a disturbance occasioned by the oppressive German game-laws on the manor of Hohenstein, in the district known as Saxon Switzerland. This also was in 1790. A peasant had fenced round a field, to protect it from the game. To do this he had a perfect right ; but the law said that the fence must not be of pointed stakes, or that, if it were, it must be of a stipulated height. The object of these singular regulations was to deter the game from leaping, or to allow them to leap without risk of impaling themselves. Perhaps the peasant had not conformed to these rules, perhaps he had some private foe—but the fact was, that one morning he found his fence torn up, and his field ravaged by the game. He laid the blame on the foresters, and so excited his neighbors by the bitterness of his complaints, that the inhabitants of fourteen villages on the manor of Hohenstein combined to drive, in one day, all the game from their fields. From every house a man was deputed, and, in spite of the exhortations of the authorities and the forest officers, the thing was done as planned. Several foresters were ill-treated. The conspirators did not kill the game, but merely expelled it from their land. Those into whose fields it was driven naturally thought themselves justified in driving it away in their turn ; and so the contagion spread from one district to another, until at last extermination began to be substituted for expulsion. The affair made a great sensation. Many persons were for the complete destruction of the game : others demanded strict observance of the game-laws, and the punishment of all who should infringe them. The Elector of Saxony had the complaints of the peasants investigated ; and finding that, although much exaggerated, they were not entirely unfounded, he immediately ordered great hunting parties and battues, where all game was to be indiscriminately shot down. These took place long before the usual commencement of the hunting season, and the country people were summoned to assist, which they did with great zeal. The foresters were strictly enjoined to give no cause for complaint. Nevertheless, as there was at first some quarrelling between them and the peasantry, a detachment of cavalry subsequently accompanied every hunting-party. Not nearly so much game was found as had been expected. The Elector pardoned past transgressions of the game-laws, and no one was punished.

To English readers the sections of Professor Bülow's volume, illustrative of the manners, customs, and history of Germany, will probably be the most novel and interesting. These are seven or eight in number, chiefly referring to the eighteenth century. In some of them the Professor, a most indefatigable bookworm and conscientious investigator of dates, deals rather too largely in details of persons who enjoyed, perhaps, some celebrity in their generation, and whose names may still be possibly found in German biographical dictionaries, but who are forgotten by the world, and scarce worth rescuing from oblivion. Even in the least interesting of Mr. Bülow's chapters, however, we stumble upon curious bits. In his rather dry account of a certain Karl Gottlob von Nüssler, which he styles "a contribution to the history of German court and official life and manners," we meet with an example of this kind. Nüssler, a restless adventurer, who ran away from his family when only ten or twelve years old, and whose life was a tissue of strange changes and chances, became, at the age of twenty-five, a member of the court of a petty German princess, the widowed Duchess von Sachsen Weissenfels Dahme. The composition of this miniature court was rather curious. It included the Duchess's companion, a certain Countess of Rindsmal, (literally Oxjaw;) her steward or governor of the palace; a gentleman of the bedchamber; two ladies in waiting; two courtiers, of whom Nüssler was one; a chaplain; and a female court-jester, Katherine-Lisa. This last, says Professor Bülow—who further favors us with the names of all the persons above enumerated—appears to have been the most influential member of the Duchess's establishment. Besides his ornamental duties as a courtier, Nüssler, who had studied law at Jena and Wittenberg, advised and assisted the Duchess in her law-suits.

"One of these was with Lieutenant-Colonel Flemming, the author of two books, *The Soldier* and *The Hunter*, and who was a very odd fish. Of his five servants, one played a bagpipe made in the likeness of a wolf with glass eyes, the other four played violins and French horns. With the band thus composed he gave the Duchess concerts, and furnished music for the court to dance to. He had his thirty peasants armed and uniformed, had daily parades, and posted sentries. In his out-house stood ten cannon; he had also thirty blunderbusses, a hundred muskets, and some drums. A retired lieutenant officiated as captain. It came to pass that one of the Duchess's huntsmen shot a deer in a certain thicket, which Flemming asserted to belong to him, and demand-

ed delivery of the deer and punishment of the huntsman. The Duchess maintained the contrary, and, to prove her right of possession, ordered several trees to be felled in the thicket, and brought to her *château*. Thereupon Flemming marched forth with his troops and with two guns, occupied all the avenues, and declared her bailiff, Schulz, his prisoner. At first the bailiff took it all for a joke, but was soon undeceived, and surly enough when Flemming had him put in irons, taken to the guard room, tried by a court martial, and condemned to ride the wooden horse three days running—a sentence which was duly carried out."

The Duchess took legal proceedings, and Flemming was bound over to keep the peace, under penalty of fifty golden marks; but this did not content her Serenity, who carried her complaints to Dresden. Presently Field-Marshal von Flemming came through on his way to Poland, called at his eccentric cousin's, had the army of thirty men paraded, drafted six into his own regiment, forbade the others to play at soldiers any longer, took away their guns, reprimanded the Lieutenant, and sent word to the Duchess, who has sent Nüssler to compliment him, that he had given her all satisfaction, and that he trusted she would forgive his kinsman. The vindictive lady, however, refused to do this, until at last, Flemming having made amends to the bailiff for his ride on the acorn-foaled colt, and Nüssler having interceded for him, he obtained audience of her, in presence of a number of the neighboring nobles, and made humble apology. "Your Serenity will forgive the mad Flemming," he said: "he will do the like no more." Whereunto she replied—"Ay, mad indeed: but all is forgiven, the field-marshal has made things right again." And Katherine-Lisa having been presented with a fat sheep, as a peace offering, matters were finally made up.

The Field-Marshal Flemming here referred to, was the minister of Augustus II. Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, and is introduced in another chapter of M. Bülow's work, relating to the Countess Cosel—one of several chapters illustrating the superstitions of the eighteenth century, at whose commencement that celebrated beauty flourished. Daughter of a Holstein nobleman, she married, at the age of nineteen, a Count Adolphus von Hoym, who, as the tale goes, at first kept her secluded on his estates, and resolved not to expose her to the snares and temptations of the Elector's dissipated court. He could not, however, abstain from boasting of her beauty and aimable qualities, and Prince Egon of Fürstenberg managed to entice him into a bet, which could be decided only by

the presence of the Countess at court. She made her appearance there—Fürstenburg paid his thousand ducats; but Hoym lost his wife, who forthwith became the object of the most urgent solicitations on the part of the Elector and King. Augustus failed to touch her heart, but he appealed more successfully to her ambition. The conditions on which she became his mistress were exorbitant. He settled on her a pension of a hundred thousand dollars, obtained her divorce from her husband, and bound himself by an autograph document to marry her in the event of the Queen's decease. A palace was built for her—she received the title of the Countess of Cosel, and ruled the King with an authority such as none of his previous or subsequent mistresses ever attained to. But although she seemed to have fettered the fancy of the inconstant monarch, she fell a sacrifice to political and court intrigues, chiefly instigated by the cabinet ministers, Flemming and Vitzhum. The consequence of these manœuvres (which are linked, as narrated by Professor Bülow, with many vicissitudes and striking incidents) was her disgrace and ultimate imprisonment in the castle of Stolpen, where she passed the latter half of her life, first as a captive, and afterwards of her own free will. Here she had handsome apartments in a tower, which still bears her name, and her income was also suitable and sufficient. At first she was furious against her royal lover; then her heart softened towards him, and she made efforts, innumerable but fruitless, to bring about a reconciliation. Then she seemed to fall in love with her solitude, abjured the world, and addicted herself to alchymy and other mysterious sciences. She is said, by some writers, to have become a convert to Judaism; but M. Bülow discredits this, whilst admitting and proving by a curious extract from a recently published work, that she busied herself with Jewish theology. After the King's death, she was offered her liberty, but refused it, and expressed her wish to be buried near the tower she had for sixteen years inhabited. She appears, however, to have made occasional journeys, some of which were connected with mysteriously-conducted researches in rabbinical literature. For many years after her death, which occurred on the 31st March, 1761, strange stories were current at Stolpen of her odd ways, and of the treasures she was said to have buried in the subterranean passages of the now ruinous fortress.

Chapter XXII.—*Tales of Apparitions at the Electoral Court of Treves*—contains

several capital German ghost-stories, some of which Professor Bülow endeavors to explain by natural causes, whilst others he leaves for the reader to marvel and shudder at.

"So lately as in the eighteenth century," he says, "the residence of Ehrenbreitstein was repeatedly said to be visited by apparitions. Often, for example, when the Elector and Bishop, John Philip, engrossed with his breviary, paced the apartments late of an evening, and at last reached the outer antechamber, the guardsman on sentry saw, through the glass-door, a figure in a gray coat, and of grave aspect, walking at the Elector's side, and taking most offensive liberties with that prince. Once the guardsman saw the suspicious stranger keeping a few paces behind the Elector, and making faces and snapping his fingers at him. The honest soldier could not stand this, but pulled open the door to seize the insolent jester. He stood open-mouthed, and petrified with astonishment, when he found the Elector alone, and the prince, turning round, inquired the cause of his boisterous and unmannerly entrance. 'I was so alarmed about your Electoral Highness,' stammered the guardsman, 'the insolent graycoat.'—'Oh, has he been here again? He is an old acquaintance,' replied the Elector, and sent the soldier back to his post."

We are not informed what the appearance of this impertinent gray demon portended. Other apparitions, of which an account is given, preceded the death of an Elector, and of the Emperor Francis, whose approaching decease was indicated by a phantom coronation, witnessed by a page—or fabricated by him. But the most numerous and remarkable traditions were connected with the Silver Chamber, in the northern wing of the castle. There, assemblages of supernatural beings were seen; strange figures passed in and out, singly or in procession; awful sounds were heard; the windows lighted themselves up; doors that had been left locked were found open—in short, all manner of extraordinary events occurred. In right of a former occupant, the apartment was naturally the favorite haunt of evil spirits. For in the year 1631 and 1632 it had been inhabited by a certain Hungarian named Felix Wendrownikius, whose ostensible profession was that of an alchymist, but whom many suspected to be an agent of that Bethlen Gabor, prince of Siebenburgen, who figured in the Thirty Years' War. Gabor died in 1629, however, which invalidates the supposition of Wendrownikius being in his pay two years later; whilst other circumstances concur to make it rather improbable even during that leader's life. Nevertheless it was made a ground of prejudice against him by

the courtiers, who disapproved the Elector Philip Christopher's practices with the French and their allies; and Wendrownikius' particular foe was the privy chamberlain, Michael Wiedmann, whose influence over the Elector was very great. The legend related by Professor Bülow, and which he appears to have chiefly derived from the very curious account of Ehrenbreitstein, contained in the second volume of the *Rheinische Antiquarius*, (Coblenz, 1843.) is remarkable for its mixture of politics with superstition. On a certain June evening the Elector remained unusually long at supper, and when at last he rose from table, he bade his chamberlain accompany him to the Hungarian's apartment, whom he was curious to see at work.

"The Hungarian expected them. In the middle of the room was a large table, upon which stood a dish, and upon the dish a goblet. A hot fire burned in the stove. They admired the beautiful workmanship of the dish and goblet, in which latter 'Heathens' heads,' probably ancient coins, were inlaid. The Elector demanded that the work should be proceeded with. The Hungarian went upon his knees and implored compassion on his weakness, but rose when the Elector angrily insisted, and declared that fear should not hinder him from doing his Grace's bidding. But as the work involved the most imminent danger to both his soul and body, he was compelled to prescribe a few rules of conduct. He made the Elector sit down in an old-fashioned arm-chair, from which he strongly enjoined him not to rise, under any circumstance whatsoever. Neither must he utter a single word. Failing the observance of these conditions, the Hungarian declared his own death certain. The chamberlain was posted behind the chair, and warned neither to stir nor speak. Then the Hungarian fixed a wire round the goblet with the heathens' heads. The other end of the wire was fastened to the stove. Three circles were described round the strangers, and from the outer circle a straight line was drawn to the stove. The Hungarian placed lights in the form of a triangle upon the dish, accompanying all these preparations with low muttered prayers. He knelt down by the stove, throwing into it from time to time something which he took out of a box, whereupon the fire glowed again, and there was a noise and commotion in the stove. When these ceremonies had lasted for about an hour, the wire that connected the goblet with the stove was redhot, and large drops stood upon the goblet, within which the most beautiful colours flashed and played. Suddenly Wiedmann (the chamberlain, from whom the tale was derived) observed the goblet expand and grow taller, whilst the strange faces that surrounded it also visibly grew and increased in dimensions. Faster and faster prayed the Hungarian, and higher rose the goblet, until its brim almost struck against the ceiling. Then came a loud explosion, and out sprang the heathens' heads, in the likeness of men with

beards and long mantles, a ghastly crew to look upon. They formed a circle round the Elector, and the last fell upon its knee, pointed at the prince, and said: 'That is he who would fain deliver up the Roman Empire to the Gauls.' Thereupon they all put their heads together, as though taking counsel; and when their conference was over, one of them drew forth a broad-bladed sword from under his mantle. 'This,' said the figure, 'the law sends to the traitor.' And he strode forward, as though he would have cut at the Elector; who in deadly terror, and with stifled voice, called to his chamberlain for succor. On the instant, everything vanished. The Elector had swooned away; the Hungarian lay upon the ground seemingly lifeless. With great difficulty the chamberlain restored his master to consciousness; and when he had done so the Hungarian arose, pale as ashes, and assisted in carrying the Elector to his bedchamber."

If this was a scene got up for the purpose of intimidating the Elector, the natural inference would be that the Hungarian was a partisan of the empire, not a tool of its enemies, and that his aim was to deter Philip Christopher from his contemplated surrender of Ehrenbreitstein. The unlucky Wendrownikius, according to the legend, paid dearly for his practices. For whilst the Elector lay upon his bed, and received from the chamberlain's hands his customary medicament—crab's eye's stirred in water—a tremendous clap of thunder was heard, and an alarm of fire was given. The conflagration was in the Hungarian's laboratory, whither the chamberlain hurried. The doors were broken open, and he was amongst the first who entered the room. Its unfortunate occupant was found with his head between the bars of the window, his face black and blue, and twisted round to his nape, his tongue protruding from his mouth. On hearing the chamberlain's report of this terrible event, the Elector betrayed so much emotion that Wiedmann ventured to entreat him to take warning from it, and to abstain from his dangerous intercourse with unknown persons. "*Jacta est alea*" was the reply, and a week later the French were admitted in the fortress.

"They came as allies of the Elector; but nevertheless it soon became unpleasant to him to dwell under the same roof with Bussy Lageth, the French governor, and he went to inhabit the castle of St. Peter at Treves. Here it happened, upon the 12th March, 1656, when all in the palace had gone to rest, and the chamberlain was reading to the Elector the fifth chapter of the gospel of St. Matthew, that on a sudden a loud clatter of hoofs was heard on the stairs. This was quickly succeeded by the pacing of a horse in the ante-chamber, the well-barred folding doors flew open,

and a horseman, in whom the Elector immediately recognised the Hungarian, rode his steed up to the very chair in which the prince sat. 'Give heed,' said the apparition in a hoarse voice, 'to the warning I am sent to give thee. Thine enemies have conspired against thee, and the hour of their triumph is at hand. They will lead thee into captivity in a foreign land—a captivity which will be the least of thy calamities—if thou dost not resolve instantly to follow me. For I have the power to conduct thee to a place of safety.' With unusual promptitude the Elector rose from his seat, made the sign of the cross, and called upon the name of the Redeemer, whereupon the Hungarian and his infernal steed disappeared up the chimney."

Professor Bülow suggests the possibility of a plot, in which the chamberlain himself might be concerned, having for object to deliver the Elector by stratagem into the power of those enemies into whose hands he afterwards fell by more violent means. Wiedmann disapproved his prince's politics as much as he was attached to his person; and the Elector, subsequently, although with tears in his eyes, was fain to dismiss him, because he found him too stanch an Imperialist. But of this Elector's political acts and career the professor proposes to speak in a future volume.

Most of the chapters having reference to French history and persons, deal more or less with strange visions and prophecies, and border on the supernatural, although matter of a more positive description frequently intervenes. In these papers M. Bülow has availed himself, to a considerable extent, of Baron Gleichen's Memoirs, a work of which only a hundred copies were printed, whilst not more than fifty of these passed through the booksellers' hands. A portion of what they contain may be found in other memoirs, more widely known. Gleichen seems to have been a rather credulous person, easy in his acceptance of startling tales, which M. Bülow translates with an occasional sly comment. We are told of Madam de la Croix, who was killed in driving devils out of possessed persons, and who had the honor of operating upon no less a person than Marshal Richelieu—also upon a certain French consul, whose occupant fiend, upon ejection, was so obliging as to take the form of a Chinese idol, all gold and flame color, and to make faces at the company from behind a green baize curtain. From trivial gossip of this sort, M. Bülow glides off to the philosophy of visions, and gives various well-authenticated instances, explicable for the most part by the physical condition of the persons seeing them. Gleichen relates that

once, in company at Madame Necker's, that lady produced a letter from Buffon, in which he spoke of certain apparitions then infesting the province of Burgundy, and which took the form of old women. Several men of letters, indisposed towards Buffon, because he was too religious for them, made themselves witty over his propensity to believe in the incredible. Then said Count Schomberg, who was present,—“You know me well enough, gentlemen, to be sure that I do not believe in ghosts; nevertheless, for a long time past, and almost every week, I am visited by the figures of three old women, who rise at the foot of my bed, bow towards me, and make horrible grimaces.”

“In like manner, a certain Tieman, a friend of Gleichen's—and who was certainly infected with the passion for the so-called secret sciences, but who, at the same time, was a man of strict veracity, and constantly on his guard against deceptions of all kinds—beheld, almost in any place on which he steadfastly fixed his gaze for the space of a few minutes, a head, whose eyes and features were so expressive that they seemed to live. On the bloodstain which is shown in the chamber of the palace at Edinburgh, where David Rizzio was murdered, he insisted that he had seen a countenance horribly distorted by the agonies of death. He repeatedly returned to the place, and the head always re-appeared, each time more frightful. The thing is not difficult to account for by the working of imagination, combined perhaps with some peculiarity in the constitution of the eye, and the constant recurrence of the image, once conceived, is by no means astonishing.”

Nearly every chapter of the book before us invites to extract or comment. We can here speak but of one more, a short and lively sketch, entitled *Condamine and the Convulsionnaires*. The latter, we need hardly remind the reader, were a fanatical sect of Jansenists, whose religious ceremonies included self-inflicted tortures, who dealt in prophecies and ecstasies, and whose mad proceedings (which some imagined to be the result of physical disease) completely discredited the doctrine of Jansenism. Concerning these lunatics or enthusiasts, M. Bülow derives various details from Baron Gleichen's work, and gives them in combination with amusing anecdotes of the French *savant*, Charles Marie de la Condamine. This person—born at Paris in 1701, and chiefly remembered for his extensive travels in Africa, America, and the East, and for his scientific researches with respect to the small-pox—was afflicted with an unbounded and irrepressible curiosity, in whose indulgence he was sadly thwarted by his deafness.

"When he saw two persons conversing confidentially together, he not only approached them in the most indiscreet manner, but would actually take out his hearing trumpet, the better to listen to their discourse. If he found a letter upon the table, he could not help opening and reading it. When M. de Choiseul was ambassador at Rome, he one day found Condamine, with whom he lived on terms of great intimacy, seated in his closet, turning over and perusing his papers. With grave countenance, and in a most tragical tone, M. de Choiseul informed him that it was his painful duty to have him arrested and sent to the Bastille, inasmuch as an important state secret was just then under discussion, and that the mere probability of his having got an inkling of it sufficed to make his imprisonment necessary, until such time as it might be safely divulged. In vain were Condamine's protestations that he had read nothing, and knew nothing: the guard was sent for, a post-chaise was got ready, and his terrors were worked upon to the great amusement of all present. It is related of Condamine that, at Constantinople, he committed a small theft, on purpose to receive the bastinado on the soles of the feet, and to be able to judge of the sensation produced by this punishment. When Damiens, the assassin of Louis XV., was executed, Condamine, impelled by his curiosity, made his way not only through the crowd of spectators, and the ranks of the troops on guard, but into the circle formed round the scaffold by the executioners from the environs of Paris, who had been allured to the capital by a spectacle to them so interesting. He owed his admission into this honorable assemblage to Charlot, the Paris executioner, who recognised him, and called out to his brother professors—'Gentlemen, make room for M. de la Condamine: he is an amateur.' Another anecdote is told of him, to the effect that, upon a journey through Italy, he came to a village on the sea-shore, in whose church a wax taper was kept constantly burning, and learned, upon inquiry, that the popular belief was, that upon its extinction the village would be swept away by the waves. Thereupon, he immediately snatched the taper and put it out; and was then with difficulty rescued from the hands of the enraged villagers."

In so inquisitive a person the mystic rites of the *Convulsionnaires* naturally awakened extreme curiosity. He took the most extraordinary amount of trouble to obtain admission to their ceremonies, then much impeded by the police. On his solemn promise of secrecy, and by representing himself as a proselyte anxious to be convinced, he was allowed to witness the strange rites of these fanatics. But on beholding a young girl fastened to the cross, he made some remarks, which so scandalized the assembly that he was roughly and ignominiously turned out; and, notwithstanding all his entreaties, was never again tolerated in their temples. Finding them inexorable, he had recourse to stratagem.

"One day in Passion-week, Gleichen found himself in a company where the conversation turned on a very remarkable exhibition which was to take place on Good Friday, in a certain assembly of *Convulsionnaires*. A young person was to be crucified with the head downwards. On his expressing a wish to be present, a lady gave him a letter to a lawyer, a friend of hers, who was connected with the *Convulsionnaires*, and whom she requested to take Gleichen with him. On the eve of Good Friday, Gleichen met Condamine at a house, where the same subject was broached. Condamine bitterly lamented his exclusion from the strange scene, and Gleichen could not refrain from showing him his letter of introduction, and making merry at his disappointment. But as soon as Condamine learned that the baron was personally unknown to the lawyer to whom he was recommended, it occurred to him to personate Gleichen, and enter in his stead. To this end, he implored the baron to give him up the letter—promising to behave discreetly, and vowing eternal gratitude. Gleichen at last yielded to his importunity, and Condamine forthwith called upon the lawyer, and had himself announced under Gleichen's name. He was most cordially received: the lawyer took him into his library, showed him the works of several learned Germans, and made inquiries of him concerning them. Condamine answered as well as he could—said he had studied law under one, philosophy under another, and played the part of a tolerably well-informed German traveller so naturally, that the lawyer never doubted he was the man he pretended to be. On their way to the meeting-house, he instructed the foreigner as to the discreetness of deportment and the air of pious conviction it was essential he should assume. But as ill-luck would have it, the house to which they went was the very same from which Condamine had already been disgracefully expelled. The appearance of the Evil One himself could not have occasioned greater consternation than that of Condamine. The entire congregation thronged around him, and overwhelmed the lawyer with reproaches, for bringing amongst them the reckless scoffer who had insulted and profaned their mysteries. The poor lawyer, utterly bewildered, repeated again and again that they were mistaken, and that the gentleman was a distinguished German, who had been strongly recommended to him. When at last convinced that the supposed foreigner was no other than Condamine, he joined in the chorus of invectives, and the intruder had no choice but hastily to retreat."

A very extraordinary piece of biography—included, under the title of *Abenteuerleben*, in the miscellany of anecdotes and sketches terminating the volume, is too long for extraction. "At the unsuccessful siege of Coblenz by the French, in 1688, it was discovered that the shots of the best gunner in Ehrenbreitstein passed harmlessly over the French camp. The man was arrested, and an understanding with the enemy was de-

tected." The gunner's confession comprised the history of his whole life, and a host of crimes and adventures, some too strange to have been invented, others connected with supernatural circumstances, and manifestly embellished by the imagination or supersti-

tion of the narrator. But we have done enough to show the very interesting nature of Professor Bülow's work, and we shall look with curiosity for the appearance of his second volume.

A NEW PIPE OF PEACE.—Two days after the adjournment of the great Peace Congress at Frankfort, a steamer, *Goliah*, her name, left Dover with some thirty miles of wire on board, of which one end was fastened to the shore of England and the other was to be made fast upon the shore of France. The day was fair, the sea calm, and all the elements assisted in the work. The *London Examiner* very wisely considers the men at work upon the *Goliah*, unrolling from their cylinder that thirty miles of wire—the most valuable cargo, perhaps, ever yet carried in a vessel—to have been the real Peace Congress. To put it arithmetically, the crew of the *Goliah* was to the assembly in St. Paul's, at Frankfort, as lightning to stage-robin.

Believing, as we do, that nine in ten of all the quarrels in the world, between individuals or nations, are described truly by the phrase, *Misunderstanding has Arisen*—we are convinced that the more familiarly men become acquainted with each other, the more they will find out how much they have in common. Whatever extends and quickens interchange of thought, facilitates our knowledge of our neighbors, and brings peace. It is impossible to know a man and hate him. A full knowledge of the most wicked man alive would not make hate but pity. "There goes my wicked self," said the good and generous Jeremy Taylor, as a man of notoriously bad character passed him.

It is for this, among other reasons, that we resist every attempt to lessen opportunities of intercourse by interference with the Post. We think the Post-office a mighty Peacemaker, and indispensable to peace. Until a cheap and facile postage circulation through the whole civilized world, assisted by Electric Telegraphs from land to land, has brought us all to see that man is but in ignorance his neighbor's enemy, and has taught us all to feel the proper faith in our fellow-men, of

which we are deprived only by want of closer intercourse, there will of necessity be wars among us. No peace-treaty between France and England ever went so far to unite them as the voyage of the *Goliah* did on the 27th of last month.

All Europe ought to hold together; but it is unluckily in pieces, and some pieces are perpetually falling out. The safest jointing is with copper wire. Many more rivets are required, like that which Mr. Brett is putting in between France and England. His work finally accomplished, long may it share the Channel's bed, and sleep unharmed within its gutta-percha covering. May no storm reach, no anchor cleave, no fish or sunken rocks molest—that gutta-percha tube, the white man's Pipe of Peace.—*Examiner*.

COST OF THE LATE TROUBLES IN EUROPE.—The absolutist papers are counting up the cost of the late agitations of 1848–9. They reckon up 111,812 men killed or died in camps and prisons; of whom 42,000 were in Hungary, 31,000 in the struggle for Italian independence, 23,000 in Naples and Sicily, &c. The cost in money is set at 1,832,000,000 francs, viz:—

To France, - - - -	429,000,000
" Central Italy, (Rome, &c..) -	23,000,000
" Naples, - - - -	81,000,000
" Austria, (Lombardy and Venice included.) - - -	627,000,000
" Hungary, - - - -	19,000,000
" Russia, - - - -	503,000,000
" Piedmont, (material for war,) -	75,000,000
" " (national debt,) -	75,000,000
Total, - - - -	1,832,000,000

Or, in round numbers, about three hundred and seventy millions of dollars!

This is probably below even the actual expenditure, for there is no mention, in this list, of the Schleswig and Holstein affair, which was very expensive.

From Tait's Magazine.

NASEBY.

THE merits and demerits of the remarkable man whose presence contributed so much to the success of the Parliamentarians on the memorable field of Naseby are still as warmly canvassed as ever. Usurper, hypocrite, dissembler, man of blood, arch-regicide, are epithets still as lavishly and as indiscriminately bestowed upon him as in the days of his power. None, however, have ventured to assert that he did not possess, in common with all the conspicuous Parliamentary leaders, a more than ordinary share of courage and resolution, or that he ever shrunk from danger in the most perilous emergencies.

But it is not our purpose to write a panegyric upon Cromwell; eulogy or apology are equally beyond our design. It is enough for us to know—and history furnishes us with examples abundantly—that Providence is not wont to effect harsh and violent changes by the agency of the mild and scrupulous. To measure Cromwell by the ordinary standard of mortality is as futile as it is absurd; our business is simply to review the events of a battle in which he performed a conspicuous part, and in which he encountered danger and death without shrinking.

This memorable conflict furnishes another to the many comments on the text, "The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." If we had not something like a parallel in the hard-fought field of Waterloo in our own days, we could scarcely credit the fact, that in the middle of the seventeenth century a body of hastily raised and undisciplined troops, led by men but imperfectly acquainted with the art of war, and especially unpractised in command, should put to the rout an army composed of well-trained soldiers, led by officers experienced in military tactics and bred to arms. The fact, however, is on record, and has never been questioned.

On reading the account of the movements of the two armies previous to the conflict which ended in the rout of the Royalist forces, as it is given in our histories of England, one is at first perplexed with the apparent inconsistencies. That two considerable

hostile bodies should be near each other for several days together, and yet be mutually misinformed as to each other's movements, seems utterly impossible, even allowing for the false reports which rumor raises on such occasions, and the fears which might have influenced the country people to pervert or suppress the truth.

This apparent inconsistency seems to be explained by Larrey, who assures us that Cromwell reckoned not on trifling successes, his sole thoughts being directed to the achieving something decisive against the collective strength of the Royalists; and this opportunity was now to be afforded him. In this view he was supported by the two Houses. He accordingly had just previously caused it to be given out that he had marched for Scotland, purposing to join the army of the Covenanters; and, setting forward, crossed Huntingdonshire and Cambridgeshire, giving notice to Fairfax to follow in his wake, but at the same time, hang by the way, so that the King's army might be provoked to follow him, while the two divisions of the Parliament's forces might, in emergency, readily effect a juncture. The feint succeeded. Cromwell had soon the gratification to find that the King had followed on his traces, encamping at no great distance from Naseby; and, communicating immediately with Fairfax, resolved to try at once the issue of a battle. The Parliamentarians marched all night, and on the 10th of June came into the neighborhood of the King's camp. Charles, with his proverbial incautiousness, had been spending some days in hunting, and the first positive intelligence which the army of the Parliament obtained of his exact whereabouts was that the King's army was in no order, the soldiers straggling about, and the horses of the cavalry at grass!

Colonel Hammond had been sent post to London with letters to the House, praying that Lieutenant-General Cromwell's absence might be dispensed with for a short time, as a battle was hourly expected. He returned with an approving answer, and with a com-

mission for General Cromwell to command the horse under the Lord General Fairfax. Though each party menaced the other, the Parliamentary leaders feared to hazard a battle until the remainder of their foot, which the cavalry had outmarched, had arrived. Fairfax was, as usual, active and vigilant: from midnight till four in the morning he visited the posts. At day-break he was challenged by a sentinel, of whom he demanded the word, having himself forgotten it. The sentinel answered firmly, that his instructions were, to take the word from all who passed, but to give it to none. The General's memory was treacherous, and the rain, which fell heavily at the time, rendered his detention the more unpleasant; but the sentinel was a Commonwealth soldier, and knew his duty. At length the captain of the guard came to his relief, the word was furnished, and Fairfax, rewarding the soldier for his firmness, continued his round.

About the same time the Royalist horse were seen in motion, or rather commotion, on Borough Hill, the contiguity of their enemies having apparently been discovered, and caused them some surprise; whilst the King's carriages were observed drawing off towards Harborough. A council of war was here-upon held by the Parliamentarians, who, while thus engaged, were greatly refreshed by the arrival of Cromwell with six hundred horse, doubtless men of his own selection, a sample of those "honest young men" of whom he speaks so significantly in some of his letters. A party of calvary was at once ordered to push forward in the direction of Daventry, and, if possible, obtain intelligence of the Royalist movements, while Ireton was directed to fall with his horse upon the flank of the enemy, if an opportunity were afforded him. The main body of the Parliamentary army flanked that of the Royalists on the way to Harborough, and, on the night of the 13th of June, came to Gilling. Here they learnt that Ireton, in pursuance of his instructions, had fallen upon the Royalist quarters in the town of Naseby, where he took several prisoners and spread much alarm. The King moved precipitately out of the town and made for Harborough, in great consternation: here he found Prince Rupert in bed. The impetuous Prince, by Charles's orders, was roused from his slumbers, and a council of war was held immediately. The result of their deliberations was to give battle to the forces of the Parliament, whom they by far outnumbered, especially in cavalry, on which they greatly

depended. A strange story is told of the King's irresolution and unwillingness to fight, arising from a dream which he had at Dainton, in which the Earl of Stafford's ghost had twice visited him, and warned him not to engage Cromwell, telling him there was one among the Parliamentarians whom he would never overcome.

On the following morning, Saturday, the 14th day of June, Fairfax, at daybreak, left Gilling and advanced towards Naseby; by five o'clock his army rendezvoused near the town. The Royalist army now made its appearance on the summit of Harborough hill. It is said that they had been deceived by false intelligence, and had been misled by stories that Fairfax was moving off in the direction of Northampton. Making all haste to pursue him, they left behind them their ordnance—a circumstance which deprived them of a considerable advantage—and the sight of Fairfax drawn up in good order, in a large fallow-field northwest of Naseby, convinced them, when too late, of their error.

The Royalist main body was led by the King; the right wings by the Princes Rupert and Maurice; the left by Sir Marmaduke Langdale; the right-hand reserve was assigned to Lord Bard, and the left to Sir George Lisle. On the Parliamentary side, Fairfax and Skippon had charge of the main body; Cromwell commanded the right wing, and Ireton the left; Rainsborough, Hammond, and Pride, had charge of the reserves. The watchwords of the Royalists were "Queen Mary;" and those of the Parliamentarians, "God our strength." The conflict began with great vigor on both sides. Rupert charged the right wing of the Parliamentarians with characteristic gallantry; and though for some time strongly resisted, succeeded in driving all who opposed him in the utmost confusion off the field, pursuing them to a great distance. Ireton, in the rout, was wounded in the face and in the thigh, and fell into the hands of a Royalist soldier. This, however, was the only advantage gained by the King's party that day. Rupert followed up his impetuous charge by pursuing the flying Roundheads almost to the town of Naseby; and there, flushed with the success he had achieved, led his men to plunder the train of the enemy. Here, however, he was disappointed; the party left to guard the train answered the summons to surrender with so sharp a volley, that the Cavaliers were constrained to abandon their hope of pillage and draw off precipitately. Puritan John Vicars, in that strange chronicle of his,

entitled "The Burning Bush not consumed," gives a curious and graphic account of Rupert's summoning the trains. "The leader," says he, "was a person somewhat in habits like our Generall, in a red Montero, as our Generall had; he came as a friend, and our commander of the guard of the train went with his hat in his hand and asked how the day went, thinking verily hee had been our Generall. The Cavalier (who we since heard for certain was Rupert) asked him and the rest if they would have quarter, whereupon they cried No, gave fire instantly, making him flie for his life and his companions." Oldmixon says the Prince also visited the carriages, where there was some good plunder, and with which he and his followers were for some time occupied. In the mean time, however, Cromwell had forced the left wing of the King's army from the main body, and broke them and their reserve with terrible slaughter; then, supported by two or three regiments of infantry, attacked the main body and surrounded their foot, who, finding they were unsupported by the cavalry, threw down their arms and yielded themselves prisoners. The King, seeing the day was lost, rode off on the spur by the Leicester road, pursued by the Roundhead cavalry, and appears scarcely to have halted until he reached Cheshire, whence he proceeded into Wales. It is said that Charles, at the most trying moment, placed himself at the head of his guards to lead a charge, when Dalzell, Earl of Carnwarth, seizing the bridle of the King's horse, exclaimed, with a round oath, "Will you go on your death on the instant?" The words spread a panic through the ranks and paralyzed the last efforts of the Royalists.

Rupert, returning to the scene of conflict, found to his dismay that the day had been won by the Parliamentarians; a vast body of the Royalists prisoners, and the field showed evidence of the short but sanguinary encounter. To re-form his men, disordered by the long pursuit, and their horses blown, was found impossible. He immediately fled precipitately, followed by about three hundred horse, and succeeded in reaching Bristol. His escape, as well as that of the King, may be marvelled at, when it is considered that the rout of the Royalists was so far complete, but may be accounted for in the fact that a body of Cavaliers, with great gallantry, refused to quit the field, remaining drawn up in order, and defying the efforts of the Parliamentarians to break them.

Fairfax, bare-headed, (his helmet being struck off in the *mêlée*,) was never more ac-

tive. Being entreated by the colonel of his life-guard, D'Oyley, not to expose himself to needless danger, the Colonel proffering his own helmet, the General replied, "It is well enough, Charles," and continued his way. Observing the body of horse alluded to, Fairfax demanded the reason why they were not dispersed. D'Oyley replied that he had charged them twice and had failed to break them. "Then," said Fairfax, "try them again in front while I fall on their rear." The order was promptly executed. The charge was sounded; the Roundheads met in the centre of their enemies, and the last resistance of the Royalists was crushed; but not without a few minutes of desperate hand to hand fighting, in the course of which Fairfax himself killed a cornet. The standard was snatched up by a dragoon of D'Oyley's regiment, who boasted that he had killed the bearer; but the Colonel, who witnessed the exploit, severely rebuked the fellow for his lying and boasting. Fairfax, with great modesty, bade the Colonel cease, observing that he had obtained honor enough, and could afford to let the trooper boast. History has hardly done justice to the devoted band of Royalists thus destroyed, and who, too proud to fly, and scorning to yield without a struggle, thus, when the day was lost, sold their lives dearly and died gloriously.

That Cromwell was in the thickest of the fight we know from an anecdote which has been preserved to us. Advancing at the head of his men, a Royalist captain, who knew his person, singled him out, and, as they closed after exchanging pistol-shots, with a dextrous drawing cut severed the strap of his morrion, which he succeeded in tossing from Oliver's head; but before he could strike the meditated blow, the Captain either fell by another hand, or, what is not improbable, passed his adversary in the charge, and, in wheeling about was prevented coming within sweep of him again. A helmet, hastily tossed to Cromwell by a trooper, was clapped on his head the wrong way in such haste that the hinder part flapped over his eyes during the remainder of the fight.

The loss of the Royalists on this fatal day was aggravated by the consequences of such a rout. Besides their cannon, ammunition, standards, horses, &c., the *King's cabinet* was found among the spoil, and the letters it contained fell into the hands of his bitterest enemies. On the bad faith and duplicity which these letters disclosed enough has been already said; his apologists will find a palliative in the accursed "kingcraft" of the preceding

reign. It is said that there was also found a grotesque wooden image, which the Royalists carried about with them, and even paraded with profane ribaldry just previous to the battle, calling it "the god of the Roundheads."

Ireton, taking advantage of the turn of the tide of battle, offered the man who held him prisoner his liberty if he would carry him off safely, an arrangement which appears to have been effected to the mutual satisfaction of either party.

About three thousand Royalists sealed their loyalty with their blood on that fatal day, four lords were mortally wounded, and Rupert and Sir Jacob Ashley escaped with severe contusions, their helmets having been beaten from their heads, good evidence that they were no skulkers from the fray.

An old man, named Warren, living about thirty years ago at Naseby, used to tell of his grandfather's recollection of this battle. He (the grandfather) was then a boy of about ten years of age, and was keeping cows in the fields at the time of the fight. He was afterwards present at the burial of the slain, which was performed by the country people, who came in from the town and all the neighboring villages, but, in some cases, in a very slovenly manner, the graves being too shallow, and crammed full. This, on the decomposition of the bodies, became very offensive, and caused the grass to grow rank on those spots, which the cattle cropped close for several years afterwards. These graves are still visible, the earth having subsided, so that in the rainy season the wet stands in them. Occasionally, the gravel-diggers have found human bones in the neighborhood; it

is not, however, quite certain that they are the evidence of this sanguinary and unnatural conflict, and they may probably be traces of earlier interments in earlier and peaceful times. Cavalier and Roundhead thus found the same rude and unblessed grave, the well-dressed being stripped of their clothes. Among the latter was the body of a man with a wound in the breast, which was about to be consigned to the earth, when a young woman, the daughter of an apothecary, observing the hands, exclaimed, "This was certainly a gentleman, and his pulse still beats." By her direction, wrapped in her under-petticoat, the body was conveyed to a neighboring village, and the wounded man, whose name was Mansell, recovered. It is said that his preserver lived with him as his house-keeper until his death, when he left her a handsome annuity.

About a week after the battle, the prisoners, amounting in number to nearly five thousand, were paraded through London with the fifty-two standards taken in the field of Naseby, as far as St. Martin's-lane end, where they were delivered to the custody of the green and yellow trained bands of the city, and different localities assigned them. Some bore their lot with fortitude and in silence, others vented their loyalty in abuse of their Roundhead captors, while some protested that they were pressed men, and had been dragged into the service of the Royalists against their inclination. It is due to the triumphant party to add that they did not abuse their victory by the ill-treatment of these men, but that two hundred pounds were allotted for bread and beer to be served out among them.

THE LATE DR. BLACK.—At the meeting of the British Association on Thursday, in the Chemistry section, Dr. George Wilson detailed a few unpublished particulars respecting the personal character and habits of the late Dr. Black, the celebrated chemist. Among other particulars of his singularity, he stated that Dr. Black was in the habit of wearing, in the streets of Edinburgh, a pair of tin shoes over his leather ones, to protect his feet from wet, on which occasions he used to be followed by troops of boys, attracted by the singularity of his dress. He

also said that Dr. Black had thermometers hung up in his sitting-room, and that the first thing he did whenever he entered the room was to examine them. The servants discovered that the mercury glasses, as they called them, told tales upon them when they neglected the fires or overheated the apartment; and they ultimately adopted the practice, when the thermometers stood too high, to hold them out at the window, and when they stood too low, they held them to the fire, a little before the doctor entered his room. The trick was never discovered.

From the British Quarterly Review.

DISCOVERIES IN PICTURE WRITING.

- (1.) *Ancient Egypt. A Series of Chapters on Early Egyptian History, Archæology, and other subjects connected with Hieroglyphical Literature.* By GEORGE R. GLIDDON, Member of the "Egyptian Society" of Cairo, and formerly United States' Consul for Cairo. New-York. 1843.
- (2.) *Otia Ægyptiaca. Discourses on Egyptian Archæology and Hieroglyphical Discoveries.* By GEORGE R. GLIDDON. London: Madden. 1849. 8vo, pp. 148.

"IF I were to have the choice of a fairy gift, it should be like none of the many things I fixed upon in my childhood, in readiness for such an occasion. It should be for a great winnowing-fan, such as would, without injury to human eyes and lungs, blow away the sand which buries the monuments of Egypt."* Symbols, however, as well as sand, have concealed the rich treasures of Egypt from successive generations. Herodotus and Plato beheld the gigantic temples, lofty obelisks, and marvellous colossi of the valley of the Nile, with mingled feelings of admiration and awe. The ample records of early history, "graven with an iron pen in the rock," confronted them, but conveyed no information. Greece and Rome are humbled at the discovery of their inability to read the language of the Nile. They possessed not and could not find the key that would unlock the casket. It was alike hidden from their Gothic successors. To these is bequeathed a rich legacy—knowledge, both secular and sacred; law, civil and criminal; literature, philosophic, poetic, and historic; and a heaven-born religion to civilize and save them, but not the solution of the Egyptian problem. Modern Europe continued to look with dim eyes upon the old archives profusely chiselled and painted on the wondrous monuments of the Nile. Scholars, stored with learning, and possessed of untiring perseverance and great acumen, confessed themselves baffled in the attempt to decipher. No application of science availed, and every cunning conjecture was stultified by the obstinate refusal of these quaint signs to

signify their meaning. There they still stood, promising much and giving nothing. Egypt thus became a synonyme for darkness and mystery. To the minds of many, it remains the land of dreams, the abode of marvels. Never can it lose the deep interest and surpassing sublimity which are connected with its mystery. The lifting of this veil by the hand of modern philology has only exposed fresh wonders to our view.

Egypt is a name rich with associations of deepest interest. Religion and philosophy are closely connected with her history. The Christian and the scholar have the strongest reasons for searching her records. To the former, Palestine alone surpasses Egypt in interest and importance. From primeval times, the two countries have sustained relations to each other that have necessitated the study of their common history in order to comprehend the career of either. Both lands were peopled originally from the same section of the human family. Two streams of colonists descended from the mountains of Armenia, the one taking a left-hand course, founding the empires of Babylon and Nineveh, and the other diverging to the right, and establishing at an early period wealthy and civilized communities in Palestine. Ere long, these streams—separated at the commencement of their course by the desert—unite in Egypt. The Mesopotamian colony sends some of its members southward, who, planting on their way the kingdoms of Havilah and Sheba, convey their traditionary religion and social culture into Upper Egypt. Here they came in contact with the inhabitants of Lower Egypt, who were an offshoot of the Palestine colony. This ethnical affinity

* Martineau's "Eastern Life," vol. I. p. 60.

is strengthened by the Hebrews, a hardy, nomadic tribe proceeding from the sources of the Euphrates and pitching their tents in Palestine. Hebrew history is, henceforth, an episode in that of Egypt, although treated as the main topic in Scripture, in harmony with the great object of revelation. Abraham's visit to the valley of the Nile, Joseph's imprisonment and subsequent elevation to the viceroyalty of Lower Egypt, and Moses' deliverance of the oppressed Israelites, are among our earliest lessons from the Bible. The Hebrews, in the nomadic and settled periods of their history, are the link that unites the neighboring territories. Their ancient books are translated at Alexandria, and the world is enlightened by the labors of "the Seventy." Ancient prophecy had uttered the dark saying, "out of Egypt have I called my son," to be fulfilled in the departure that followed "the flight" of the Holy Family. Origen founds an Alexandrian school of divinity, which obtains a wide-spread renown for its union of a spurious philosophy with Christianity. In after times, the Crescent and the Cross contended here for the mastery. The expiring enthusiasm of the crusader, though fostered by the zeal of St. Louis, was extinguished on the banks of the Nile. Hebrew history, the infancy of Christ, the corruption of His teaching, and the struggle of Christendom, are all interwoven with the career of the Egyptians.

To the philosopher, Egypt is a mine of the richest ore, amply rewarding the labor of extracting the pure metal. Out of the darkness of Egypt he looks for light to illumine many mysterious questions. Greece and Rome are mere stepping-stones towards this more distant province of the territory of Time. Homer and Herodotus—the fathers of poetry and history—are moderns by the side of Egyptian sages. Instead of assigning the fall of the Roman Empire as the close of ancient, and the commencement of modern history, we are almost induced to push back the barrier between these great epochs to the infancy of Greece and the decay of Egypt. If the division were arbitrary, this change might be justified. But the appearance of new races on the world's stage at the decline of the Roman power, marks the end of one act and the beginning of another in the great drama of history. Still the ancient part of ancient history is to be sought in the valley of the Nile. From the earth's strata the geologist may gather up the figures that record the age of man's abode, but the monuments of Egypt must declare the anti-

quity of man himself. Mythological researches also compel the inquirer to examine this prolific source indicated even by his classic guides. The myths of Greece are discovered to be exotics transplanted from the richer soil of Egypt. Speculative philosophy points to the banks of the Nile as its home. Amid the puerilities by which it is degraded, are nevertheless visible lofty thoughts and shrewd surmises, that manifest the possession of intellectual power. The soul's nature and immortality, future rewards and punishments, the spirituality of the Supreme Being, were topics familiar to the priestly order. To such an extent was this the case, that a modern popular writer has not hesitated to trace the contents of the Pentateuch to an Egyptian source, unmindful of the existence of primeval traditions inherited by the common posterity of Adam.

Before we proceed to indicate the results that have rewarded the labors of Egyptologists, a hasty glance must be given at the history of those labors. This history is a lesson to the desponding in all ages, from its affording a most striking illustration of the success consequent upon industry and perseverance. Apparently insurmountable difficulties discouraged the pioneers; and their conjectures, though gilded with hope, often led into deeper darkness. More perplexing were the windings and intricacies along which they endeavored to thread their way, while they groped about to find the clue for the labyrinth. The seeming spring in this arid and barren desert lured on the wayfarer only to mock him with the deceptions of the mirage. A faint ray of light breaking through the clouds that enveloped this subject served only "to make darkness visible," and yet more oppressive as it withdrew, and the clouds once more closed over the scene. From the proud position now occupied, the modern scholar looks back with wonder and gratitude—with wonder at difficulties surmounted, and with gratitude to the heroic men who have taught mankind by their success never to despair of the result of any grand conception.

It is somewhat singular that the name of Napoleon is associated with the history of hieroglyphical discovery. His expedition into Egypt displayed in its details, as well as in the greatness of its design, the qualities of a master-mind. The general, statesman, and scholar, were alike represented by the French leader. Military renown was coveted by him and his countrymen; but his far-seeing eye looked beyond the battle-field and victory to

the advantages derivable from additional conquests. France sent forth her *savans* to profit by the golden opportunity of studying the monuments of Egypt. By their labors the learned world was enriched with facsimiles of inscriptions, the great funeral Papyrus, and the Rosetta stone. These valuable materials for research diminished the disappointment of failure in colonizing Egypt with Europeans—a project originally proposed by Leibnitz to Louis XIV., and strongly recommended by Bossuet in his “Universal History.” Ere these stores had been collected, Zoega, a Dane, had made some progress in hieroglyphical pursuits. By the aid of Greek tradition and the Coptic tongue, he arrived at some preliminary and important results. He first indicated the distinction between pictorial and symbolic signs, and the probability of the existence of phonetics. Barthelemy’s conjecture that the rings contained royal names was regarded by him as exceedingly plausible. Zoega had found the right road, and remaining difficulties might be expected soon to disappear. This good beginning was destined for a time to be most unproductive. The editors of the splendid French work on Egypt were bewildered with the mass of materials that had been obtained from the valley of the Nile. Despair of success extinguished the hope that had been kindled by the lucid views of Zoega and Barthelemy, and even by the industry of the French scholars.

In this extremity, hope was rekindled by the discovery of the Rosetta stone, or, more correctly speaking, by the circulation of engraved copies of its record. This stone—a slab of black syenitic basalt—was discovered in August, 1799, by a French artillery officer at Rosetta. Upon it is a triple inscription; the first in hieroglyphics, the second in the demotic character, and the third in Greek. The English having gained possession of Alexandria, obtained this stone, which was to have enriched the Louvre, and deposited it in the British Museum. Expectation rose high at this discovery, and the more sanguine almost realized the decipherment of those provoking papyri which had so recently put to flight all hope. It seemed now not unlikely that the dark clouds would roll away, and primeval history be published to the world. Heyne and Porson mended and translated the Greek inscription, other scholars sought to do the same for the remaining inscriptions, but were baffled chiefly by their own preconceived notions. It was assumed that the hieroglyphic character was purely

symbolic, and the demotic purely alphabetic, thus retracing the steps previously taken by Zoega; both kinds of writing are now known to be of a mixed nature. For this knowledge we are indebted to Dr. Thomas Young, who first discovered the existence of symbolic signs in the demotic, and phonetic signs in the hieroglyphic character. De Sacy and Akerblad had previously made some progress; but to Young belongs the honor of demonstrating the above-named facts. He maintained that all Egyptian writing originated in the hieroglyphics, and must therefore necessarily contain symbols, and not only the alphabetic elements which Akerblad had discovered in the demotic character. Upon this latter style of writing, unfortunately, Young was induced to expend much time and labor, which would have been better employed upon the hieroglyphics. It is remarkable that even now the demotic and hieratic forms are less known to us than the picture-writing, which seems at first to present the greatest difficulty. De Sauley and Ampère are the latest and most eminent investigators of these hitherto unproductive characters.

Young has the merit of having directed special attention to the hieroglyphics enclosed in an oval, or cartouche, or ring. The conjecture that this enclosure was emblematic of dignity, and that the signs enclosed were expressive of the name of a sovereign, was proved to be well-founded. Young, who had begun with guessing, ended with identifying two out of twenty rings; these two contained the names of Ptolemy and Berenice. Even now, little had been accomplished, for Young had caught only a partial glimpse of the truth, and was altogether uncertain as to the direction in which future research should be prosecuted. The Egyptian alphabet remained still in great obscurity, although Young had let in more light upon this dark subject than any previous inquirer. Champollion le Jeune followed, and soon outstripped Young in this investigation, though at first greatly hindered by his belief in the exclusively symbolic nature of the hieroglyphic and hieratic characters. He soon, however, formed a correct opinion of the latter, and was drawn by it to the former, as the true point from whence the inquiry should have commenced. Hieroglyphics were now regarded by him as both the source and the key of Egyptian writing, while the royal rings were perceived to contain the clue to the comprehension of the alphabet. The European collections and the great Egyptian work furnished him with materials for com-

parison, and thus facilitated his arrival at certain conclusions. Homophone signs (that is, different figures representing one and the same sound) were discovered by his examination of the rings of Ptolemy, and his sister, Cleopatra, on the small obelisk of Philæ, and by applying the knowledge thus obtained to the decipherment of the royal rings of the Egyptian work. By a series of publications, his researches and their results were made known to the world. His Egyptian hieroglyphic alphabet announced the great discovery, and was followed three years afterwards by a manual of hieroglyphics, which chiefly consisted in an extension of the former book. Some years subsequent to his premature death, the entire results of his researches were embodied in a work on Egyptian grammar, published in 1836—1841.

In Champollion's dictionary, a list of deciphered hieroglyphics was given; the author estimating the entire number at eight hundred. He was the first to affirm that the faces of the Pharaohs sculptured on the temples were likenesses, thus carrying back the art of portrait-sculpture and painting into the night of time. The portrait of Shishak, or Pharaoh-Shishonk, the conqueror of Rehoboam, and the portraits of Cleopatra and her son Cæsarion, at Dendera, are well known. It does not, however, appear that the portraits of prisoners, such as Rehoboam himself, were either painted or sculptured; their faces being merely characteristic of national peculiarities. In Rosellini's valuable work, is a lengthened series of portraits of Pharaohs, extending back to Amunoph I., who is said to have reigned between the sixteenth and eighteenth century before Christ.

Rosellini and Salvolini, both pupils and disciples of Champollion, aided their master by illustrating and confirming his views. To Salvolini we owe the first public demonstration of the principles of the phonetic alphabet, and the first philological interpretation of an Egyptian text. His memory, however, is not respected, even to the extent of his merits, on account of his dishonorable employment of some of Champollion's papers. Latterly, no scholar has done more towards facilitating the study of the Egyptian language than Dr. Lepsius, of Berlin. He has succeeded in removing the excrescences of Champollion's system, and of greatly simplifying the arrangement of the signs. All these are distributed by him into two great classes—ideographics and phonetics, or signs of objects and of sounds. Of the latter, Champollion had given a list

of two hundred—a most unwieldy alphabet. This high number arose from an indiscriminate heaping together of all the signs that might be used with a phonetic signification. By rejecting such of these as are either only used phonetically in certain words, or for peculiar combination of sounds, there remained thirty-four purely alphabetic signs, which Lepsius identified as corresponding with the old Egyptian letters. The rejected signs are arranged under the two divisions of syllabics and mixed hieroglyphics. As during the Greek and Roman rule over Egypt, many pictures received for the first time a phonetic sense, these have been separated from the more ancient letters. Order has at length been brought out of chaos, light out of darkness, and grammars, vocabularies, and dictionaries aid the student of the Egyptian tongue in his endeavors to translate that which a few years since was untranslatable. Comparatively few are the inscriptions that now perplex the Egyptologist; and even of these he is able to declare what they do *not* say. The relative ages of the monuments, the deeds they record, or the divinities to whom they are dedicated, are now revealed to the decipherer. Referring, then, those readers who are desirous of a more minute history of hieroglyphical discovery to Moritz Schwartz's great work on the subject, we shall occupy our remaining space with a brief account of the interesting facts now made known by the translation of the ancient language of the Nile.

The Biblical student naturally anticipates much valuable and interesting information corroborative of Scripture records, respecting the intercourse between the Israelites and Egyptians. Inscriptions are expected to speak of Abraham's visit, of Joseph's preservation of the people from famine, of the bondage of Israel, of the history of Moses, his miraculous deeds, and deliverance of his countrymen. Much harm, however, has often resulted from an over-anxiety to obtain confirmation of previously received facts, and disappointment has not only been felt more keenly, but has sometimes unduly affected our faith. Preconceived notions and expectations invariably injure the cause of truth, by warping the mind and nullifying inquiry. That the wish is father to the belief has too frequently been illustrated to need much comment. In antiquarian researches, however, this has at times been so glaring, as to be deemed an archæological idiosyncrasy, and therefore almost destructive of public confidence. The vague and

confused ideas which many entertain respecting events that occurred ages ago, lead both to credulity and incredulity. Partial and imperfect knowledge induces the suspicious to reject, and the simple to receive the statements of antiquity. It must be confessed, that ill-furnished and rash inquirers have, by their hasty and unsound conclusions, weakened the faith of some in such investigations. The well-known group of figures of Darius Hystaspes, and ten fettered captives, on the sculptured rock at Bisutun, were metamorphosed, by Ctesias, into Semiramis with her guard; by Porter, into Tiglath-pileser and the captive Israelites; and by Keppel, into Ahasuerus, with Esther and her suppliant countrymen! Rawlinson, by deciphering the superscription, has substituted certainty for mere conjecture; and the "Great King," as a conqueror, stands before the world. The interview between Joseph and his brethren, so touchingly told in Holy Writ, was supposed to have been found painted in one of the caves of Benee Hasan; but the hieroglyphics declare the principal figure to be Nefothph, the governor of the district, and owner of the tomb, and the procession to consist of "thirty-seven captives."*

These instances teach caution and also yield encouragement, for though sculptures and paintings may mislead the imaginative spectator, the certain records inscribed on them will correct the error. Let it not, however, be supposed that there are no traces of the old relations between Egypt and Judæa, since it is not the absence, but the paucity of testimony of which we complain. Nor let it be imagined that scripture statements are inherently weak, and need propping up with foreign supports. Their confirmation—when obtainable from profane history—is to be valued, but not deemed necessary to the establishment of their truth. Too often is Biblical history treated as inferior in veracity to the works of classical historians. It is denied the importance which rightfully belongs to the archives of any country written and preserved by its own people. Apart from their inspiration, they bear upon their front the seal of truthfulness,

and are sustained by the accumulated testimony of successive generations of Jews, who cherished them as their national history, and still commemorate by solemn fasts and feasts some of the more striking events therein recorded. No doubt of their truth, or distrust of any of their statements, is implied by our questioning the monuments of the Nile concerning the bondage and exodus of the Israelites. The divine book of the Jew, and the human sculpture of the Egyptian, may, by their comparison, afford mutual light. The pastoral dweller in Palestine has neither pyramids nor obelisks illustrative of architectural skill and commemorative of the life of his nation, but he is compensated for the absence of these by the wondrous compositions of successive authors. A written record, and a monumental history, invite the investigation of the scholar, with the prospect of rewarding his labors.

In ascending from later to earlier times, the royal rings of Pharaoh Hophra are first met with—the Pharaoh who was vanquished in 588 B. C. by Nebuchadnezzar. This latter prince was the most conspicuous personage that had yet appeared on the theatre of the world, having not only founded the Babylonian monarchy, but in three successive years having conquered Jerusalem, Tyre, and Egypt, and appended these to his already extensive dominions. God's purpose respecting the Egyptian ruler is thus stated: "Behold, I will give Pharaoh Hophra, king of Egypt, into the hand of his enemies, and into the hand of them that seek his life," (Jeremiah, xlv. 30;) and its accomplishment is alluded to on his monumental cartouche. During his prosperity, the hieroglyphics employed by the scribe give not only the name when read phonetically, but symbolically the character, "Sun, who in his heart rejoiceth." After the loss of his throne and life by rashness, other symbols are selected by the hieroglyphist, which signify "the abominable Pharaoh." The cartouches of Pharaoh Neko and of Pharaoh So confirm the records of these rulers contained severally in 2 Kings, xxiii. and xvii. 4. The Sheshonk of the hieroglyphics has been already referred to as the Shishak of Scripture, whose victory over Rehoboam is stated in 1 Kings, xiv. 25, and sculptured on the walls of Karnak, which exhibit in turreted ovals the names of the captive cities of Judah, Mahanaim, Bethhoron, Megiddo, &c. Champollion had discovered the name of Sheshonk in a cartouche published in the "Description de l'Egypte," but had no opportunity of verifying it for

* Both these cases are inaccurately stated in the Art. "Dress, in Dr. Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature." The writer was evidently unacquainted with Rawlinson's discovery of the significance of the Bisutun sculpture, and inclines to the (now untenable) opinion that the arrival of Joseph's brethren is depicted at Benee Hasan. These errors were scarcely to be expected in so recent and generally excellent a work.

some years. On his passage towards Nubia, he landed for an hour or two about sunset to snatch a hasty view of the vast halls of Karnak, and at once pointed out in the third line of the row of sixty-three prisoners (each typical of a nation, city, or tribe,) the oval containing the words, "King of the country of Judah."

Here we are compelled to pause, for present discoveries carry the synchronism of the Bible and the monuments no higher than 971 B. C.—the date of Shishak's victory. This is, no doubt, partly owing to the omission of the proper names of the Egyptian monarchs in the earlier portions of Scripture history, which precludes the possibility of identifying them with individual Pharaohs. As Caesar among the Romans and Pharaoh among the Egyptians, merely denoted royal rank, these words are insufficient to designate any particular sovereign. Chronology, when it has arrived at more exactitude than it can now lay claim to, will lessen the difficulty by revealing a correspondence of dates. In the case of Abraham, we could scarcely expect a record of his visit to Egypt. The holy and venerable patriarch was but the chief of a petty tribe, and therefore politically insignificant when compared with a king whose sway extended over fifteen hundred miles of territory. Such an event was rather of a private than public nature, and was connected with no circumstances of a general or enduring interest. Many, in all probability, were the guests of similar social position who visited at different periods the palace of the Egyptian prince. Such occurrences are narrated with more propriety in memoirs and diaries than in national archives. Had the court of Memphis resembled the court of St. James, the visit of Abraham would have been faithfully chronicled by its Lord Hervey or Madame D'Arblay. The patriarch's dress, even to the shape of his sandals and the twist of his turban, the habits of himself and suite, his conversations with his royal host, would have been minutely detailed. But no papyrus Court Journal has yet been found, and the subject was not sufficiently grave for the sculptor's chisel. A similar explanation will not suffice to account for the silence of the monuments about the policy of Joseph during a grievous famine, the settlement of his countrymen in Goshen, their slavery, and triumphant deliverance. The elevation of a Hebrew to the viceregal throne and the benefits conferred by him upon the nation, were worthy the notice of the historian. The education of a Hebrew found-

ling as an Egyptian prince, his heroism in identifying himself with an oppressed people, to the utter ruin of his worldly prospects, his miracles in the presence of Pharaoh, and guidance of an enslaved people "out of the house of bondage," are unmentioned on the monuments of the Nile. And yet it is said, "the man Moses was very great in the land of Egypt, in the sight of Pharaoh's servants, and in the sight of the people." Few nations have been candid enough to record their defeats, or to preserve the memory of impolitic and unjust measures. The arsenals of different countries are decorated with the flags of vanquished foes and filled with the trophies of successful warfare. Marine painters have adorned the Hall of Greenwich with pictures commemorative of Britain's naval victories and of her proud supremacy on the sea. The Gallery of the Louvre is rich with storied canvas, speaking to the eye of every spectator of the military renown of *la belle France*. This is natural, and we could not, therefore, reasonably expect that an Egyptian annalist would carefully record the humiliation of a proud Pharaoh and his final overthrow by a race of serfs that defied his power and escaped from his thralldom. Although any reference to the discreditable portion of the history would be omitted, some notice of the presence of a foreign tribe in Egypt and of their exodus may be looked for. From Joseph to Moses, the Hebrews were involved in the internal polity and social condition of the Egyptians, to an extent that warrants the expectation of some traces of their mutual relations. Such traces may be discovered in the modified character and customs of each people; especially is the impress of the stronger discernible on the weaker.

But mere inference is a poor substitute for plain and distinct statement. No such statement, however, has yet been found, and Egypt is silent as the grave respecting Israel, from its patriarchal progenitor to the reign of Rehoboam. The eventful period of Hebrew history that preceded the millennium before Christ, seems to have passed over Egypt so lightly as to leave no sign of its existence. How is this silence to be accounted for—this absence of all record to be explained? Numerous tombs narrate in their interior the genealogy, private life, and everyday duties of priests and priestesses, the wealthy and noble of the land. We become so intimately acquainted with their mummified tenants that our imagination is but slightly taxed to realize them moving in the

social circle, mingling in the crowd, and worshipping in the temple. So minute are the particulars depicted by the artist, that the toilette of the Egyptian belle and the wardrobe of the fashionable beau are disclosed to us after the lapse of many ages. How surprising then is it that great national events should fail to move the chisel of the workman, and remain unrecorded. We cannot suppose that among Egyptian peculiarities is to be numbered a preference of biography to history, of personal to national affairs, as the subject of elaborate and expensive memorials. The minutiae of family mausolea and private tombs are cast into the shade by the royal tablets of temples and the pyramidal sepulchres of sovereigns. Collective takes precedence of individual history in Egypt as in every other country. Regal monuments abound, which recount the deeds of the monarch as a public personage, not as a private man. Exclusive and peculiar as the ancient Egyptians were, their singularity did not extend to a faithful portraiture of private life and the omission of a national history.

Modern scholars account for the non-existence of Hebrew annals in the valley of the Nile, by the subjection of Egypt during this period to foreign rulers. Asiatic hordes inundated and covered the land with the resistless force of its native Nile, subverting the throne and enslaving the people. These unwelcome visitors are known by the name of Hyksos—a word signifying, according to Rossellini, “strangers and wanderers.” Who they were and whence they came, are questions that still receive a variety of answers. Canaanites, Arabs, Phœnicians, Scythians, and even Israelites, have been severally and by different scholars supposed to be the shepherd kings that invaded and subdued Egypt. Mrs. Hamilton Gray has justly said:—“In investigating the early history of the world, the Hyksos cross our path as a mighty shadow, advancing from native seats, to which it baffled the geography of antiquity to assign a fixed position, covering for a season the shores of the Mediterranean and the banks of the Nile with the terror of their arms and the renown of their conquests, and at length vanishing with a mystery equal to that of their first appearance.”—(*Hist. of Etruria*, part i. 26.) Our safest course is not to pretend to an accuracy which facts do not justify, but merely to speak of the Hyksos as Western Asiatics. Neither can we be more definite as to the time of their invasion and dominion. Their tide of conquest was rolled back from Upper and confined to Low-

er Egypt, giving rise to two contemporaneous monarchies—the shepherd-king holding his court at Memphis, and the descendant of the Pharaohs at Thebes. The limits of this foreign rule, as regards its duration, are discernible from the altered mode of royal burial, and from the inscriptions in the ancestral chamber of Karnak. Pyramids had been erected in the Memphite district, as fitting receptacles of the remains of deceased sovereigns, until the pollution of these colossal tombs by the sacrilegious Hyksos. The indignities to which the dead Pharaohs had been subjected induced their successors at Thebes to originate less conspicuous sepulchres. This change of cemetery and of sepulchre marks the commencement of the Hyksos’ dominion. Its continuance is indicated by the cartouches of thirty kings, in the right division of the chamber of Karnak, who reigned in Upper while the Asiatic conquerors reigned in Lower Egypt. In the latter territory and in the vicinity of its capital dwelt the Hebrews during this rule of the usurping shepherds. No monuments were erected, no events recorded, during the dominion of the Hyksos. A chronological blank between the pyramidal period and the restoration of the native princes baffles the student in Egyptian history, and he is left without the means of ascertaining its precise length and the events included by it.

The Pentateuch contains allusions to this foreign rule and to the ultimate restoration of the rightful sovereigns. In Genesis, xlv. 31—34, is related Joseph’s advice to his brethren to declare their pastoral occupation to the king, as likely to induce him to permit their settlement in Goshen; “for (adds Joseph) every shepherd is an abomination unto the Egyptians!” On the supposition that the monarch was a native ruler and cherished the Egyptian hatred of shepherds, could Joseph have counselled his brethren more unwisely? He requires them to appear in the royal presence in the most offensive character, soliciting, by their avowal of pastoral pursuits, summary and severe punishment, or instant banishment, from a people that scorned the shepherd race. Yet Pharaoh complacently listens to the statement of Joseph’s brethren, “thy servants are shepherds,” and grants to them “the best of the land” to dwell in; further saying to Joseph, “if thou knowest any men of activity among them, then make them rulers over my cattle.” Can it be more evident that shepherds were *not* “an abomination” to this monarch? He assigns to them a fertile district

adjoining the metropolis, and requests their aid in superintending the care of his own flocks. His sympathy with them and their occupations is precisely what we should expect from a shepherd-king, while it proved the wisdom of Joseph's advice.

In confirmation of this view, we read of the increase and prosperity of the Hebrews until "there arose up a new king over Egypt, who knew not Joseph." Tyrannical oppression and galling slavery are now substituted for the freedom and favor which they had hitherto experienced. How easily is this sad reverse explained by the restoration of the ancient Egyptian rulers, and consequently of their deep-rooted dislike to shepherd tribes. The Hyksos had at last been expelled from the land which they had conquered; but the Hebrews whom they had welcomed, remained, to remind the Egyptians of their past humiliation and long-continued banishment from their native country. An entirely different policy was to be expected from the true Pharaoh to that pursued by the chiefs who had arrogated to themselves his proud title. The peculiar condition of Egypt during the sojourn of the Jews is deemed by many scholars a satisfactory explanation of the absence of all record of this important fact. Instead of building monuments, the Hyksos defaced several that attested the enterprise and architectural skill of their conquered foes. The arts of civilization which had flourished under the fostering hand of successive Pharaohs, were blighted by the advent of these rude foreigners. As an army of locusts they stripped the land of the rich fruit and plentiful crops that had resulted from a prolonged cultivation of the field of knowledge. Their character and conduct liken them to the countless multitudes of barbarians who poured forth from the north under the guidance of Alaric, Attila, and other chiefs, overwhelming the sunny plains of Italy with a deluge of sensuality and ignorance, almost destructive of Roman taste and refinement. The semi-civilized rulers of Lower Egypt were not then likely to write the annals of Joseph's administration, or to record the arrival and settlement of the Hebrews. History is the sign and product of a higher state of national development than that at which the Hyksos had arrived.

Satisfactory as this explanation may seem to be, honesty compels us to notice some points that awaken a suspicion of its correctness. Our knowledge of the Hyksos' invasion is derived from comparatively modern sources; Manetho, the cotemporary of "the

Seventy," being the earliest historian of their dominion and expulsion. Lepsius has shown the absence of all allusion to the shepherd-kings on the Tablet of Abydos; the chronicler having ignored their existence by inserting no hiatus between cartouches thirty-nine and forty. Herodotus makes no reference whatever to the subject, notwithstanding his garrulity about the affairs of the Egyptians. Were it not for the fragment of Manetho, preserved in Josephus, we should be destitute of an authentic account of this African conquest. Mr. Gliddon has even said, "As a mere matter of argument, it would be indifferent to me to sustain that the Hyksos once occupied Lower Egypt, or that they were never there at all, as others besides myself have suspected."—*Otia Egyptiaca*, p. 44.

In this sentiment we do not concur, for Bunsen has plainly proved that the deficiency of the Tablet of Abydos is supplied by the accuracy of the Tablet of Karnak. On this are painted the Pharaohs of the Hyksos' period with their appropriate cartouches. The doubt is, not respecting the fact of the Hyksos' victory and rule, but of the synchronism of that dominion with the sojourn of the Hebrews in Egypt. It must be acknowledged that it is only probable that these events were cotemporaneous. And even if this be established, why are not the career of Moses, the serfdom of Israel, and their exodus during the reign of a lawful prince, noticed on the monuments? We hastily assume ourselves to be in possession of all the materials of information on these points. This is evidently not the case, for the obelisk of Heliopolis is significant in its solitude of worthy associates that once adorned that city, and may even now be slumbering beneath the mounds that mark the site of this ancient seat of learning.

Not more interesting than abundant are the particulars of the past life of Egypt, preserved by the remains of its bygone ages. This is, in fact, the only history of the old world which admits of any authentic investigation. Great as the mystery is that conceals the origin of most nations, the language and mythology of the Nile carry us back to Asia as the cradle of the Egyptian race, while probability points to the Isthmus of Suez as the road traversed by the first colonists of the Delta. Along the same isthmus now travel the natives of a country that was either not inhabited, or had not emerged from the depths of barbarism in those early times, to visit their princely possessions in the far

East! The perpetual crossing and re-crossing of that neck of land so common in our day, and significant of commercial and political transactions, were unknown to the pioneer of the "overland route." They had crossed it once and for all, when as a band of emigrants they settled in the valley of the Nile. A Chinese exclusiveness henceforth marks their career. The visits of strangers and any disposition of their countrymen to foreign travel are discountenanced. Military glory and imperial dominion never tempt them from their prescribed course. Internal progress, the development of their own powers, and the advancement of their social state, occupied their undivided attention. Unity of character, custom, and polity, was thus secured and preserved during thousands of years. Nationality marvelously distinct and complete separates this people from the inhabitants of every other part of the world. It was this singularity that impressed the mind of Herodotus on his visit to Egypt. Climate, soil, customs, and institutions are specified in his account as remarkable in comparison with those with which he—the greatest traveler in his day—was acquainted. Temples of massive grandeur, approached through avenues of sphinxes, and consisting of huge blocks of stone, consecrated even in the quarry; a priesthood intelligent, apparently devout, and of unbounded influence, assiduously performing the ceremonies of an imposing ritual; and a people at whose very banquets the Judge of the dead was invoked to admonish the guests of their mortality, induced the observing Ionian to describe the Egyptians as "most religious." Each district had its divinities, but the national altars were erected in honor of Osiris, Isis, and their son Horus. By aid of the monuments and "Book of the Dead," Bunsen has attempted to restore the "Three Orders" of Herodotus, and reduce them to their oldest demonstrable form, and thus to illumine the dark ante-historical period. In this way he has established the fact that "during the epochs of primeval history, mythological strata are as clearly discernible as those of language."—*Egypt's Place in the World's History*, vol. i. p. 364.

Knowledge, like religion, partook of the peculiarities of the soil that gave it birth. Many went to Egypt to obtain wisdom, but none of her sons sought it in other lands. The heathen might as well send missionaries to England as Greece presume to educate Egypt. She claimed, and was entitled to be regarded as the world's university; for

Byzantium and Bagdad, in the East, and Paris and Prague, in the West, did not in mediæval times occupy so proud a position. Her library of sacred books at Thebes was deposited in the Ramsessium, over whose entrance Hecataeus (who visited it in the 59th Olympiad) read the inscription,—“The remedy for the soul.” The mouldering doorway that once led from the hall to this storehouse of literature is still ornamented with the heads of “Thoth” and “Safk,” the male and female deities of learning; above whom Champollion read the hieroglyphic titles—“Lady of Letters,” and “President of the Library.” So remote is the period of their intellectual infancy, that modern research, with all its rapidity, has failed to reach it. With writing and books they were familiar before the time of Abraham, for the symbol of the scribe's palette, reed-pen, and ink-bottle, and the sign of a papyrus or scroll, are among the earliest pictures. Even our Arabic numerals are traceable to Egypt as their inventor, before the pyramids were reared. The first three signs used in the notation of the days of the month still correspond with our 1, 2, 3. The resemblance between the Egyptian numerical system and that which belongs to the Indo-Germanic and Semitic languages is so striking, that Lepsius thinks it highly probable that these figures were transported from Egypt to India, and thence being carried into Arabia by early commercial intercourse, were by the Arabs transmitted to us,—and as such, are by us termed Arabic; although by the Arabs still called Hindoo or Indian. (“Ueber den Ursprung und die Verwandtschaft der *Zahlwörter*,” &c.) We are thus indebted to the same people for two of the most important inventions that could be employed in the service of learning; an alphabet and a regular scale of numbers suited to the profoundest investigations of science.

Upon the massive architecture of Egypt we can bestow only a word. Obelisks excite our surprise almost as much as pyramids, from the twofold difficulty of quarrying and conveying them hundreds of miles from the rock out of which they were hewn. One remains to this day in an unfinished state at the quarries near the first cataract, two feet broad, and nearly one hundred and twenty feet in length; having about it marks that betoken preparations for removing this triumph of human art. Utility and ornament were combined in these graceful monoliths. Placed in pairs before a royal or religious building, they formed an elegant approach,

while they recorded in imperishable inscriptions the munificence and piety of the Pharaohs who had erected or embellished these edifices. How the vast masses of stone obtained from the Libyan hills were raised, tier above tier, in the construction of a pyramid, has not yet been discovered. Its seemingly superhuman character led even Sir Thomas Brown to describe it as "Satan's abode;" and the Moslem to attribute it to the powers of darkness! As a work of utility and skill, the reservoir in the Fayoom (a district of Lower Egypt) for receiving and retaining the water of the Nile at its periodical overflow, surpasses the more imposing structures of the land. By means of this immense dam 370,000 acres between the Fayoom and Alexandria were completely irrigated. M. Linant, who discovered the site and remains of this great work, urged Mohammed Ali a few years since to repair it. Fields of flax were well watered, and the primitive loom of the peasantry supplied with the material for the clothing of the living and the cerements of the dead. The papyrus, now no longer seen, abounded in the marshy vicinity of the Nile, affording to the scribes of Egypt, Greece, and Rome, a fitting substance whereon to write. Sinai furnished the workers in metal with copper and iron, and Mesopotamia provided bitumen for the coverings of the mummies.

To conclude this part of our subject in the graphic words of Mr. Gliddon,—

"If we enter a tomb, we see the deceased surrounded by his family, who offer him their remembrances. . . . The scenes of ordinary life are painted on the walls. Study, gymnastics, feasts, banquets, wars, sacrifices, death, and funeral, are all faithfully delineated in these sepulchral illustrations of manners, which are often epic in their character. You have the song with which the Egyptian enlivened his labor in the field; the anthem that, when living, he offered to his Creator, and the death-wail that accompanied his body to the grave. Every condition, every art, every trade, figures in this picturesque encyclopædia, from the monarch, priest, and warrior, to the artisan and herdsman. Then these tombs are real museums of antiquities—utensils, toilet-tables, inkstands, pens, books, the incense bearer, and smelling bottle, are found in them. The wheat which the Egyptian ate, the fruit that adorned his dessert-table, peas, beans, and barley—which still germinate when replanted—are also discovered. . . . All these evidences of his humanity, and a myriad more, exist in kind in the museums of Europe, to attest their former owner's declaration to us, modern occidentals, athwart the oceans of time and the Atlantic:—*Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*"—*Otia Ægyptiaca*, p. 8.

Mr. Gliddon, from one of whose works we have just quoted, is well-known in America as a popular lecturer and writer on Egypt. No one has hitherto succeeded so well in simplifying a complex subject, and in exciting the interest of the public in archæological matters, which are generally regarded as the peculiar province of the scholar. "His audiences," (we are informed in the Introduction to the "*Otia Ægyptiaca*,") "ranged from two hundred to two thousand persons, averaging in the large cities five hundred of the élite of American society. Altogether his lectures have been listened to by more than a hundred thousand persons, and they have been delivered over a geographical circuit of five thousand miles." The press lent its aid to give publicity to these lectures, and the first of the books named at the head of this article, containing one course, has met with a sale of 24,000 copies. So widespread and deep an interest is traceable, partly to the qualifications of the lecturer, and partly to the laudable curiosity of his countrymen. Cheerfully do we acknowledge Mr. Gliddon's superior talents and extensive information,—obtained during twenty-three years residence in Egypt, and from the most learned works of the Champollion school,—but we must enter our protest against his frequent practice of presenting science as the antagonist rather than the ally of Scripture. The facts so well narrated by him are not, and cannot, be opposed to revelation. Neither does he, in so many words, say that they are, but rather implies it by his mode of treating the subject, and by the general impression which he leaves on the mind. Not a few of his statements are uttered in a tone of indifference as to their agreement or disagreement with Holy Writ. An *under-current* of skepticism is too perceptible in his writings to induce us to give them our unqualified recommendation.

We must not, however, be deterred by the tone of such authors from calmly considering the results of Egyptian studies. Our confidence in the statements of Scripture is best manifested by a readiness fairly and candidly to compare with them the discoveries of modern science. Archæology may alarm the timid, as Astronomy and Geology both did in their infancy; but we do not expect the infant to put forth the gigantic power that is requisite to demolish the fortress of revelation. No anxiety need, therefore, be awakened by the *chronological* conclusions that some Egyptologists have arrived at. Our remaining space will be devoted to a

very brief reference to the materials that have been collected in Egypt, towards building the Temple of Time.

If chronology be the subject of revelation, the investigations of the scholar are not only superfluous, but sinful. Its scientific character is, however, as evident as that of every branch of secular knowledge which ignorance has affixed to Scripture and wisdom has removed from it. Every careful student of this science must be aware of the obscurity that still envelopes the dates of the Deluge and Creation. Such uncertainty is immaterial, inasmuch as it does not modify, in the slightest degree, the facts that man was created, and the human race (with the exception of one family) destroyed. The precise time at which these great events occurred is, we believe, open to scientific research. Wise and good men, by the widely different dates which they have assigned, have fully confirmed this opinion. Few, if any, now question the great antiquity of this material globe, as an inference from geological data; and why should the conclusions of history respecting the age of man be rejected as incompatible with truth? Ascending from Solomon to Moses, and from Moses to Joseph, are two great periods of Jewish history of doubtful duration, that may become more definite by comparison with cotemporary annals. This illustrates the desirableness of chronological inquiry in every direction that may promise success. Egypt, from its monumental wealth, invites the antiquarian to this investigation. Previous to the decipherment of hieroglyphic writing, the chronological calculations of a former age were undoubtingly received, on the assumption that all the data necessary for such a computation were possessed by the scholar. But royal genealogies, a distinct system of numeration, stone chronicles, and numberless incidental confirmations, have been amassed by the industry of modern savans. Whether the inferences deduced by them be correct or not, may in some instances admit of doubt.* It is our present purpose not to enter upon so arduous and extended an inquiry; but merely to refer to the *materials* which are now before the world for the

more complete investigation of the primeval history of man.

Omitting all mention of the mediæval historian Abd-el-Lateef, the synchronisms of Eusebius, and of every chronological treatise since the time of "the Seventy," our first reference is to their cotemporary, Manetho. His work, entitled, "Three Books of Egyptian History," has been lost, and we possess only the fragments preserved by Josephus, Eusebius, Syncellus, and others. By the request and under the sanction of Ptolemy Soter, this priest of Sebennytus searched the archives of Egypt and composed in Greek its history. Most fortunately his "Lists of Monarchs," comprised under thirty dynasties, and including apparently 3555 years (from Menes to the death of the younger Nectanebo), have been correctly transmitted to us. So lengthened a royal series naturally gave rise to a suspicion that apparently successive reigns must, in some instances at least, have been cotemporary. Egyptologists are, however, unanimous in their opinion that no two dynasties from the eighteenth to the thirtieth were cotemporary. This period (of about 1300 years' duration) is assigned to the New Empire—Egyptian history consisting of three divisions, the Old, Middle, and New Empires. Happily, an older chronological work than that of Manetho, and to which he was most likely indebted, is still in existence, and is known by the name of "the Royal Papyrus." This document is a catalogue of dynasties, with names and dates written in the hieratic text, comprising a copious list of sovereigns, from Menes down to the epoch of its own execution under the nineteenth dynasty, about 1400 years before Christ. Seyffarth first, and more recently Lepsius, have examined and collated this manuscript of the Turin Museum with other records. It appears from its contents that the Egyptians really possessed in the beginning of the New Empire, registers of the royal families of its middle period; and that joint reigns occur in the Old Empire, especially in the twelfth dynasty. Lepsius' forthcoming volumes and his publication of the "Royal Papyrus" will greatly aid the investigation of this obscure subject.

The Tablets of Abydos and Karnak are next in order as materials toward constructing a complete and consistent chronology. The first was found in Lower Egypt, and contains the royal ancestry of the Great Rameses, who ruled over the whole of Egypt; the second is from the Temple-palace at Thebes, and includes in its series from Tuth-

* The first part only of Lepsius' work on Egyptian Chronology is yet published, entitled, "Die Chronologie der Ägypter, bearbeitet von Richard Lepsius. Einleitung und erster Theil. Kritik der Quellen. 4to. Berlin and London, 1849." Its contents suffice to show how much uncertainty still remains connected with this subject. In some important points, Lepsius and Bunsen are quite at variance.

mosis III. (the renowned fifth ruler of the eighteenth dynasty) the names of sixty-one predecessors, not omitting the Theban kings who ruled in Upper Egypt during the Hyksos' dominion in the Lower Province. The Tablet of Abydos enriches the collection of the British Museum; and that of Karnak adorns the Royal Library at Paris. The Turin Papyrus and these two tablets are the most valuable chronological records that the world possesses of its most ancient history. In addition to these, the "Book of the Dead," the Papyrus of Sallier, and other historical rolls, facilitate the labors of the scholar.

The conclusions of the inquirer are open to correction from the monuments and a great variety of incidental sources of information. The various opinions that have been entertained respecting the object of the Pyramids are set at rest, by the most unequivocal proofs of their sepulchral character. Not only are they royal tombs, but memorials of the duration of the rule of their august tenants. Lepsius, in 1843, ascertained the remarkable fact that the height of a pyramid is in direct proportion to the length of a monarch's reign, thus becoming a valuable chronological monument.* This curious circumstance is accounted for, by the Egyptian custom of commencing the royal mausoleum on the accession of a king, and increasing its dimensions by regular yearly additions. Owing to the industry of the Prussian Scientific Expedition lately in Egypt, the substructures of no less than thirty pyramids have been discovered since 1842; making a total of sixty-nine now known to us, and all within a line of fifty-six miles. These buildings were peculiar to the Old Empire; none having been erected after the Hyksos' invasion. The information conveyed by them is tested by that which may be derived from the countless tombs of statesmen, courtiers, and priests, which are grouped around the royal sepulchre as their centre. The above law of pyramidal construction has been strikingly confirmed in the case of the Great Pyramid, which, from its immense bulk, might seem to present an objection. In accordance with the law, the monarch buried in this colossal tomb must have reigned an unusual number of years. The Royal Papyrus of Turin states his age to have been ninety-five; and Manetho affirms his reign to have lasted sixty-three years. A conjecture has been offered that the pyramidal period (or that of the Old Empire) was of 1500 years' duration,

but the subject is not yet sufficiently developed to warrant even a conjecture.

Mummies, by their wrappings and the form and appearance of their coffins, are significant of certain epochs. An interesting essay on this topic by S. Birch, Esq., of the British Museum, is printed in Mr. Gliddon's "*Otia Ægyptiaca*." In the earlier periods, mummification was a simple process, which became more elaborate and expensive as the habits of the people increased in luxury. Mummies of a remote age are covered with matting and woolen cloth, and placed in a single coffin; those of succeeding ages are swathed with linen bandages of different qualities, or of stamped leather, and buried with portions of "the Ritual," in double coffins. The employment of bitumen and spices in embalming marks the period of foreign conquests and of intercourse with Palestine, Assyria, and India. Philology, however, furnishes the chief reasons for determining the relative epochs of mummies. Nomenclature is a safe guide, from the prevailing custom of naming a child after the reigning prince. So that Mr. Birch remarks "the persons named Apep-Amenemha, Urtesen, Thothmes, Rameses, Psametik, must have been born in the reigns of monarchs having those names." The appearance of certain *characters* in the funereal inscriptions make known the epoch by comparison with the monuments. Language and mythology present the only means of penetrating into the obscure ante-historical period. Bunsen has most ingeniously traced the development of the religion and speech of the Egyptians, with the view of compensating for the absence of historical data.

Numerous are the checks on the deductions made from these chronological materials. Arabia, Rome, Greece, Persia, Assyria, and Judea furnish many facts that admit of comparison with the knowledge derived from Egypt. During the foreign relations of the latter country, its history lies open to the most searching and satisfactory inquiry. Eratosthenes, Manetho, and Herodotus, mark three distinct periods of such investigations, conducting the reader over an extensive tract of time. And even when we have passed beyond the reach of cotemporary annals and of professed historians, our ascent to the summit of the chronological hill is facilitated by the valuable aid which Egypt alone affords. The Papyri guide to the pyramids, and we find ourselves in the presence of "the Books of Kings," formed of stone and reared as enduring chronicles of primæval history.

* "Ueber den Bau der Pyramiden."

From the North British Review.

THE LITERARY PROFESSION.

The History of Pendennis; his Fortunes and Misfortunes; his Friends and his Greatest Enemy. By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With Illustrations on Steel and Wood by the Author. London, 1849-50.

THERE were many thousands of readers who, when it was announced in the public prints, that owing to the serious indisposition of the author, the periodical issue of *Pendennis* was temporarily suspended, took the matter to heart as though some dear friend and cherished companion had been suddenly smitten like a child at play, and carried from the bright, cheerful, outer atmosphere to the darkness and stillness of the sick-chamber. He was lost to us for a while, and we missed him. Many, it is true, had freely exercised the "glorious privilege" of grumbling, and had complained, with critical regularity, once a month, that *Pendennis* was a "falling-off—not equal to *Vanity Fair*;" but they did not like to go without it for all that, and pushed eager questions into every likely quarter about the chance of its reappearance. And when it reappeared, after a painful interval of some months, grumblers and admirers alike rejoiced. Some might have cared little about "Master Pen;" but all cared about Mr. Thackeray. If that young gentleman's career had been brought suddenly to a close by a railway accident or an attack of cholera, or if he had been "snuffed out by an article" on the popular novel of "Walter Lorraine," or sent, like young Mr. Caxton, to the antipodes, there are many who would not have deplored the accident with any acute anguish of mind. But the restoration of Mr. Thackeray to the outer world of social converse was another matter altogether. People who had never seen him in the flesh rejoiced at his return, and welcomed him back again with feelings of personal cordiality. For the alliance between Mr. Thackeray and his readers is, in this respect, something peculiar. There is no writer of the present day who has established such friendly relations between himself and the public—none whom the reader seems to know so well, and with whom he

feels so familiar. Mr. Thackeray is the very reverse of a *myth*. His identity does not recede from us, but comes out boldly to meet us. We think, somehow, that we have often met him—that we are in the habit of dining with him—that he has often come to take a bed in our house, or been housed with us beneath other men's roofs. We think that we have often spent a day in pleasant converse with him—no high discourse about "fixed fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute," but common everyday talk about worldly topics—snobs and snobbery—flunkeys and flunkeyism—the shams and pretences of great and little people; and other matters whereof good Mr. Brown is held to be a high authority; and that he has drunk our indifferent wine with a relish, because we not have tried to make it any better by imparting to it a flavor of lies.

In the kindly interest thus taken in his individual manhood, there must, to every right-minded, sound-hearted writer, be pleasures and privileges past counting.* But

* In Dr. Cumming's *Apocalyptic Sketches*—not a very likely book, one would think, to supply us with theatrical anecdotes—there is a story of Jenny Lind, which may be cited in connection with this matter:—"A singer, whose performances have recently made a very great impression on the public mind, and whose personal purity and worth are equal to her artistic talents, made a remark to a friend of mine, who told me of it. "It is not me they admire, but my voice; and that cannot make me happy, though it gives them delight." We do not believe the case really to be as it is stated by Jenny Lind; for no artist has ever attracted so much personal interest towards herself, irrespectively of the art of which she is so wonderful an exponent; but the anecdote is worth quoting as an illustration of the unsatisfying nature of that artistic success, which simply raises admiration of the thing done, and excites no interest in the doer. It is very true, with respect to authors, that the world often reads and admires their books, but cares little more about themselves than if they were mere composing

there are pains and penalties too. The results of this personal identification do not always take the pleasant, genial shape which we have outlined somewhat vaguely above. Mr. Thackeray is a satirist. Not at all truculent—not at all ill-natured; on the other hand, very quiet and good-humored in his satire, he does not snarl, like a dog, at the weaknesses of his fellows; but drops his ridicule like a gentleman, and laughs gently at the foibles of mankind. Still he is a satirist; and, as a satirist, the more truthful, the more likely to offend. He cannot expect entire exemption from the penalties which beset his tribe; nor, as a sensible and reasonable man, *does* he, we are sure, expect it. Perhaps he is not even surprised to find from what quarter he has been most assailed. But he is doubtless sorry, as we are, to think, that whilst he has ridiculed the absurdities, and censured the vices of all orders of society, only his own order has risen up against him. He has been accused of endeavoring to write down his own class—to lower, in the estimation of the world, the character of those who “live by their pen.” And such a motive has been attributed to him, that if the charge were only true, on the title-page of every future edition of *The Book of Snobs* ought to be printed the expressive words, *By One of Themselves*. Why, what a gigantic snob must the man be, who, to ingratiate himself with the worldly great—with all, indeed, who owe their position in society to rank, to wealth, or to eminence in any acknowledged profession, with large prizes and privileges in its reach—seeks to degrade the profession of literature, and to undervalue not merely the social, but the intellectual character of the men who have devoted their lives to it. Yet this is the substance of the charge that has been brought against Mr. Thackeray. The readers of *Pendennis* know that the young gentleman after whom the story is named sets up in life as a professional writer, or, as his friend Mr. Warrington expresses it, “a literary hack;” and that they are introduced in the course of the story to a good deal of literary society, including publishers, editors, contributors, reviewers, &c. &c., none of it being of a very attractive or a very respectable kind. These sketches of literary society would appear to have given offence to some literary men; and as the *genus irritabile* live, as it

machines, without any every-day life of their own apart from the work of composition. But there are some exceptions to this rule—and it is a great privilege to be the object of one.

were, in harness—that is, always have a pen within their reach, and a printing-office at no great distance—the offences of the author of *Pendennis* have been visited on the spot, and he has been held up to the contempt of his fellows as a mean and pitiful toady, seeking to ingratiate himself with others by maligning his own order.

The head and front of Mr. Thackeray's flunkeyism appears to be this. One of the personages of his history says, that there are thousands of people in London who don't write books as clever and intellectual as people who do; and the author adds, in his own person, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that “there is no race of people who talk about books, or perhaps read books, so little as literary men.” This last assertion may be true or not; it may be interpreted into a compliment, or into a sarcasm; but, at all events, there is little sting in it. We believe that literary men are, in respect of their after-dinner talk, as many-fashioned as any other race of men. There are some literary men who, in society, talk a vast deal about literary matters, and a vast deal too much for display. There are others who ape the man of fashion, or whose talk is that of the man about town; who are of the “gent” class, gentish altogether; and who talk about a number of things which are hardly supposed to come within the special province of the man of letters, and are best let alone by men of every class. And there are others who talk very little about anything at all. A few may just hit the golden mean, and neither talk too much about literature, nor too little about it; men who carry with them into society nothing exclusive or professional, and yet who are by no means ashamed of their profession. At military messes, military topics are proscribed; and there is good reason for the proscription; but we doubt whether it would ever happen at a publisher's dinner, that “not one word about literature is said during the whole course of the night.” The vulgarity of avoiding the subject altogether is as great as that of obtruding it overwhelmingly on society. Both faults are committed by literary men; but we are not sure that most other professions do not equally transgress the limits of just observance. We have known lawyers so intensely professional in society as to endeavor to reduce after-dinner conversation to the severe formality of forensic discipline, and who would consider a word uttered in explanation or reply during the course of a long and wearisome harangue as great an enormity as though an advocate's

address were to be broken in upon by the opposing counsel.

It is true, however, in the main, that literary men talk less than they did. They seldom "lay out" much for conversation. The conversational, like the epistolary age, is past; and we have come upon the age of periodical literature. People neither put their best thoughts and their available knowledge into their letters, nor keep them for evening conversation. The literary men of 1850 have a keener eye to the value of their stock-in-trade, and keep it well garnered up, for conversion, as opportunity offers, into the current coin of the realm. There is some periodical vehicle, now-a-days, for the reception of every possible kind of literary ware. The literary man converses now through the medium of the Press, and turns everything into copyright at once. He cannot afford to drop his ideas by the way-side: he must keep them to himself, until the printing-press has made them inalienably his own. If a happy historical or literary illustration occurs to him, it will do for a review article; if some unhackneyed view of a great political question presents itself to him, it may be worked into his next leader; if some trifling adventure has occurred to him, or he has picked up a novel anecdote in the course of his travels, it may be reproduced in a page of magazine matter, or a column of a cheap weekly serial. Even puns are not to be distributed gratis. There is a property in a *double-entente*, which its parent will not willingly forego. The smallest jokelet is a remarkable commodity. The dinner-table is sacrificed to *Punch*. There is too much competition in these days, too many hungry candidates for the crumbs that fall from the thinker's table, not to make him chary of his offerings. In these days, every scrap of knowledge—every happy thought—every felicitous turn of expression, is of some value to a literary man; the forms of periodical literature are so many and so varied. He can seldom afford to give anything away; and there is no reason why he should. It is not so easy a thing to turn one's ideas into bread, that a literary man need be at no pains to preserve his property in them. We do not find that artists give away their sketches, or that professional singers perform promiscuously at private parties. Perhaps, in these days of much publishing, professional authors are wise in keeping the best of themselves for their books and articles. We have known professional writers talk criticism; but we have generally found it to be

the very reverse of what they have published.

But the gravamen of Mr. Thackeray's offence by no means, as we have said, lies in the assertion that literary men do not talk literature. The crime he has committed, resides in the statement, that they are as dull a set of people as their neighbors—that people who don't write books are quite as clever and intellectual as those who do. The author of the *Vicar of Wakefield* put this *dictum* into the mouth of one of his ideal characters, and expressed the culprit opinion in still more emphatic language:—"You have read in books, no doubt," said a gentleman to young Mr. Primrose, "about men of genius starving at the trade. At present, I'll show you forty very dull fellows about town, that live by it in opulence. All honest jog-trot men, who go on smoothly and dully, and write history and politics, and are praised: *Men, sir, who, had they been bred cobblers would all their lives have only mended shoes, but never made them.*" There is more of the same kind where this comes from; and among those who have been angry with Mr. Thackeray, there are critics who may be supposed to know something about the sayings and doings of Oliver Goldsmith. Now, Goldsmith says, that there are many dull fellows who write books; whereas Thackeray says, that there are many clever fellows who don't. For our own parts, we can see nothing worth quarreling about in one *dictum* or the other. Both, as we have stated them, are undeniably true; but we have not equal confidence in the truth of the assertion, that thousands of these clever fellows can write articles, review books, &c., if they would. They may be very clever fellows—cleverer than those who write articles, for anything we know to the contrary; but we strenuously protest against the assumption, that they can all write articles, if they would. Lord Lyndhurst once said, at a public dinner, with reference to the numberless marvels of the Press, that it might seem a very easy thing to write a leading article, but that he would recommend any one with strong convictions on that point, only to *try*. We confidently appeal to the experience of all the conductors of the leading journals of Great Britain—from the quarterly reviews to the daily journals, convinced that they will all tell the same unvarying tale of the utter incompetency of thousands of very clever people to write articles, review books, &c. They will all have the same experiences to relate of the marvelous failures of men of

genius and learning—the crude cumbrous state in which they have sent their so-called articles for publication—the labor it has taken to mould their fine thoughts and valuable erudition into comely shape—the utter impossibility often of doing it at all. As Mr. Carlyle has written of the needle-women of England, it is the saddest thing of all, that there should be sempstresses few or none, but “botchers” in such abundance, capable only of “a distracted puckering and botching—not sewing—only a fallacious hope of it—a fond imagination of the mind;” so of literary labor is it the saddest thing of all, that there should be so many botchers in the world, and so few skilled article-writers—so little article-writing, and so much “distracted puckering and botching.” There may be nothing in this article-writing, when once we know how to do it, as there is nothing in balancing a ladder on one’s chin, or jumping through a hoop, or swallowing a sword. All we say is, if people think it easy, let them try, and abide by the result. The amateur articles of very clever people are generally what an amateur effort at coat-making would be. It may seem a very easy thing to make a coat; but very expert craftsmen—craftsmen that can produce more difficult and elaborate pieces of workmanship, fail utterly when they come to a coat. The only reason why they cannot make a coat is, that they are not tailors. Now there are many very able and learned men, who can compass greater efforts of human intellect than the production of a newspaper article, but who cannot write a newspaper article at all, because they are not newspaper-writers, or criticise a book with decent effect, because they are not critics. Article-writing comes “by art, not chance.” The efforts of chance writers, if they be men of genius and learning, are things to break one’s heart over.

It is not enough to think and to know. It requires the faculty of utterance, and a peculiar kind of utterance. Certain things are to be said in a certain manner; and your amateur article-writer is sure to say them in any manner but the right. Perhaps of all styles of writing there is none in which excellence is so rarely attained as that of newspaper writing. A readable leading article may not be a work of the loftiest order, or demand for its execution the highest attributes of genius; but, whatever it may be, the power of accomplishing it with success is not shared by “thousands of clever fellows.” Thousands of clever fellows, fortified by Mr. Thackeray’s opinion, may think

that they could write the articles which they read in the morning journals; but let them take pen and paper and *try*.

We think it only fair that professional authors should have the credit of being able to do what other people cannot. They do not claim to themselves a monopoly of talent. They do not think themselves capable of conducting a case in a court of law, as cleverly as a Queen’s Counsel, or of getting a sick man through the typhus fever as skilfully as a practised physician. But it is hard that they should not receive credit for being able to write better articles than either the one or the other; or, perhaps it is more to the purpose to say, than the briefless lawyers and patientless medical students who are glad to earn a guinea by their pens. Men are not born article-writers any more than they are born doctors of law, or doctors of physic; as the ludicrous failures, which are every day thrown into the rubbish-baskets of all our newspaper offices, demonstrate past all contradiction. Incompetency is manifested in a variety of ways; but an irrepressible tendency to fine writing is associated with the greater number of them. Give a clever young medical student a book about aural or dental surgery to review, and the chances are ten to one that the criticism will be little else than a high-flown grandiloquent treatise on the wonders of the creation. A regular “literary hack” will do the thing much better.

If there be any set of men—we cannot call it a *class*, for it is drawn from all classes—who might be supposed to possess a certain capacity for periodical writing, it is the fraternity of members of Parliament. They are in the habit of selecting given subjects for consideration—of collecting facts and illustrations—of arranging arguments—and of expressing themselves after a manner. They are for the most part men of education, of a practical turn of mind, well acquainted with passing events, and, in many instances, in possession just of that kind of available talent which is invaluable to periodical writers. But very few of them can write an article, either for a newspaper or a review, without inflicting immense trouble upon the editor. Sometimes the matter it contains will be worth the pains bestowed upon it; but it very often happens that it is *not*. It is one thing to make a speech—another to write an article. But the speech often, no less than the article, requires editorial supervision. The reporter is the speaker’s editor, and a very efficient one too. In a large num-

ber of cases, the speaker owes more to the reporter than he would willingly acknowledge. The speech as spoken would often be unreadable, but that the reporter finishes the unfinished sentences, and supplies meanings which are rather suggested than expressed. It would be easy to name members who are capable of writing admirable articles; but many of them owe their position in the House to some antecedent connection with the Press, or have become, in some manner, regularly "connected with the Press;" and have acquired, by long practice, the capacity of article-writing. But take any half-dozen members indiscriminately out of the House, and set them down to write articles on any subject which they may have just heard debated, and see how grotesque will be their efforts! They may be very "clever fellows," but that they can write articles as well as men whose profession it is to write them, we take upon ourselves emphatically to deny.

All this is quite distinct from any question that may be started relative to the degrees of intellect which may be required for one learned profession or another—whether to succeed as a lawyer, as a physician, as a divine, or as a literary laborer, demands the greater amount of talent. The question is perfectly insoluble, and it would be waste of time to attempt its solution. It is never asserted by professional writers that because a man cannot write books or write articles he is not a clever man; neither ought it ever to be asserted by others that all clever men can write books and articles if they would only condescend to do it. It demands something more than condescension. There is a wide difference between the attempt and the performance.

Literature has been treated with much ingratitude even by those who owe most to it. If we do not quite say with Goldsmith, that it supports many dull fellows in opulence, we may assert, with undeniable truth, that it supports, or ought to support, many clever ones in comfort and respectability. If it does not, it is less the fault of the profession than the professors themselves. There are many men now in London, Edinburgh, and other parts of the country, earning from £1000 to £300 per annum by their literary labors, and some, with very little effort, earning considerably more. It is no part of our plan in the present article to mix up modern instances with our wise saws, else might we easily name writers, who, for contributions to the periodical press, for serial

instalments of popular tales, and other literary commodities demanding no very laborious efforts of intellectual industry, have received from flourishing newspaper-proprietors and speculative booksellers sums of money which it would be difficult to earn with equal facility in any other learned profession. An appointment on the editorial staff of a leading daily paper is in itself a small fortune to a man. The excellence of the articles is, for the most part, in proportion to the sum paid for them; and a successful morning journal will generally find it good policy to pay its contributors in such a manner as to secure the entire produce of their minds, or, at all events, to get the best fruits that they are capable of yielding. If a man can earn a comfortable independence by writing three or four leading articles a week, there is no need that he should have his pen ever in his hand, that he should be continually toiling at other and less profitable work. But if he is to keep himself ever fresh and ever vigorous for one master, he must be paid for it. There are instances of public writers who had shown evident signs of exhaustion when employed on one paper—who had appeared indeed to have written themselves out so thoroughly that the proprietors were fain to dispense with their future services—transferring those services to another paper, under more encouraging circumstances of remuneration, and, as though endued with new life, striking out articles fresh, vigorous, and brilliant. They gave themselves to the one paper; they had only given a part of themselves to the other.

It is a common complaint that the publishers make large fortunes and leave the authors to starve—that they are, in fact, a kind of moral vampire, sucking the best blood of genius, and destroying others to support themselves. A great deal of very unhealthy, one-sided cant has been written upon this subject. Doubtless, there is much to be said on both sides. That publishers look at a manuscript very much as a corn-dealer looks at a sample of wheat, with an eye to its selling qualities, is not to be denied. If books are not written only to be sold, they are printed only to be sold. Publishers must pay their printers and their paper-merchants; and they cannot compel the public to purchase their printed paper. When benevolent printers shall be found eager to print gratuitously works of unsaleable genius, and benevolent paper-merchants to supply paper for the same, publishers may afford to think less of a manuscript as an article of sale—

may reject with less freedom unlikely manuscripts, and haggle less savagely about the price of likely ones. An obvious commonplace this, and said a thousand times before, but not yet recognized by the world of writers at large. Publishing is a trade, and, like all other trades, undertaken with the one object of making money by it. The profits are not ordinarily large; they are, indeed, very uncertain,—so uncertain that a large proportion of those who embark in the publishing business some time or other find their way into the Gazette. When a publishing firm is ruined by printing unsaleable books, authors seldom or never have any sympathy with a member of it. They have, on the other hand, an idea that he is justly punished for his offences; and so perhaps he is, but not in the sense understood by the majority of those who contemplate his downfall as a retributive dispensation. The fact is, that reckless publishing is more injurious to the literary profession than anything in the world beside. The cautious publisher is the author's best friend. If a house publish at their own risk a number of works which they cannot sell, they must either go into the Gazette at last, or make large sums of money by works which they *can* sell. When a publisher loses money by a work, an injury is inflicted upon the literary profession. The more money he can make by publishing, the more he can afford to pay for authorship. It is often said that the authors of successful works are inadequately rewarded in proportion to their success; that publishers make their thousands, whilst authors only make their hundreds. But it is forgotten that the profits of the one successful work are often only a set-off to the losses incurred by the publication of half-a-dozen unsuccessful ones. If a publisher purchase a manuscript for £500, and the work prove to be a "palpable hit" worth £5,000, it may seem hard that the publisher does not share his gains more equitably with the author. With regard to this it is to be said, in the first place, that he very frequently *does*. There is hardly a publisher in London, however "grasping" he may be, who has not, time after time, paid to authors sums of money not "in the bond." But if the fact were not as we have stated it, we can hardly admit that publishers are under any kind of obligation to exceed the strict terms of their contracts. If a publisher gives £500 for a copy-right, expecting to sweep the same amount into his own coffers, but instead of making that sum, loses it by the speculation, he does not ask the author

to refund—nor does the author offer to do it. The money is in all probability spent long before the result of the venture is ascertained; and the author would be greatly surprised and greatly indignant, if it were hinted to him, even in the most delicate way, that the publisher having lost money by his book, would be obliged to him if he would make good a portion of the deficit by sending a cheque upon his bankers.

We repeat, then, that a publisher who loses money by one man's books, must make it by another's, or go into the Gazette. There are publishers who trade entirely upon this principle, which, indeed, is a kind of literary gambling. They publish a dozen works, we will suppose, of which six produce an absolute loss; four just cover their expenses; and the other two realize a profit. The publisher, especially if he be his own printer, may find this answer in the end; it may at least just keep him out of the Bankruptcy Court, and supply his family with bread. But the system cannot be a really advantageous one either to publishers or authors. To the latter, indeed, it is destruction. No inconsiderable portion of the books published every year entail a heavy loss on author or publisher, or on both—and the amount of this loss may be set down, in most instances, as so much taken from the gross profits of the literary profession. If Mr. Bungay lose a hundred pounds by the poems of the Hon. Percy Popjoy, he has a hundred pounds less to give to Mr. Arthur Pendennis for his novel. Instead of protesting against the over-caution of publishers, literary men, if they really knew their own interests, would protest against their want of caution. Authors have a direct interest in the prosperity of publishers. The misfortune of authorship is not that publishers make so much money, but that they make so little. If Paternoster Row were wealthier than it is, there would be better cheer in Grub street.

It is very true that publishers, like other men, make mistakes; and that sometimes a really good and saleable work is rejected. Many instances of this might readily be adduced—instances of works, whose value has been subsequently proved by extensive popularity, having been rejected by one or more experienced member of the publishing craft. But their judgment is on the whole remarkably correct. They determine with surprising accuracy the market value of the greater number of the works that are offered to them. It is not supposed that, in the majority of cases, the publisher himself decides

the question upon the strength of his own judgment. He has his minister, or ministers of state, to decide these knotty questions for him. A great deal has been written at different times, about the baneful influence of this middleman, or "reader"—but we can see no more justice in the complaint than if it were raised against the system which places a middleman or minister between the sovereign and his people. To complain of the incapacity of the publisher himself, and to object to his obtaining the critical services of a more competent party, were clearly an inconsistency and an injustice. If the publisher himself be not capable of deciding upon the literary merits or saleable properties of the works laid before him, the best thing that he can do is to secure the assistance of some one who *is*. Hence the office of the "reader." It is well known that in some large publishing houses there is a resident "reader" attached to the establishment; others are believed to lay the manuscripts offered to them for publication before some critic of established reputation out-of-doors; whilst more than one eminent publisher might be named who has trusted solely to his own judgment, and rarely found that judgment at fault. In either of these cases there is no reason to assume the incompetency of the judge. Besides, as we have said, the question to be solved by the publisher or reader, is not a purely literary question. It is mainly, indeed, a commercial question; and the merits of the work are often freely acknowledged whilst the venture is politely declined.

When Mr. Augustine Caxton, the growth of whose famous "History of Error" is traced so pleasantly in Sir Bulwer Lytton's last romance, went up to London with the manuscript of his immortal work, and made a tour of the great publishing houses, he met, we are told, little of that kind of encouragement which inexperienced authors anticipate with so much confidence. One bookseller offered to treat for it if the author would "leave out all about the Hottentots and Caffres, the Greek philosophers and Egyptian priests; and confining himself solely to polite society, entitle the work "Anecdotes of the Courts of Europe, ancient and modern;" another thought it might be cut up into little essays, leaving out the quotations, entitled "Men and Manners;" a third was kind enough to observe, that though this particular work was quite unsaleable, yet as he appeared to have some historical information, he should be happy to undertake a historical romance from Mr. Caxton's "graphic pen," provided he

would introduce a proper love-plot, and make it into three volumes post octavo, twenty-three lines in a page, neither more nor less. One honest fellow at last was found, who seemed a very respectable, and, indeed, enterprising person, and after going through a list of calculations which showed that no possible profit could arise, he generously offered to give Mr. Caxton half of those no-profits, provided he would guaranty half the very visible expenses." Stimulated by the ill-treatment received by so learned a writer, "Uncle Jack" forthwith originated the "Grand Anti-publisher Confederate Authors' Society," by which every author who joined the Society was to be his own publisher. The idea of such a society as this has occurred to many an aspiring writer. It is the *το καλον* of the great unreadables—a great literary Areopagus—a Mutual Publicity Insurance Office! How many who have chafed under the ignorance of "readers" and the avarice of publishers, have grasped the grand idea of such a critical tribunal. If we err not, in one of his earlier works the author of the *Caxtons* himself shadowed forth just such an institution, but without any of that befitting ridicule which his riper judgment and enlarged experience have supplied. The absurdity of the thing could not be demonstrated more emphatically in a few sentences than it is now set forth by Sir Bulwer Lytton through the mouthpiece of Pisistratus Caxton. "It will be a ruinous speculation," he said,—

"Because in all mercantile negotiations, it is ruinous to invest capital in supplies which fail of demand. To undertake to publish books that booksellers will not publish.—Why? Because booksellers cannot sell them! It is just probable that you'll not sell them any better than the booksellers. Ergo, the more your business the larger your deficit; and the more numerous your society the more disastrous your condition.—Q. E. D."—"Pooh! (said Uncle Jack) The Select Committee will decide what books are to be published.—'Then where the deuce is the advantage to the authors? I would as lief submit my work to a publisher as I would to a select committee of authors. At all events, the publisher is not my rival; and, I suspect, he is the best judge after all of a book—as an accoucheur ought to be of a baby.'"

At all events, he knows best whether it will sell, as the accoucheurs know best whether the baby will live: and even Grand Anti-Publisher Confederate Authors' Societies cannot go on very long without selling their books. Uncle Jack's society soon broke down under the weight of "Dramas not in-

tended for the Stage," and "Essays by Philopolis, Philodemus, and Philalethes." Mr. Warrington, in this last story by Michael Angelo Titmarsh, emphatically asks, "Do you want a body of capitalists that shall be formed to purchase the works of all authors who may present themselves, manuscript in hand?" He does not wait for an answer—but there are few literary men who will not be ready with one; for this is precisely what is wanted. Such a body of benevolent capitalists is the grand desideratum of the literary world. "Everybody who writes his epic; every driveler who can or cannot spell, and produces his novel or his tragedy, are they all to come and find a bag of sovereigns in exchange for their worthless reams of paper?" Of course they are, in the Halcyon days of authorship, when there shall be no more Bacons and Bungays to stand between genius and the world. But until that literary millennium arrive, we must do the best we can with the Bacons and Bungays; and if they determine that our works will not sell, we must either throw them behind the fire, or wait for some revolution of public taste, which may create an appetite for them. In the meanwhile, we may rest satisfied that the best friend of the literary profession is the cautious publisher who contrives to throw away as little money as possible on unprofitable paper and print.

The flunkeyism of publishers, not "opaque" as Mr. Carlyle has it, but wonderfully transparent, is a characteristic manifestation which Thackeray delights to illustrate in the persons of his Bacons and Bungays. It would seem as though he had transferred to *Pendennis* a chapter on "Publishing Snobs." Of Mr. Bacon we are told, that he "liked to be treated with rudeness by a gentleman, and used to pass it on to his inferiors as boys pass the mark." Mr. Bungay is the same person, with the same weaknesses, the same amount of knowledge, and the same style of language as Mr. Bacon, without any idiosyncratic variations. They both talk bad English, and they both "love a lord." A small sample of their conversation will suffice; it is not very pleasant reading.

"What, not know Mr. Pendennis, Mr. Bacon?" Warrington said. "You don't live much in the world, or you would know him. A man of property in the West; of one of the most ancient families in England; related to half the nobility in the empire; he is cousin to Lord Pontypool; he was one of the most distinguished men at Oxbridge; he dines at Gaunt House every week." "Law bless you, don't say so, sir! Well—really—Law bless me, now," said Mr. Bacon.—"I have

just been showing Mr. Hack," said Warrington, "some of his verses, which he sate up last night, at my request, to write; and Hack talks about giving him a copy of the book. . . . You don't suppose that such a man as Mr. Arthur Pendennis gives up a dinner at Gaunt House for nothing? You know as well as anybody, that the men of fashion want to be paid." "That they do, Mr. Warrington, sir," said the publisher.—"I tell you, he's a star; he'll make a name, sir; he's a new man, sir." "They've said that of so many of these young swells, Mr. Warrington," the publisher interposed, with a sigh—"There was Lord Viscount Dodo, now; I gave his lordship a good bit of money for his poems, and only sold eighty copies. Mr. Popjoy's Hajincourt, sir, fell dead!"

But in spite of these experiences, the flunkeyism of the Publisher prevailed, and the aristocracy of the poet accomplished what his genius could never have done for him. On a subsequent occasion, when the Publisher calls upon the two young men, in their dingy chambers, and is rather startled by the dirt and disorder of the wretched place, he is mollified by the sight of some cards of invitation from the Marchioness of Steyne, and other ladies of fashion; and by Mr. Warrington's assurances, that his young friend can afford to live anywhere. "Here is a young fellow," he says, "that dines with all the great men in town, and yet he'll take his mutton chop with you and me quite contentedly. There is nothing like the affability of the old English gentleman." And so Mr. Bacon pays a large price for Arthur Pendennis' novel—when, but for the prestige of the young man's aristocracy, he would not have taken it at all.

The picture, we need not say, is somewhat exaggerated; but there is a mixture of truth in the satire. Publishers are not the only class of people who think better of a man for dining at Gaunt House, and are more anxious to have transactions with him on the strength of his aristocratic connections. There are men of every conceivable kind in the world, as no one knows better than Mr. Thackeray, who will pass you in the streets without a nod, but shake hands with you at the Marquis of Grandacre's, and think better of you ever after they have met you there. This is the pure abstract flunkeyism of the world at large; we imbibe it with our mother's milk, and it is whipped into us at school. There was a story very current at Eton, a quarter of a century ago, which may still be among the traditions of that venerable academy, to the effect, that the son of a celebrated statesman, then in the zenith of his reputa-

tion, having pleaded exemption from flagellation on the score of "first fault," until his modesty would suffer him to plead it no longer, at last, having the misfortune to be again "in the bill," determined to take his flogging, without an effort to escape; but was dismissed, with a mild intimation from the head master, that he "thought it must be C——'s first fault." Such a lesson in flunkeyism, and there are other stories current of the same class, does not seem to have been thrown away upon the present generation. There is enough of it in the world. Publishers are, it may be, no more exempt from this weakness than their neighbors; but it is, after all, not flunkeyism of the purest class. The commercial element is strong in it. The printing and publishing of books being, as we have said, a mere matter of business—a question of pounds, shillings and pence, to be settled between the publishers and the public—everything that influences the favorable solution of that important question is directly the concern of the former. If books written by the *Somebodies* sell better than books written by the *Nobodies*, it is plain that the publisher, not as a flunkey, but as a man of business, will pay better for the works of the *Somebodies*. The flunkeyism, indeed, is rather in the public than in the publishers. The public will read a book written by a lord, which they would not look at if written by a commoner. It has been so for many years past, and will be so for many years to come;

"Let but a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit sparkles and the sense refines."

All this is against the professional writer; he has not often high connections, and he is generally in want of money. We would not counsel men to follow Mr. Warrington's example—put on their hats, sit on the table, and begin to bully the publishers. The *Mæcænases* of the trade do not "like to be treated with rudeness by gentlemen;" and no gentleman *would* treat them with rudeness. But we would recommend no author to appear *in forma pauperis* in Paternoster Row. Some publishers are not exempt from what appears to us a worse failing than flunkeyism—a tendency to drive hard bargains with needy men. They do not value what is offered gratuitously to them. They are suspicious of such offers, and say, that what is not worth paying for, is not worth having. But any great importunity about terms—any great eagerness upon the part of authors to

clutch the money, may operate to their disadvantage. There are honorable exceptions; but often the publisher draws back as the author advances. You are anxious, and he is indifferent. He will sometimes ask you to-day for what he would refuse, if you offered it to him to-morrow. He will generally treat slightly your own proposals. Go to him with a cut and dried plan of some new kind of literary venture, and although he may have seriously meditated just such an undertaking himself, the chances are, that he will throw cold water on it when you unfold the scheme before him. This may be called mere diplomatic tact. It is certain that diplomatists treat each other after this fashion. But the needy author is at a great disadvantage; for whilst the publisher is sure of being able to obtain an abundance of manuscripts, a manuscript is anything but sure of obtaining a publisher at all. "I assert solemnly," says Mr. Thackeray, "and will to the last maintain, that it is one thing to write a novel, and another to obtain money for it." In some quarters you are little likely to get anything for it, if you show that you are poor, that you have no connections, and are very eager to touch the money.

Much more might be said of the relations between publishers and authors, but we are compelled to economize our space. The truth, indeed, as regards the latter, is simply this: It is not so much that authors do not know how to make money, as that they do not know how to spend it. The same income that enables a clergyman, a lawyer, a medical practitioner, a government functionary, or any other member of the middle classes earning his livelihood by professional labor, to support himself and family in comfort and respectability, will seldom keep a literary man out of debt and difficulty—seldom provide him with a comfortable well-ordered home, creditable to himself and his profession. It is ten to one that he lives untidily; that everything about him is in confusion; that the amenities of domestic life are absent from his establishment; that he is altogether in a state of elaborate and costly disorder, such as we are bound to say is the characteristic of no other kind of professional life. He seldom has a settled home—a fixed position. He appears to be constantly on the move. He seldom lives, for any length of time, in the same place; and is rarely at home when you call upon him. It would be instructive to obtain a return of the number of professional writers who retain pews in church, and are to be found there

with their families on Sundays. There is something altogether fitful, irregular, spasmodic in their way of life. And so it is with their expenditure. They do not live like other men, and they do not spend like other men. At one time, you would think, from their lavish style of living, that they were worth three thousand a-year; and at another, from the privations that they undergo, and the difficulty they find in meeting small claims upon them, that they were not worth fifty. There is, generally, indeed, large expenditure abroad, and painful stinting at home. The "*res angusta domi*" is almost always there; but away from his home, your literary man is often a prince and a millionaire. Or, if he be a man of domestic habits, if he spend little on tavern suppers, little on wine, little on cab hire, the probability is, that he is still impulsive and improvident, still little capable of self-denial; that he will buy a costly picture when his house rent is unpaid; that he will give his wife a guitar when she wants a gown; and buy his children a rocking-horse when they are without stockings. His house and family are altogether in an inelegant state of elegant disorder; and with really a comfortable income, if properly managed, he is eternally in debt.

Now all this may appear very strange, but it is not wholly unaccountable. In the first place, it may be assumed, as we have already hinted, that no small proportion of those who adopt literature as a profession have enlisted in the army of authors because they have lacked the necessary amount of patience and perseverance—the systematic orderly habits—the industry and the self-denial by which alone it is possible to attain success in other paths of professional life. With talent enough to succeed in any, they have not had sufficient method to succeed in any. They have been trained perhaps for the bar, but wanted assiduity to master the dry details of the law, and patience to sustain them throughout a long round of briefless circuits. They have devoted themselves to the study of physic, and recoiled from or broken down under examination; or wanted the hopeful sanguine temperament which enables a man to content himself with small beginnings, and to make his way by a gradually widening circle to a large round of remunerative practice. They have been intended for the Church, and drawn back in dismay at the thought of its restraints and responsibilities; or have entered the army, and have forsaken with impatience and disgust the slow road to superior command.

In any case, it may be assumed that the original profession has been deserted for that of authorship, mainly because the aspirant has been wanting in those orderly methodical habits, and that patience and submissiveness of temperament, which secure success in those departments of professional labor which are only to be overcome by progressive degrees. In a word, it may be often said of the man of letters, that he is not wanting in order because he is an author, but he is an author because he is wanting in order. He is capable of occasional paroxysms of industry; his spasms of energy are often great and triumphant. Where results are to be obtained *per saltum*, he is equal to anything and is not easily to be frightened back. He has courage enough to carry a fortress by assault, but he has not system enough to make his way by regular approaches. He is weary of the work before he has traced out the first parallel. In this very history of the rise of professional authorship, we may often see the causes of its fall. The calamities of authors are often assignable to the very circumstances that made them authors. Wherefore is it that in many cases authors are disorderly and improvident? simply because it is their nature to be so—because in any other path of life they would be equally disorderly and improvident. The want of system is not to be attributed to their profession, but to themselves. The evil which we deplore arises in the first instance only from an inability to master an inherent defect.

But it must be admitted that there are many predisposing circumstances in the environments of literary life—that many of the causes which aggravate, if they do not originate the malady, are incidental to the profession itself. The absolute requirements of literary labor not unfrequently compel an irregular distribution of time, and with it irregular social and moral habits. It would be cruel to impute that as a fault to the literary laborer which is in reality his misfortune. We who lay our work once every quarter before the public, and they who once a year, or less frequently, present themselves with their comely octavo volumes of fiction or biography—history or science—to the reading world, may dine at home every day with their children, ring the bell at ten o'clock for family prayers, rise early and retire early every day, and with but few deviations throughout the year, regularly toil through, with more or less of the afflatus upon them, their apportioned hours of literary labor;

but a large proportion of the literary practitioners of the age are connected, in some capacity or other, with the newspaper press; they are the slaves of time, not its masters; and must bend themselves to circumstances, however repugnant to the will. Late hours are unfortunately a condition of press life. The sub-editors, the summary writers, the reporters, the musical and theatrical critics, and many of the leading article writers are compelled to keep late hours. Their work is not done till past—in many cases till *long* past—midnight; and it cannot be done at home. It is a very unhappy condition of literary life that it so often compels night-work. Night-work of this kind seems to demand a recourse to stimulants; and the exigencies of time and place compel a man to betake himself to the most convenient tavern. Much that we read in the morning papers, wondering at the rapidity with which important intelligence or interesting criticism is laid before us, is written, after midnight, at some contiguous tavern, or in the close atmosphere of a reporter's room, which compels a subsequent resort to some house of nocturnal entertainment. If, weary with work and rejoicing in the thought of its accomplishment, the literary laborer, in the society perhaps of two or three of his brethren, betakes himself to a convenient supper house, and there spends on a single meal, what would keep himself and his family in comfort throughout the next day, perhaps it is hardly just to judge him too severely; at all events, it is right that we should regard the suffering, and weigh the temptation. What to us, in many cases, "seems vice, may be but wo." It is hard to keep to this night-work and to live an orderly life. If a man from choice, not from necessity, turns night into day, and day into night, (we have known literary men who have wilfully done so,) we have very little pity for him. The shattered nerves—the disorderly home—the neglected business—the accounts unkept and the bills unpaid, which are the necessary results of nights of excitement and days of languor, are then to be regarded as the consequences not of the misfortunes, but the faults of the sufferer. It is a wretched way of life any how.

Literary men are sad spendthrifts, not only of their money, but of themselves. At an age when other men are in the possession of vigorous faculties of mind and strength of body, they are often used-up, enfeebled, and only capable of effort under the influence of strong stimulants. If a man has the distri-

bution of his own time—if his literary avocations are of that nature that they can be followed at home—if they demand only continuous effort, there is no reason why the waste of vital energy should be greater in his case than in that of the follower of any other learned profession. A man soon discovers to what extent he can safely and profitably tax his powers. To do well in the world, he must economize himself no less than his money. Rest is often a good investment. A writer at one time is competent to do twice as much and twice as well as at another; and if his leisure be well employed, the few hours of labor will be more productive than the many, at the time; and the faculty of labor will remain with him twice as long. Rest and recreation, fresh air and bodily exercise, are essential to an author, and he will do well never to neglect them. But there are professional writers who cannot regulate their hours of labor, and whose condition of life it is to toil at irregular times and in an irregular manner. It is difficult, we know, for them to abstain from using themselves up prematurely. Repeated paroxysms of fever wear down the strongest frames; and many a literary man is compelled to live a life of fever, between excitement and exhaustion of the mind. We would counsel all public writers to think well of the best means of economizing themselves—the best means of spending their time off duty. Rest and recreation, properly applied, will do much to counteract the destroying influences of spasmodic labor at unseasonable hours, and to ward off premature decay. But if they apply excitement of one kind to repair the ravages of excitement of another kind, they must be content to live a life of nervous irritability, and to grow old before their time.

Still, making every allowance for what may be called the necessities of the profession, a large amount of improvidence and irregularity will remain to be accounted for upon other considerations. Literary men *are* improvident and irregular. It is an uncomfortable truth—but it is a truth nevertheless. There is nothing harder than to make out how some men spend their income. A large family is a very unmistakable thing and readily solves all questions of expenditure. If a man earns £600 a year and has half-a-dozen children to bless himself withal, it demands no very abstruse calculations to determine in what manner his income is expended, even if he makes no very distinguished figure in the eyes of the social world. But a man and his wife, without children, in the enjoyment

of such an income, are in reality rich, and may make a very respectable appearance in any part of the world. When they are in constant difficulty—when they cannot contrive to live tidily in apartments—cannot support the respectability of life on the first floor, it is impossible not to wonder how it is that so much money produces such poor results. There are scores of men in London of whom every one says that they “ought not to be in trouble”—and yet they constantly *are* in trouble. The shadow of the bailiff is eternally darkening their doors. Many people would contrive to live comfortably and respectably on half their income and never have a bill unpaid. A bank clerk with £250 a year lives more decently than a public writer on £600, and leaves some money behind him at his decease, whilst the chances are fifty to one that the author dies insolvent.

It is the misfortune of literary men that they are desperately bad arithmeticians. They are not clever at £ : s : d. We believe them to be as honest as their neighbors, but they are certainly more careless. The manner in which their income is expended is often a marvel to themselves. The dislike to handle accounts is so strong in many of our brethren as almost to resemble a disease. They cannot keep their household accounts for three weeks together; and yet many of them rush into business, with the vague idea of making their fortunes. Literary men are almost always unfortunate when they attempt to do business on their own accounts. They cannot balance their pocket-books; how then can they balance the books of a “concern?” As soon as a literary man attempts to convert himself into a man of business, he prepares for himself a prospective place in the Gazette. If he ceases altogether to be a literary man, it is just possible that he may become a tolerable man of business; but the same pen will rarely write articles and square accounts. There appears to the uninitiated something very charming in proprietorship. To write in one’s own paper—to edit one’s own magazine—how much pleasanter to net the profits of one’s own works than to receive pay from others! Some, perhaps, have found it so; but a large majority of those who have been dazzled by visions of proprietorship have been rudely awakened to the delusion by discovering that the cares of proprietorship diminish if they do not wholly destroy their powers of contributorship, and that it is not very easy at the same time to furnish money and ideas. The anxieties and distractions of business are fatal to crea-

tive genius; and it is hard to say what they cost a public writer in the end. He had better leave proprietorships to better tradesmen. If he could insure success, it would be a different matter, but he is the last person in the world that is likely to escape failure. The records of the bankruptcy courts declare this only too sadly. It is well enough for authors to burst out into a chorus of lamentation, in the strain of *sic vos non vobis*; but the *sic vobis non vobis* never hurts so much as when a literary man becomes publisher and proprietor. In these days of excessive literary competition, the proprietor is generally the party entitled to complain that he labors for others’ profit. Thousands of pounds are expended annually upon publications which bring the proprietor no profit, if they do not entail upon him heavy loss. Let literary men think of this before they endeavor to “better themselves” by becoming proprietors. They would be wise to keep clear altogether of financial speculations, and possess themselves in tranquillity of mind.

But it was of the want of method in the management of household affairs that we principally designed to speak. Literary men, as we have said, manage these things badly: they often determine to keep their accounts with the most praiseworthy regularity, and to economize with the utmost self-denial; but they seldom contrive to *keep* these laudable resolutions. Their hell of poverty and tribulation is paved with the most frugal intentions. They would often do better if they were more fortunate in their wives; but literary men sometimes make very strange alliances, and have little good housewifery help at home to balance their own irregularities. There are some very charming exceptions, we know, to this rule; and even the gentle, thrifty, kind wife and good mother, Mrs. Shandon, could not keep her husband out of the Fleet Prison. But authors are men of impulse—of ardent, hasty temperament; and the enthusiasm of the moment often determines the future tenor of their domestic lives. We cannot now trace the many causes which combine to render the married state of literary men less productive of the common fruits of order and regularity than in other social cases; but the experience of such of our readers as are acquainted with the class of which we are now writing, will confirm the opinion we express, when we say, that the alliances of literary men are often calculated neither to increase the comfort of their homes, nor to add to their respectability abroad. It is a common complaint, that literary men are

not allowed to take their proper social position in the world. If they are not, we may be sure that the cause resides not in the profession which they follow, but in something more personal to themselves. A man of gentlemanly manners and moral habits will not be the less esteemed by society for being also a scholar and a man of talent. People will not look askance at him or his wife because they have got his books on their shelves; or be less glad to see his daughters at their houses because they read his articles in the reviews. The case we believe to be directly the reverse. There are many men who owe their position in society entirely to their connection with literature—whose acquaintance is sought—who are feasted and flattered by the great—solely because they are literary men. It is not the profession that dishonors the man; it is the man that so often dishonors the profession.

For although there are many things besides the improvidence and irregularity of literary men which tend to bring the profession into disrepute, they are rather evil practices grafted upon it than vices necessarily inherent in its constitution. It is not to be denied that literature is debased by the literary practices of many of its professors, that very discreditable things are done in its name, and that its dignity would be more amply acknowledged by the world if its own professors were more jealous of it. A few of these things have been glanced at by Mr. Thackeray; and, however humiliating the confession, we fear it must be confessed that the habits which he has illustrated in his story are not purely the exaggerations of romance. In the first place, it is alleged that men write what they do not think—that the press is essentially venal, because accident rather than conviction often determines, if not precisely what he shall write, the vehicle which shall carry his writings along the public road. This it will be seen relates almost entirely to writers for the periodical press; and a question may arise as to whether it be less dishonorable for a writer than for a speaker to advocate a cause which he believes to be a bad one—whether a man may not as honorably strangle his own convictions in a newspaper as in a court at law. Soldiers fight on the wrong side, knowing it to be the wrong side—yet fighting is a very honorable profession. A newspaper writer perhaps says, that if he had the choice of his vehicle, he being a liberal would select a liberal journal; but that accident having connected him with the conservative press, he writes not his own opin-

ions but those of the journal which prints them, and says the best that can be said on the side that employs him, because he is hired to do so. He may further argue, that politics being matters of opinion, he cannot be so certainly wrong as those who distort matters of fact, and contend not against speculative but against demonstrable truth—belying not that which they merely conjecture, but that which they positively know. We do not much like this comparative style of arguing a grave question, though we may perceive that if the self-negation of which we speak be discreditable to one profession it must be discreditable to another. Literature it may be said is higher than the law, and it is an evil thing to profane it by the trickeries which are the very life of legal practice. If literature itself be higher than law, why do not the professors of the latter, as a class, rank below the professors of the former? We do not deny that when men gainsay their opinions—when they write or speak for hire what they do not believe to be true, they discredit the profession to which they belong, and they discredit themselves. The practice of one profession is not to be defended by any reference to the practice of another. It is only when we come to consider the comparative respectability of different professions that these things should be taken into account.

It is possible, moreover, that we may sometimes leap too hastily to the conclusion that a public writer is belying his own opinions because he writes in a journal whose general politics are opposed to his own. In these days there is such a confusion of parties—the lines of demarkation are so indistinct, that except upon one or two leading questions, it is hard for a man to determine to what particular political section he belongs, and almost impossible for him to take up a public journal, in which he will not find much to excite his approbation, and much to call for positive dissent. It does not follow that because a man is a free-trader by conviction, he approves of everything said by Mr. Cobden on the subject of our naval and military establishments—or that because he approves, as a whole, of the domestic administration of the present Government, he is eager to support the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston. There is no such thing nowadays as thick-and-thin party-writing of the old inveterate stamp. Right or wrong, men once stuck to their parties—wrote for their parties—spoke for their parties—voted for their parties. Every parliamentary division

list now shows that there is no such thing as a party. And it would be impossible to read the morning papers one after another without a profound conviction that if public writers only delivered their opinions in journals of whose views they entirely approve, there would be no public writing at all.

If a man being a free-trader by conviction, writes protectionist articles for pay, he does what is discreditable to himself and discreditable to his profession. But he may honorably and conscientiously write in a protectionist journal. Some of our conservative journals have recently taken the most liberal views of foreign politics, and recognised the rights of the people less grudgingly than others which are called "liberal." There are scores of social questions treated indifferently by journals of all shades of opinion. The newspapers of the present day address themselves to the consideration of a much wider range of topics than those of the last generation. They employ more writers; and there is infinitely more scope for independent writing. It will seldom happen in these days that a political writer will not be able, like that "eminent publicist" Mr. Arthur Pendennis, "without wounding his paper, conscientiously to speak his own mind." It will seldom happen that he will be called upon to sacrifice a profitable connection "for conscience' sake." He must be very unfortunate, indeed, if he cannot find employment for his pen, without violating his principles, in the journal with which circumstances have connected him. There are very few modern instances of political writers prostituting themselves for hire. A few there may be who have, conveniently for themselves, no opinions at all, and are ready to take the shilling from whatever quarter it may be offered. But we incline to the opinion that our political writers, as a body, are honest, as they undeniably are able; and that they are no more venal, because they are paid, than the judge who is paid for administering justice, or the priest who is paid for preaching the gospel and visiting the sick.

There is more real honesty of opinion, we believe, in the political than in the critical departments of the periodical press. The influence of Paternoster Row is more or less dominant in the greater number of newspaper offices. There are few critical journals which could exist without the publishers' advertisements. Publishers must be propitiated, or the journals will starve: hence the general laudatory tone of the periodical criticism of the day. In some journals it will be

seen that undue prominence is given to notices of books published by some particular firm. This may either arise from some direct proprietary connection between the publisher and the journal, (there is less, we believe, of this than there formerly was,) or some less palpable relation existing between the publisher of the book and the editor of the journal. The works of other and less influential publishers may not perhaps be treated to "smashing" articles, but they are submitted to the more painful and more destructive discipline of neglect, and are either damned with faint praise or passed over with total silence. That books should be noticed very hastily and very superficially is, in many cases, a matter of necessity. If they were not so treated, the greater number of books that are published could not be noticed at all.

We gladly avow our belief—a belief based on no very limited experience—that the literary profession contains many honorable members, who would on no account express any other opinion of a book than that which they conscientiously entertain. They may dwell more emphatically upon the merits than the defects of a work submitted to them for criticism; but in this they may only carry out their ideas of the true vocation of the critic. Still the fact remains, that very much of our periodical criticism is written very heedlessly, very ignorantly, with no sense at all of the responsibilities of the judicial functions assumed, and an evident reference to anything in the world, rather than the merits of the book. Of still less worth is the great mass of our musical and theatrical criticism. We have little space to dwell upon this department of our subject; but it cannot be passed over without a few words of comment. There are many men in London in receipt of good salaries as musical and theatrical critics, and in this, as in every other class, there are honest and competent professors. But there is no department of literature so lightly undertaken—none upon which so much discredit is thrown by the lax morality which distinguishes it. A foregone determination to write up one theatre and to write down another, often accompanies a man when he starts on his musical and dramatic campaign at the commencement of the season. Since the "Rival Operas" have been running their ruinous careers in London, a violent partisanship has been discernible in the criticisms of the newspaper press. How the services of this or that paper have been engaged to do the brigand work is no secret with the initiated. The least discreditable means em-

ployed is a liberal grant of stalls and boxes to newspaper editors and critics. Disguise these proceedings as we may, it will still appear through the disguise, that, directly or indirectly, these criticisms are bought. Again, the connection which in many cases exists between the theatrical critics and the theatres, is a fertile source of the perversion and suppression of critical truth. Many of the dramatic critics of the London press are themselves dramatic authors. One has just brought out a piece at one house—another has a piece coming out, or in the manager's hands, at another. A third has had a play rejected at one of the theatres, or has had a quarrel with a manager, or is connected with some actor or actress who has. In the eyes of the initiated, there are few musical and theatrical criticisms which have not their private histories written upon the face of them. To the uninitiated this one thing is mainly apparent—that the criticism is not distinguished by the highest possible tone. The morality of the acted piece is seldom or never touched upon, and no efforts are made to secure for the public a more wholesome and less offensive kind of dramatic performance than those which, adapted from the French, form the bulk of our "new pieces"—pieces of which the interest generally centres in some amorous intrigue, the gulled father or deluded husband being uniformly represented as an object of ridicule and contempt.

There has been something, too, in the general tone of very much of our recent light literature, which certainly has done little to elevate the popular opinion of the literary profession. We think that some abatement of the plague is now perceptible, and we are devoutly thankful for the same. We do not speak of the loathsome literature of Hollywell Street—of the dreadful corruption which is sold wholesale to the poor, and which taints their minds more surely than rotten meat and putrid fish taints their bodies. We pray God that the efforts now being made by able and energetic men to counteract the malign influence of these conduits of pollution, by the frequent issue of cheap and attractive publications, appealing to the sympathies of the people, may be crowned with success. What we speak of here is a less deleterious kind of literature; but one which does not less certainly bring the literary profession into disrepute. If it be less offensive, it on that account finds ingress into places which open indecency and immorality would never penetrate. It is less an outrage upon good morals than upon good taste; but

it assuredly does not indicate a very refined state of the moral sense. We allude to the "*gentish*" character of much of our recent light literature. If there were nothing else to be said in favor of Mr. Thackeray's writings, it would be impossible not to acknowledge that, at all events, he writes like a gentleman. There are many "popular writers" of whom the same cannot be said—whose minds appear to be eternally running on ballet-girls and bailiffs—whose talk is of casinos and green-rooms, and who seldom or never touch upon good society without ridiculing it. These writers are very great upon the history of bill transactions, and have a world of facetiousness wherewith to illustrate the sufferings of an accommodating acceptor left in the lurch by a slippery friend. There is no kind of "doing" and "bilking" with which they do not betray a familiar acquaintance. The agonies of gentlemen pursued by inexorable creditors, and the shifts and expedients of those who have less honesty than wit—the escapades of some, and the dilemmas of other embarrassed individuals—are portrayed with an unmistakable gusto, and with a minuteness of detail which looks very like truth. These sketches of society, which are not without cleverness of a kind, betray so close an acquaintance with the peculiarities of gentlemen who live "on the loose," that, justly or unjustly, people leap to the conclusion, that the sketchers themselves indulge in a loose way of life—that they are more at home in taverns and eating-houses than at the dinner-tables of respectable families; that respectable families indeed, who pay their bills, keep early hours, and go to church, are objects of ridicule and aversion to them; that they greatly prefer Greenwich to Clapham, and ballet-girls to young ladies; and think a dance at a casino a more rational termination of the day than a gathering for family prayer. Justly or unjustly, they leap to the conclusion, that men who turn so grave a matter as debt into jest, and find an endless source of facetiousness in dishonored bills, sit rather loosely to their own liabilities, and despise the moral obligations which bind the rest of mankind. Heaven knows, that with the best possible intentions, it is often hard for a man to meet his liabilities; that debts often accumulate in spite of strenuous efforts to keep them down; that literary men, like others, have losses and disappointments, are over-sanguine in their calculations of gain, and under-estimate their necessary expenditure; that difficulties will thicken around honest and industrious men,

and baffle their best efforts to meet their pecuniary engagements; but these are the pains and penalties, the sore trials and afflictions of life, to be borne as bravely as we may—and not to be made subjects of jest. We may look with pity upon literary men struggling against debt; but we have no pity for those who treat so grave a matter with levity, and see only in broken engagements and pecuniary embarrassments materials for a facetious sketch, a humorous tale, or perhaps, for a “screaming” farce at one of the minor theatres.

Our space permits us only to glance thus hastily at a few of the deteriorating circumstances which may, perhaps, influence the general opinion of the character of literary men. But it is a truth beyond all contradiction, say what we may of the light esteem in which the professors of literature are held by society at large, that society never sets its face against a man because he is connected with the literature of his country, though it smiles on and welcomes many a man whom, but for such connection, it would never cherish or receive. If a man be estimable in himself; if he fulfil worthily his social duties; if he be a gentleman in his feelings, his manners, his conversation, he will not, we repeat, be welcomed less, but more readily by society, because he writes books or reviews them. We reiterate the assertion, because there is much sickly stuff written, in the present day, about the neglect of literary men. Literary men are not neglected because they are literary men. But they have no right to expect that society will overlook all their social offences because they are literary men. They have no right to demand that the Shandons should be carried from the prison-tavern to Gaunt House; or that the Bludyers, odorous of the spirits and water purchased with the proceeds of the editor's copy of the last new novel, should be invited to drink champagne with Lord Colehicum. They must stand or fall on their own merits; and take their chance with the rest.

A word now before we conclude, about the profession itself. In many very striking ways, with much graphic emphasis of expression, has it time after time been said by authors of repute, that literature is a very good ally, but a very bad reliance—that its earnings may “help out” an income, but ought not to be one's income in itself. In other words, that it ought not to be adopted as a profession, but should be followed by men who have other professions to occupy and support them. Very much of this has

been uttered in bitterness of spirit; it is often the voice of splenetic unthankfulness, and too much stress is not to be laid upon its utterances. But it may be accepted as a truth, that as we practise it now, literature is either too much of a profession, or too little. If it be regarded as a mere adjunct to other more recognized vocations, it is to be feared that men neglect their proper professions and devote themselves mainly to the supplementary work. If, on the other hand, it be avowedly followed as a profession, it were well that it should be followed more advisedly and deliberately—that its responsibilities should be duly weighed and solemnly undertaken—and that it should be pursued with as much consistency and regularity as any other learned profession. It in reality only differs from other professions by being open to the whole world. There are no lets and hindrances to introition—no articles to be subscribed—no probationary dinners to be eaten—no examinations to be undergone—no qualifications to be tested—no degrees to be taken—no diplomas to be granted, before the man of letters begins his practice and gathers his constituents around him. All the more honorable, therefore, to succeed in it. His competitors are, or may be, the world. There is no protection for him to claim; no exclusiveness to defend him from an overwhelming array of rivals. Any blatant quack who can find a printer may jostle him on the road. “I left no calling for this idle trade,” said Pope, in one of his bitter satires; but all sorts of callings are left for it. Soldiers and divines—lawyers and physicians—all kinds of decayed and disabled men flock towards it as a Bethesda-pool, wherein they may heal all their social diseases and re-establish their broken fortunes. Doubtless this does not enhance the dignity of the profession—but it increases the difficulty and therefore the honor of succeeding in it. It is hard to battle it out against such odds, and it requires some stamina to do it. But the more advisedly a man enters the lists—the more deliberately he braces himself up for the encounter, the better are his chances of success. Literature would be a less precarious profession, if men betook themselves to it with greater forethought, instead of straggling into it by chance.

It is of little use to discourse upon the responsibilities of literature, or to inquire why of many professions it is the only unrestricted one—why, although more injury may be done by a false teacher through the press, than by a false preacher in the pulpit, or a

false exponent of the law, or an ignorant practitioner of physic, the profession and practice of literature may be resorted to unrestrainedly by any quack or demirep in the country. We are contented to take the evil with the good of "unlicensed printing." But we should be glad to see the profession of literature more generally recognized as a profession—we should be glad if the professors took more pains to exalt it. Take it for all in all, with all its drawbacks, and all its abuses, it is a great, a noble, and a delightful profession. It has pleasures, and privileges, and immunities of its own. A life of literature is not all bright sky and warm sunshine: but how much of both there is—how much that is bright and genial to keep the heart warm and the feelings fresh, and to make a glory in shady places. In the midst of sickness and sorrow it may be a toil and a trial—but it is a solace too; perhaps less a toil and more a solace than any other profession, save that which brings a man immediately into communion with his Maker. It is always more or less hard to work *invita Minerva*. "We know," writes Mr. Thackeray, "how the life of any hack, legal or literary, in a curacy, or in a marching regiment, or at a merchant's desk, is full of routine and tedious description. One day's labor resembles another much too closely. A literary man has often to work for his friend against time, or against his will, or in spite of his health, or of his indolence, or of his repugnance to the subject on which he is called to exert himself, just like any other daily toiler." But no worse than any other daily toilers. "Pegasus," it is true, "often does his work with panting sides and trembling knees,"—and not seldom, we are afraid, does he pant and tremble by reason of his own irregularities. "There is no reason," continues Mr. Thackeray, "why this animal should be exempt from labor, or illness, or decay, any more than any of the other creatures of God's world." There is no reason why they should be "exempt from the prose duties of this daily-bread-wanting, tax-paying life, and not be made to work and pay like their neighbors." The common ills of life beset the literary profession, as they beset all others; but it has many high privileges of its own.

Men generally betake themselves to it, because they love literature; and, in spite of all toil, of all drudgery, of all suffering, how many are truthful to their first loves. If a man pursues his vocation worthily, great are its gains to the latest day of his life. It is no small thing to influence public opinion—to guide men to light from darkness, to truth from error—to inform the ignorant, to solace the unhappy, to afford high intellectual enjoyment to the few, or healthy recreation to the many. Of all professions, worthily pursued, it is the least selfish. It brings the worker for his daily bread into constant fellowship and communion with thousands of his fellow-creatures. Thousands are indebted to him for a share of the instruction and amusement of their lives. There is not a moment of the day in which he may not, without flattery, encourage the belief that some eyes are fixed and some understandings intent upon what he has written—perhaps, that hundreds or thousands are drinking at his well. These are among its highest privileges. Of its mere worldly gains we have elsewhere spoken. These are not so scanty but that the profession of literature may be prudently adopted, at the outset of life, by men whose vocation is unmistakably to it. If it were thoughtfully and designedly entered, with a due sense of its risks and its responsibilities, there would be fewer unworthy professors. As it is, the profession is unjustly called to account for what in no way belongs to it—for what is inherent in the natural character of men, who abandon other professions, and fling themselves, with all their irregularities, into the courts of literature. For what Mr. Thackeray has written about the habits of literary men, the profession has every reason to be grateful. He has not spared the rod; but he has used it in a loving spirit. We do not, as we have shown, agree with him on *all* points; but we do concur with him in the *main*—and if the points of difference between us were many more than they are, we should still be assured that what he has written on the subject, as on all others, has been dictated by the convictions of an honest and manly nature; and that the author of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* is no more a flunkey than he is a fool.

From the Eclectic Review.

THE LITERATURE OF WALES.

NEARLY six hundred years have elapsed since English strength finally triumphed over Welsh bravery. Various and alternate had been the struggles, victories and triumphs, of the two nations. King Arthur, Rhys ap Tewdwr, and Owain Gwynedd, are names distinguished in the annals of this warfare. Conquest often beamed on the Welsh shield, and lighted up the ranks of the sons of Cambria; until, in an evil hour, on the plains of Brecknock, the sovereignty of Wales was for ever laid low, and the last of her princes slain in the hour of retirement and solitude. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of her son, Taliesyn, "Ei Ner a folant, ei hiaith a gadwant, ei tir a gollant ond gwyllt Walia"—Their God they'll adore, their language they'll keep, their country they'll lose, except wild Wales.

It is a trite remark, that Wales has produced no individual distinguished in the first ranks of literature, science, or art. She is thus said to be exceptional to the other three portions of the kingdom. England has produced her Shakspeare, Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Hobbes, Butler, Newton, Locke, and Paley; Scotland, her Maclaurin, Adam Smith, Stewart, Brown, Burns, Campbell, Scott, Jeffrey, and Chalmers; Ireland, her Spencer, Boyle, Burke, Moore, Curran, and Grattan; while Wales lies undistinguished in any one of the walks which the foregoing names illustrate. The observation, we fear, is too well founded in the main, while there are circumstances in the history and condition of the Welsh which mitigate, if they do not altogether remove, the aspersion involved in the truism.

The first of these circumstances, is the numerical smallness of the people. The Welsh nation, even in the reigns of King Arthur, Owain Gwynedd, or Hywel Dda, although occupying territorially a larger space than they have within the last century, were thinly scattered over the country they inhabited. In those times, it is probable, from the best

accounts, that the Welsh population never exceeded 2,000,000. Their number according to the last census was 911,321.

Other causes being equal, the probability of the rise of distinguished men among a small nation or people is less strong than in a great one. This probability is not in proportion to the numerical power of the two nations, but decreases, and more forcibly, as the one is less than the other. In other words, the relative probability of the rise of distinguished men in a small and in a great nation, is not in the ratio of their numerical strength. The moral and political cause existing in a great nation produce different results than can be accounted for by the mere fact of its numerical superiority. In this, as in many other instances, moral and political causes differ in the quantum of productive power, from those which are merely numerical, mathematical, or physical.

The political circumstances which are favorable to the growth and development of great attainments appear to be three—1, the existence of general intelligence in the community; 2, of academic institutions; and 3, of wealth. The first, or the existence of general intelligence in the community, is favorable to mental progress, from the advanced level which the candidates for distinction start from; and by reason of the greater sympathy, encouragement, and reward, rendered to the successful competitors by such a society. The existence of academic institutions is necessary for the nurture and development of the talent and genius of the nation; while none of these advantages can exist, in any high degree, without the possession of wealth.

The three circumstances alluded to can only exist in a nation somewhat considerable. They are the concomitants and attributes of its greatness; while a small nation is, by the import of the terms, not possessed of them. Wales is in the latter condition. Whatever she may have possessed, or possesses, of the advantages alluded to, she has only in

miniature. She never attained to national greatness.

The second circumstance which may be mentioned as detrimental to the mental and social progress of the Welsh, is the prevalence of their language. The great majority of the people of Scotland have, for the last century, adopted the English language. So have the Irish. But not so with the Welsh; fulfilling the prophecy alluded to—although they have long lost their country, or, at least, independent rule over it—they retain their language. It continues to be the medium of intercourse by the majority of the Welsh people.

Language is the medium for the communication of ideas. The language of a people at any given time, is a true test of the amount of knowledge and civilization which they possess. From the infancy of society, when the savage utters his sounds, and makes his signs, to communicate his wishes or wants to his fellow, down through the various long and winding ages which must elapse before that same society reaches the climax of civilization, its language, for the time being, is a never-failing index to its social and political condition. The first language of a people is that of sounds and signs. These are such as the occasion naturally suggests. At first they are unintelligible; but, by a repetition of the circumstances, the same sound or sign is, by common consent, employed to denote the same object or thing. These are the germs of language. At first language only described external and material objects. It afterwards reached immaterial things, or spiritual and moral objects. The process of the formation of language is gradual, and obtains only by slow and painful steps. The first words must have been those which described simple external objects—as a tree, a brook, or a cloud. Even general terms, descriptive of external objects—as a plain or a forest—must have been employed before any language was formed expressive of mental ideas. And here, again, the same process was pursued: first, simple, mental ideas were expressed; then these were put together, and general terms used. The language of a society or people was necessarily confined to the ideas and objects with which they were at the time conversant. New words were invented, and the vocabulary of the people or nation extended, as from time to time they coined new ideas, or became acquainted with fresh objects. Thus language, like most terrestrial things, was gradually formed: first, sim-

ple objects were expressed by rude, simple words; then general ideas were communicated by appropriate terms. The last efforts of the faculty of language must have been those which affixed a vocabulary to the abstract sciences.

The Welsh nation retain their language until the present day. The majority of the Scotch and Irish people have long abandoned theirs, and have adopted the English. The last has been for centuries the language of the learned and scientific in this kingdom, and the depository of their discoveries and works. *It* is the language which has led the learning and civilization of the empire. The natives of the Principality were therefore, by their own institutions, placed in a disadvantageous position, compared with the inhabitants of the rest of the kingdom, in the race after learning and fame.

Yet, notwithstanding the disadvantages referred to, the Principality has produced names that rank high in the annals of distinction. In poetry we find a Taliesyn, a Dafydd ap Gwilym, and a Williams of Pantycelyn; in general literature, a Sir William Jones, and Drs. Rhys and Pughe; in languages, a Giraldus Cambrensis, a Jones, and a Williams; in natural science, a Pennant; in law, a Powell, a Richards, and a Kenyon; and in the terrible art of war, a Syr David Gam, a Picton, and a Nott. These are names, some of which stand at the summit of the walks which they pursued, while the others hold an honorable place in the ages of fame.

It has been often asked, what are the chief characteristics of Welsh literature? The question, as far as we are aware, has not yet had a complete solution.

Mr. Macaulay has justly observed, "Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence, the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical—that of a half-civilized people is poetical." Without implying that the Welsh people are not as civilized, in the general acceptance of the term, as their neighbors, we still think that their literature is more poetical than philosophical—more descriptive than scientific. The poets of Wales are more numerous than her philosophers or men of science, as their productions are certainly of greater excellence. Her poetry can compete with the best productions of the English or Scottish muse; and, if it should ever be the glory of the Welsh language (as it is of its classic predecessors of Greece and Rome) to be studied and acquired a century after it

shall have ceased to be a living tongue, the toil will be undergone by those alone who would wish to explore the treasures left by her bardic sons.

A love for poetry has characterized the Welsh people from the earliest period. An order of the Druidical priests were bards, and their poetry exercised a potent spell over the multitude. The Welsh chieftians had each his bard, who delighted his lord with songs of love and victory in times of peace, and accompanied him in war. On the latter occasion, the bard's service was no mean one; he recited to the army the triumphs of their forefathers on less auspicious days, and incited them to similar deeds. The effect was often magical. Aroused to enthusiasm by the narration of their fathers' achievements, the army often rushed impetuously to battle, and secured the triumph. But in a season of calamity, did Gray's bard sing—

“On dreary Avon's shore they lie.”

We think the two grand characteristics of Welsh poetry are power and pathos. The poetry of Wales may better compare with that of England in Shakspeare's age, than of any later period. There is a license of idea and language allowed in both, which would not be tolerated in a more philosophic and advanced epoch. This is a common remark as applied to the earlier poets of England, and therein consisted the power of their verse. Homer and Shakspeare both lived in the earlier ages of civilization, and they are the two monarchs of poetical power. The later poets of England excel in accuracy of conception and beauty of style, in harmonious versification and chasteness of thought; yet they are wanting in all the grander elements of poetry—in all those qualities which inspire the deepest emotions of terror, horror, pity, hatred, and love. The one is beautiful, the other is sublime; the one is pleasing, the other is majestic. As the nation has been advancing in science and the arts, poetry has been declining in sublimity and power. The culture of the understanding weakens the efforts of imagination; the strengthening of the judgment deadens the passions. A people not far advanced in mental attainments delight in those strong masculine pictures of nature and man, which their poets and orators create; while those nations which have reached higher culture would be displeased rather than gratified by such exhibitions, and value more perfect, though less forcible, im-

ages—more accurate, though less grand, workmanship. Poetry therefore flourishes most in the earlier ages of society, while later times are dedicated more to philosophical research.

By power in poetry is meant that quality which produces great effect. The aphorism is no less true in morals than physics, that like causes produce like effects. The result is always commensurate with, and similar to, the means which brought it to pass. That poetry, therefore, which is capable of producing great effect has power. This quality eminently distinguishes the poetry of Wales. It is also characteristic of the language; and there is, therefore, a combination of power in the language and ideas of the people of this country. A stranger witnessing the powerful effects of a Welsh oration or sermon, would be perplexed to discover the cause of so much enthusiasm. The explanation we have before given. The language, learning, and ideas of the people, have not yet passed the poetical cycle in the history of nations.

Perhaps the quality, which, beyond all others, characterizes the poetry of Wales, is pathos. The Welsh people have always been distinguished for the possession of intense feeling. The same remark is applicable to all the Celtic races. The French and Irish people share the quality in an eminent degree. The Saxon and the Gaelic tribes are more characterized by strength of judgment and power of reasoning, as well as solidity of character and determination of purpose; while the Celts are distinguished by more vivid imagination, more brilliant wit, finer taste, and deeper pathos. These constitute the poetical element.

The religious poetry of Wales bears a much larger proportion than any other, and into its channels has the Welsh poet poured his richest gifts. Here he has breathed his divinest song. In chasteness of style, happy illustration, tender pathos, as well as devout feeling, the religious poetry of the Principality much excels any collection in the English language, not excepting that of Watts. But the acknowledged prince in this department is William Williams, of Pantycelyn. His hymns are unapproachable for animated devotion and pathos. Much of their interest is necessarily lost in translation. The following are selected by way of example. We omit the original, in deference to the ignorance of our English readers:—

(Translation.)

"Babel's waters are so bitter,
There is naught but weeping still,
Zion's harps, so sweet and tuneful,
Do my heart with rapture fill :
Bring thou us a joyful gathering
From the dread captivity,
And until on Zion's mountain
Let there be no rest for me.

"In this land I am a stranger,
Yonder is my native home,
Far beyond the stormy billows,
Where sweet Canaan's hillocks gloom ;
Tempests wild from sore temptation
Did my vessel long detain,
Speed, oh ! gentle eastern breezes,
Aid me soon to cross this main."

"Had I but the wings of a dove,
To regions afar I'd repair,
To Nebo's high summit would rove,
And look on a country more fair,
My eyes gazing over the flood,
I'd spend the remainder of life
Beholding the Saviour so good,
Who for sinners expired in strife."

"Once I steered through the billows,
On a dark, relentless night,
Stripped of sail—the surge so heinous,
And no refuge within sight.
Strength and skill alike were ended,
Naught but sinking in the tide,
While amid the gloom appeared,
Bethlehem's star to be my guide."

"Fix, O Lord, a tent in Goshen,
Thither come, and there abide,
Bow thyself from light celestial,
And with sinful man reside.
Dwell in Zion, there continue,
Where the holy tribes ascend ;
Do not e'er desert thy people,
Till the world in flames shall end."

A short account of the most eminent of the earlier bards of Wales may not be uninteresting to our readers, and will form an appropriate supplement to what we have already said.

The first, in point of time and celebrity, was Aneurin. He was the son of a Welsh chieftain, and was born at the commencement of the sixth century. He was early bred to the use of arms, and distinguished himself at the battle of Cattraeth, which was fought between the Welsh and the Saxons, but proved disastrous to the Welsh and particularly to our bard. He was taken prisoner, and consigned to a dungeon, where he languished a considerable time in chains, but, being rescued by the instrumentality of Ce-

nau, a son of the venerable bard, Llywarch Hen, he retired to South Wales, and took refuge at Cadog's College, at Llanearvan, where he remained many years, and composed his principal poem, "The Gododin." This is a production of the martial strain, and is descriptive of the battle of Cattraeth. The death of this poet occurred about the year 570, and was occasioned by a blow from the axe of an assassin.

The greatest of the ancient Welsh bards was Taliesyn. There is some uncertainty respecting the precise time of his birth, but the best accounts place it at the commencement of the sixth century. His early history savors of romance. It is recorded that he was discovered, soon after his birth, in a fishing weir on the coast of Cardigan, belonging to Gwyddno, a petty prince of that country, and was found there in a basket, or coracle, like Moses, by some fishermen, who carried him to Gwyddno, whose only son, Elfin, took him under his protection. Whether this account be true or not, it is certain that Taliesyn was a native of this part of Wales, and enjoyed the friendship and protection of Gwyddno and Elfin. Among his works is a poem entitled "The Consolation of Elfin," in which the latter is gratefully eulogized for his patronage of the young bard. After spending some time at the College of Cadog, in South Wales, where he formed the acquaintance of Aneurin, he is said to have retired to Carnarvonshire, and to have died about the year 570.

The productions of this bard are numerous, and of them about eighty poems remain. They comprise a variety of subjects, but are, for the most part, religious, historical, and elegiac. His creed appears to have been a compound of Druidism and Christianity. Even at this early period the latter was much cultivated among the Welsh.

We now arrive at an individual as eminent in war as in poetry—Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged. He was descended from a long line of princes, or military chieftains, who had formerly exercised supreme rule over the whole island. He was early trained to arms ; for which he had frequent occasion in the many wars which then occurred between the Welsh and Saxons. We find him, like Aneurin, engaged in the battle of Cattraeth, the fatal result of which drove him to flight. He is supposed to have spent much of his subsequent life at Pengwern, or Shrewsbury, the seat of Cynddylan, then Prince of Powys. He seems to have been afterwards bereft of this refuge, as we find

him in his sonnets bewailing his wretched condition and hard fate. He is recorded to have died at a great age, some accounts say 150 years, at Llanvor near Bala, in Merionethshire; his eleven sons having been previously slain in battle.

Twelve poems, the production of this bard, are extant. Six of them are historical, the others moral and miscellaneous; but all are deeply tinged with the bitterness and melancholy which appear to have formed so large a portion of the venerable bard's own history.

For several centuries, we find no bard of note whose works are extant, until we come to Dafydd ap Gwilym, who has been styled the Petrarch of Wales. He was born at a place called Bro Gynin, in the parish of Llanbadarn-fawr, Cardiganshire, about the year 1340, and was illustriously descended on each line of parentage. After a desultory youth, we find him, at an early age, living at Maesaleg, in Monmouthshire, enjoying the hospitality and friendship of Ivor Hael, a near relative of his father. He appears so far to have won the confidence of his patron, as to have been appointed his steward, and also instructor of his only daughter. A mutual attachment was, however, the consequence of the latter position, which grew to such an extent as to necessitate the separation of teacher and pupil. The young lady was removed to a convent in the island of Anglesey. She was followed by Dafydd, who entered the service of a neighboring monastery, in a menial capacity, and consoled himself by composing poetry in praise of his fair one. The suit was unsuccessful. He was afterwards elected chief bard of Glamorgan. His poetical reputation made him a welcome guest at the festivals which, in those days, were very common in the mansions of the Welsh gentry. His latter years were spent in his native parish of Llanbadarn-fawr, where he died about the year 1400. He was buried at Ystrad Flur, in the county of Cardigan; and a kindred spirit has placed the following lines over his grave:—

(Translation.)

"Gwilym, blessed by all the nine,
Sleep'st thou then beneath this tree;
'Neath this yew, whose foliage fine
Shades alike thy soul and thee.
Mantling yew-tree, he lies near,
Gwilym, Teivi's nightingale;
And his song too slumbers here,
Tuneless ever through the vale."

The works of this poet which have
VOL. XXI. NO. III.

reached us are numerous, exceeding 260 poems. They are, for the most part, domestic and pacific; but the whole are sprightly, figurative, and bold, and are enriched by a vein of tender pathos. There is an excellent translation of his Poems, by A. J. Johnes, published by Hooper, Pall Mall, in 1834.

We have now commemorated the chief of the ancient bards of Wales. Others were, doubtless, their peers, whose productions have not had the good fortune of being rescued from oblivion. In all sublunary affairs, a few only gain the fame and prizes, while the multitude are consigned to obscurity. In the distribution of human rewards, there is often great injustice, and the adage is constantly exemplified, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Of the modern poets of Wales, a host may be named. Among these are Gwilym Ddu, Goronwy Owain, Williams of Pantycelyn, Dewi Wyn, Daniel Ddu, Iolo Morganwg, Gutyn Peris, G. Cawrdaf, Gwallter Mechain, Bardd Nantglyn, and Gwilym Caledfryn. In their effusions may be found passages of sublimity and beauty worthy of comparison with the poetry of any age or country; but the limited prevalence of the language in which they are written, prevents them being known and appreciated as extensively as they deserve. To the Welshman, however, they are precious, and often solace his hours of pain, solitude, or fatigue. Frequently are their strains heard enlivening the cottage of the peasant, and echoing among the hills of Gwalia.

Before concluding, we must glance at the present condition and prospects of the Welsh language.

The two great characteristics of the Welsh language are power and expressiveness. In these particulars it may compete with the original languages, and is superior to any of the derivative tongues. Itself is an original language, perhaps one of the oldest of living European tongues. It may want the artificial arrangement, the finished structure and polish, of many living languages, but in force and expression it transcends most of the old and all the modern tongues.

For some two thousand years this language has been spoken by the Welsh people in this island; yet, ever since the conquest of the Welsh by the Saxons, the language of the former has been gradually on the wane, while that of the latter has been extending its limits. The declension of the

former is as rapid at the present as at any former period; and from the great strides taken by the English language in our own day, with the establishment of railway and other improved means of communication, now connecting and identifying the Principality with the sister country, we prophesy a still more rapid consumption for the Welsh tongue. At no very distant day it may live only in the prose and poetry of the country.

Nor do we think that the extinction of their language would be any very great loss to the inhabitants of Wales. The existence of two languages among the subjects of the same crown, and tributary to the same laws, is an unmixed evil. The division in language effects a division in more important relations. It preserves and fosters the animosity and rancor of different races, perpetuates feud and national strife, and in effect ploughs up the good feeling and friendly intercourse of the inhabitants of the same kingdom. It restricts the social and commercial relations of the people, besides being highly detrimental to the Welsh in depriving them of the advantages exclusively derivable from the possession of an adequate knowledge of the English tongue.

The latter is the emporium of the best

works and latest discoveries in science and art, besides being the language of the laws and literature of the country, as well as the avenue to distinction, preferment, and power. The Welshman who is conversant only with his vernacular tongue, is, therefore, under great and weighty disadvantages in the prosecution of any of the objects of life. The abolition of that language, therefore, how repugnant soever to the feelings and long-cherished associations of the Welshman, would be to him the greatest boon. It also follows, that its retention obstructs the progress of the inhabitants of the Principality in all the higher developments of civilization. In the spirit of brotherhood and friendship, but with an earnest wish for their advancement, do we record these, it may be, unpleasant convictions.

The work at the head of this article won a prize at a late Eisteddod; the adjudicator being the Ven. Archdeacon Williams, and the donor of the prize, the Prince of Wales, to whom the essay is, by permission of the Queen, dedicated. It appears to be a careful compilation, and clearly written, although wanting in philosophical analysis and poetical sympathies.

THE TIMES PRINTING MACHINE.—At the institution of Civil Engineers, Mr. E. Cowper gave in his paper on the *Times* Printing Machine; from which it appeared, that on the 7th of May, 1850, the *Times* and *Supplement* contained 72 columns, or, 17,500 lines, made up of upwards of a million pieces of type, of which matter about two-fifths were written, composed, and corrected after 7 o'clock in the evening. The *Supplement* was sent to press at 7 50 P. M., the first form of the paper at 4 15 A. M., and the second form at 4 45 A. M.; on this occasion, 7,000 papers were published before 6 15 A. M., 21,000 papers before 7 30 A. M., and 34,000 before 8 45 A. M., or in about four hours. The

greatest number of copies ever printed in one day was 54,000, and the greatest quantity of printing in one day's publication was on the first of March 1848, when the paper used weighed 7 tons, the weight usually required being 4 1-2 tons; the surface to be printed every night, including the *Supplement*, was 30 acres; the weight of the fount of type in constant use was 7 tons, and 110 compositors and 25 pressmen were constantly employed. The whole of the printing at the *Times* office was actually performed by three of Applegath and Cowper's four-cylinder machines, and two of Applegath's new vertical cylinder machines.

From the People's Journal.

THE YANKEE PEDLER.

BY COLONEL JOHNSON.

Most readers have heard of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, the latest survivor of the patriotic signers to the declaration of American independence.

He left Ireland for America with his father when a child, and was an active patriot during the revolution of 1776. His brother, two years older than himself, remained in Dublin to complete his education at the university, and came to the bar in due course. This elder brother, like Don O'Brien or Don O'Connor, was a lineal descendant from, and heir apparent to, the crumbled throne of some old Irish king, and was known as Don O'Carroll; which said Don and O he doffed on going to Virginia—as he did in 1796, to escape the storm of rebellion which he then foresaw lowering over his ill-fated country. The Don invested considerable money in a large landed estate lying some sixty miles from Richmond, the same being no less than four miles square, and containing 10,240 acres. This estate descended to an only son, Major Carroll, with whose history I am more immediately concerned. This gentleman, like his father before him, had been bred to the university and to the bar; but, like many of the patricians of Virginia, such as Randolph, Payton, Jefferson, and Madison, he thought it dabbling in dirty water to practise at the courts; and to touch a fee with a brief he had deemed pollution to his fingers. The mansion house on this estate, like most of the mansions in Virginia, stood at least two miles from the main road; and the estate being seven miles from any town, the major was not in general thronged with company, although his disposition was essentially social and companionable.

When I knew him in 1830, a more jovial, generous, and noble soul never animated mortal clay; and I see in fancy at this moment the twinkle of his half-ironical, and more than half-benevolent eye, as lighted up by anecdote or inspired by hock, though

perchance the wayward vicissitudes of twenty years—since elapsed—may have dimmed that eye, as they have mine.

The major had a few peculiarities of character, proper here to be noted for a better understanding of what follows. He was an active sportsman, being out almost daily with his saddle-horse, rifle, pointers, and greyhounds. Occasionally a deer fell in his way, while pacing through his own forests; or, if the deer were too chary to cross his path, then ducks, pheasants, and wild turkey came not amiss, so the major got a shot from his saddle. Game of some kind always appeared at his table; but whether he killed it all, or a part of it was procured by his negroes, I never thought proper to inquire, as the major was a little jealous of his rifle celebrity. He had another peculiarity; being ultra-democratic in his political views, he abominated slavery in the abstract, though he was the owner of 800 slaves, beleaguering his immense plantation; so, compromising with his conscience, he would keep no slave-driver, or "whip," as that functionary is called "down the south." To supply the place of this flesh-bruise, the major had selected from his live stock a tall, broad-faced, benevolent, laugh-and-be-fat old negro fiddler, and installed him generalissimo over his curly-headed brethren. This appointment, smacking of humanity in the major, was most acceptable to his stock, inasmuch as Sambo himself, the overseer, being more fond of fun and frolic than of hard work, it was well understood that he would be considerate of kindred flesh and blood placed under him. This was so: feasts of roast pig and hominy, dances upon the green by moonlight, pitching quoits, and such like fun, were very frequent; and a more happy squad of jolly souls could nowhere be found than on the major's demesne, and among his colored gentry. Despite all this—tobacco commanding a fair price, and the land teeming with maize almost

spontaneously—the year was brought round with very little defalcation, not amounting to a greater sum than was sported away by the major at the neighboring race-courses. Another characteristic pertained to the major; lacking a full supply of polished and polite company, such as his education and former habits qualified him for, he sometimes made shift to supply the *vacuum* by unique characters falling in his way. Schoolmasters, briefless lawyers, poor scholars, music-masters, strolling lecturers and pipers, and even Yankee pedlers, always found a ready welcome at the major's well-stored mansion; and if he found in his guest a genius, an original, or a droll fellow, the host would always contrive to detain the sojourner a few weeks, and even months, to supply the lack of more *élite* company. Such was the fascination of the major's conversation, and so delicate and considerate was he to anticipate all the wants of his guests, that it was next to impossible to break away from him unless one absolutely ran away.

Whatever the rank or vocation of his guest, the major placed him on a perfect equality with himself.

They must ride out together on equally noble steeds, caparisoned alike; have equally good rifles, a joint and several command over the hounds; and if the dress of the traveler was not adapted to the sport in hand, the lack was instantly supplied from the major's redundant wardrobe.

I have known him thus to ride out, side by side, hand and glove, cheek-by-jowl, with a dancing-master, when the poor *artist* with scarcely a shirt to his back was rigged out like a showy 'squire, with the major's best suit on him.

Thus much have I thought fit to speak of Major Carroll, who, though in fact a major-general in the Virginian Militia at the time I knew him, would never answer to the higher title, because he said "major" was a more euphonious word to his ear than general.

One word of his family. Madam Carroll was a most accomplished lady of the refined aristocracy of Virginia; and though of high birth, brilliant intellect, and finished education, she, like the patrician ladies of the south generally, was simple as a child in her manners, and as kind and benevolent in her disposition as the love of God and man filling her heart could make her.

They had but one child—a lovely daughter—Laura I think they called her—who, when I first saw her, in 1830, had but just entered her teens; yet, from a sylph-like form, bright intelligent eyes, graceful movements,

and most engaging countenance, I doubted not that after a few years, when she should come to woman's estate, she would be all that could be desired in a beautiful and accomplished young lady. I afterwards learned that my prophecy was more than realized; Laura Carroll having become the most lovely girl in Virginia. Reader! thou knowest not how much this imports, if thou hast never traveled over Virginia, where the young ladies in general are beautiful as the *houris*, and as accomplished as the Athenian graces. So much for the family.

Now, kind reader, go with me seven hundred miles from Major Carroll's domains, away "down east," and I will introduce thee to a "Yankee pedler."

Poor widow Brown lived in the suburbs of Boston; and a hard struggle had she with adverse fortune to maintain and rear up six children to the age of fourteen, she having been left penniless by a spendthrift husband. Ralph, her youngest child, was the pet-one of the flock (of course a prodigy of genius)—sprightly, naturally shrewd, and handsome as dark blue eyes, red cheeks, and brown curly hair could make him.

Boston is a rare place as to its advantages for education, even to its most humble youths. I believe that Ralph Brown at the age of fourteen had more useful knowledge than have many young lordlings, on leaving Oxford, with diplomas in their pockets. He had reaped the advantages of the public schools, and had gone thence to a wholesale store of dry goods, in capacity of clerk.

During his stay there, he was a fellow of the debating club, and member of the Handel and Haydn Society, so celebrated for its musical proficiency throughout the West. It is common in that country of equality for merchants' clerks to mingle on equal terms with the sons of the most wealthy and elevated; and it is also equally common with those clerks, for the improvement of their fortune and knowledge of the world, to become itinerant pedlers; and it is owing to their early training that these Yankee pedlers become such shrewd fellows, and make so much money out of the rural population.

Ralph Brown was distinguished even among his craft, being more shrewd, more silver-tongued, and withal much more handsome than are Yankee pedlers in general; besides, seven or eight years of sharp practice in his calling had made him positively rich. He had first exchanged his knapsack for a pack-horse, then for a wagon and horse; and very few country dames, old or

young, gentle or simple, married or unmarried, could resist his tempting display of brilliant goods, as set off and eulogized by his persuasive eloquence. He was twenty-five years of age when he first set foot in Major Carroll's drawing-room, where Miss Laura was sitting at her piano; the young lady being some six years younger than the pedler. And here the narrative goes on in form of dialogue.

Pedler. A purty day, Miss: the roses bloom around your verandah almost as sweet as your own blushing cheeks—not quite, though. Can I sarve you to something particular nice to-day?

Laura, (rising.) No, I thank you; papa is not in, and mama—ay, ma' is just coming in, (as the door was on the swing, and Madam Carroll entering.)

Ped. Mornin' ma'am; I was jest speakin' of your splendid flowers in front, to Miss, here—your darter, I calkilate, ma'am; and she miffed at it like, because I reckoned the roses next o'kin to her cheeks: meant no offence, ma'am. Can I treat you to a few rare delicacies, sich as caint be seen every day? I guess, ma'am, your splendid mansion is so far from the road, that sich goods as these have never found their way here before.

Mad. C. O, thank you; don't take the trouble to unfold the packages: Major Carroll is not in, and—

Ped. I'm not particular to sell, ma'am; it was only jest to intimate some superb new fashions, arrived at Boston by express; and I rather guess I'm the only patentee of 'em this side the Potomac. Here is this unrivalled delicacy for morning robes, ma'am—the raal fine Jackinet muslin, did by fairy fingers in the old country; and to match, the superb Mechlin lace trimmings, Moravian embroidery, the one did in Paris, and the other in Vienna, by the most accomplished of the sex, ma'am. And here is a lace cap, the tip top of the glory—it completes the mornin' rigging to a tee. I rather suspect if Miss there war rigged out according to Gunter, and brushed the mornin' dew with these here white kid shoes, decorated with these here magnificent robes, the angels would take her for a sister.

L. O, mama! really here are some very superior delaines, cashmeres, and various colored silks, suitable for walking dresses; and if we can get them as cheap as—

Ped. Ah, ha! Miss, your eyes begin to open to the beauties of nater and art combined! These substantial fabrics are well enough in their way; but let me open up to

your astonishment some magnificent things I didn't mean to show. Ah, they are in a concealed packet, locked up in the wagon at the door: excuse me a moment, ladies.

Saying this, the pedler ran to his covered wagon, and brought an immense packet, and threw it down on the carpet.

"Now, ladies, you shall see what you shall see. I don't know how it is, but from the first moment I set eyes on young Miss there, at her pianny, I lost the nack of withholdin' anything I could reveal to her. This here packet, ladies, was locked up most 'specially for the President's lady at Washington; and here I am sich a fool as to let you see the inside of 't. Ah! here they turn up, rich as China and the East Indias can make 'em, for the crowned heads of Europe: the satins and gauzes, the blonds, flowers, and spangled ornaments, for evenin' dresses."

L. Ma', ma'! are not those gilt bracelets there, those of the filagree work, and the brilliants, chaste and beautiful?

Mad. C. Your goods are very choice; but I fear you have nothing I want to-day; I need nothing but some jet ornaments and ear-rings, for half mourning.

Ped. Pardon me, ma'am—allow me to bring in a large sealed box, containing a few rare extravagancies for foreign ministers' ladies at Washington city; the jets may turn up among the brilliants. There, ma'am, confound me if you've not made me break this here seal, contrary to a solemn vow. Ah, ha! here we come at the concealed treasures. Look, ma'am, at these here charming amulets, cameos, ladies' gold watches, chains, and ear-rings: good, good, here we have 'em, ma'am—pertier jet jewels never adorned the sultana, or Cleopatria of Egypt.

L. Oh! ma', ma', ma'! this pearl necklace is splendid, indeed; and if pa' were in I know he would treat me with it.

Ped. Ladies, there's another eend to this here chist; you better look into it before you strike a bargain. When did you say the major was expected home, ma'am?

Mad. C. Every minute—he had only walked out for an hour.

Ped. Palter take it! this here key ought to turn this bolt, and yet it hits against a snag. I reckon, ladies, you'd both lose a sight if the lock and key dissolve partnership.

L. (With excited curiosity.)—Can't you unlock it, sir?

Ped. Ah! now confound my stupidity; I'd forgot I had two strings to my bow.

The biggest key dangling to my watch-chain will do the job. There, ladies! I guess, the superb shops of Paris have been pillaged to get these here fancy head-dresses, artificial flowers that make nater herself blush at her own inferiority—girdles, all sparkling with gems and amethysts, fans and dressing-cases from China, toilet bottles, with vinegarettes, and odoriferous perfumes from Persia and Arabia: there, then, smell of that—look for yourselves—magnificent, though I say it myself.

Mad. C. Bless me, dear husband! you look surprised; you find our room full of goods.

Maj. C. Full enough, love; our drawing-room is converted into a drapery, a toy shop, a fancy millinery establishment, a jeweller's, a watchmaker's shop, and a general bazaar. I think we had better turn the parlor into a bakery and butcher's shop, and the kitchen into a fish market.

Ped. Mornin', major—most obedient. I heard the hon. Mr. Clay inquiring after your health when I was last in Washington; said that he never enjoyed a week of such un-mixed pleasure as he did with you tu years ago, while sporting with you over your magnificent grounds. He opinionated to Mr. Dan Webster, standing by, that if he got leisure to visit the South this season, they had better both together select your princely palace as a retreat, knowing by fame and experiment, that your company was most enchanting, your Maderia and hock above all praise, and your hospitality unbounded.

Maj. C. You are in a quizzical vein this morning, young man; but I think you have drawn pretty freely on my liberality thus to clutter up my drawing-room with goods.

Ped. Now then, major, just look here. I calkilate from your first-rate sense, you would choose to hear before you judge. You see, major, jest getting some rare intelligence from Paris about the latest fashions, I whipped off in a giffin from Boston, all the way here, seven hundred miles, not sparing horse-flesh, to notify my friends in Virginia of the afore-said, in double-quick time; and hearing so good a report of you from the honorable Mr. Clay, and seeing your stately mansion away down here, tu miles from the road, I felt it a Christian duty like, to tell your females the news; so you see—

Maj. C. Ah! you are a rare wag. Well, well, friend, we'll not quarrel; and it being my hour, will you have a glass of wine and a little lunch with me?

L. Oh, dear pa! have you looked at this

pearl necklace? My mama must have the jet-jewels, and I should be so pleased—

Maj. C. Tut, tut, child, you know my purse is at low ebb just now; Sambo's fiddle is all the rage among the niggers, and the tobacco will be less than half a crop.

Ped. Never mind, major, about the back-er. I never touch a shilling of money from the great planters till I come round the next year; and then if they ax for a longer run, why, I jest take their I. O. U. at seven per cent. interest, and the trifle will budge on another year, more or less.

Maj. C. Well, well, that is liberal enough; the ladies will make their own selections, while we refresh a little. Your good health, Mr. —

Ped. Brown is my name, at your sarvice, major; but excuse me from the wine. A slice of your cold boiled ham, so glorious in Virginia, with your sweet corn bread, are luxuries with me major.

Maj. C. What, refuse wine? I had given you credit for more sense, Mr. Brown.

Ped. Let's have no soft sawder, major. We go the whole hog for teetotalism down east, and as you and I are both democrats, using our own liberty, in this freest country on the face of the airth, 't would be a tarnation pity should you coax me to break my pledge.

Maj. C. Heaven forbid, Mr. Brown; use your own liberty. My house is your home while you stay.

While the Major and his guest were discussing the lunch, the ladies, having heard the liberal terms of credit, made equally liberal selections of fine goods; and besides jet jewels, pearl necklaces, and a few such trifles, they treated themselves to morning robes, walking dresses, evening dresses, caps, fans, bracelets, &c.; and when the men joined them they were admiring the gold-cased patent levers and splendid chains, to which their attention had been previously called.

"There, major," exclaimed the pedler, "if ever fine taste was displayed by the fair sex, it has been so in piling up these beauties, and laying them out to make up this trifling bill; but ye see they've jest come to the substantial: them there diamond watches, major, are a touch above the vulgar—the most genteel crownings to ladies' riggings known at the courts of Europe. I got them jeweled time-pieces from a friend of mine in Liverpool, at half-price, and can jest save myself by selling at one hundred and twenty dollars a-piece, and the chains at thirty dol-

lars; so you see that both mother and daughter can be fixed out at three hundred dollars, not half the price of one of your blacks, major. Just look at the watches yourself."

The major looked as well at the watches as at the pleading eyes of his pet child; took the goods, watches, chains and all, by just signing his name at the foot of the account, cast up at six hundred dollars.

The day was far spent, so the pedler was persuaded by the host to have his horse put up, and he to stay for the night. I must omit the anecdotes and stories with which the traveled guest amused the host during dinner and tea: suffice it to say, Major Carroll was delighted with the company of Mr. Brown, humble as his occupation might be considered in this country.

And now Laura is at the pianoforte, set down for a song and accompaniment. Laura did her best; but she never had been drilled in the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston.

I said a long time ago that Ralph Brown had been a member of that association while a merchant's clerk. Let me here add that, being highly musical from childhood, he excelled in that charming art, and was distinguished on the pianoforte even at the Handel and Haydn; and seven years' subsequent travel in all parts of the Union, and his being much in ladies' drawing-rooms with his tempting goods, and his often touching the instrument when there, had qualified him to be a most accomplished performer at the time he listened to Laura.

Her song was chaste and all very well; and at its close, as matter of course, both Major and Madam Carroll looked that the Yankee pedler should be delighted, if not astonished, at what he had heard. It was rather cold comfort to these partial judges to hear the silence succeeding the air, thus broken by the pedler—

"Thank ye, Miss—though your pianny is deucedly out of tune."

The major frowned, Madam Carroll kindled with indignation; but Laura, more just to the criticism, while blushing deeply, replied—

"You are right, sir. My tuner has not been here for two years; and I would give anything to have the instrument put in tune."

Ralph was at once upon his feet; and, going towards the door, said, "I rather guess I can do 't for ye, Miss," and left the room for his large box in the hall. He returned in a trice, with his hands full of tun-

ing instruments, reeds, wires, and catguts, as if he had done nothing but tune pianofortes through life.

Without the least ceremony, or asking leave of any one, he threw off his coat, rolled up his sleeves to the elbow, and in five minutes had Laura's instrument scattered in fragments about the floor.

"In heaven's name," exclaimed the major, "are you mad, Mr. Brown? No tuner we have ever had here has taken the instrument all to pieces in this fashion. I fear you will ruin it."

"Now do be quiet, major, and take it easy like," coolly replied the pedler; "the subject is very sick, and I must go to the bowels of the complaint. These tinkers you have down here south, major, only know the outside of things, you see. I'm a raal penetrator you'll find, when you come to know me better, major."

So saying, the pedler plied his fingers and thumbs, winding and screwing his key as he lightly whistled Yankee-doodle in unison with his artistic motions. When he had thus regulated the bowels of the thing, the disrupted parts all came together like clock-work at his lightest touch; and as he threw his fingers from end to end across the keys, a *connoisseur* might perceive that a master had touched the instrument that just before was all in pieces.

"Now, Miss," said the pedlar, "you'll make the thing talk, I reckon, since I've put a little human natur' into 't."

Laura apologized: she begged to be excused; asked the favor of an overture or other piece from the tuner. The major and lady joined in the request.

"Well, Miss," said Ralph, "'tis tarnation strange—somehow rather, but so it is—I can't deny you anything you ax me; so, if you've got some notes I'll touch a bar or two."

Laura brought her notes; the quick eye of Ralph scanned them as readily as he would detect damaged goods or counterfeit bank notes, throwing them down one after another till they were through, then adding, "How these tramping rogues put the leek into you dons when they come down here south with their paltry trash! These here notes, major, are not worth a wooden nutmeg."

This was felt to the quick by parents and child; for Laura had been practising with these notes for years.

Ralph again went to his big box in the hall; and, placing back his tools, and returning with his hands full of the choicest music

from the great masters of Germany and Italy, he spread out one of the sheets before him as he took his seat at the instrument. It was a piece of great power and almost magic conception. Even the fingers of the performer seemed to catch inspiration from the mighty genius of the composer. The whole nervous system of Ralph Brown was in unison with the melody; and his thrilling voice thrown in and mingling with the fine tones of the instrument while essaying the most impassioned sentences of the piece, made such music in Major Carroll's drawing-room as had never been heard in Virginia until that hour.

Laura was overwhelmed in tears; while the fixed and astonished gaze of the major and his lady testified their delight.

The quick eye of the performer perceived at once that the desired effect had been produced on the auditors. Rising to his feet, he shut up the piano, carelessly saying—

"I guess she can be made to talk now, by help of an interpreter."

Falling again into chit-chat, he told over some of the amusing incidents of his travels, to the delight of the family, till approaching bed-time, when the major drew out his watch to note the hour. The watch had stopped.

"I wonder what ails my watch?" cried the major, "it has stopped every evening for these three weeks!"

"Shall I look at its insides?" quoth the pedler, reaching out his hand to take the watch. On opening it he touched a wheel, setting it in motion, as he held it to his ear. "Major!" he exclaimed, "you are forcin' this here critter to work with a heavy load on its back! Here, Miss, will you accept the gift of this here music? There are fifty pieces in all, and the poorest of 'em will make yourn blush beside 'em." Thus saying, he left the room, with a candle in one hand and the watch in the other. He soon returned, with a handful of watch-maker's tools; and without ceremony he scattered the major's watch in fragments as he had done the piano.

"What are you at, man?" cried the major: you'll ruin my watch. The best repairers in Richmond say the mechanism of this watch is so intricate and delicate they dare not tamper with it."

"Footer, major, I calkilate I can navigate the entrails of a watch, as well as I can shoe a horse, put a new spring to my wagon, or doctor sick piannies. We travelers have to turn our hand to all the ailments of creation,

else we should get into many an awkward scrape and stick fast in the mud. This here feather-spring is confoundedly out of gear, I reckon; and this verge don't navigate the best anyhow."

Thus dividing his time between talking to himself and whistling Yankee-doodle, as before, he put the watch into perfect repair, touched it with a little new oil, and brought the parts together with the dexterity of a first-rate mechanist.

"There major, keep her shet, and reg'lar wound, and I'll warrant her travels for five years to come, without overhauling. It's my bed time, major, and if the black will show me up, I'll bid you all good night."

It was now 1834. Two years previously the Asiatic cholera had raged over the country, filling many new graves and making many homes desolate. Major Carroll's family and slaves had then escaped the scourge. But now, in August, 1834, the fatal malady had re-appeared; and just as the pedler was going to his bed, a loud rap came to the outer door. It was caused by a negro: in great terror, with teeth chattering, and his eyes and ears distended, he notified massa-major that Sambo, the old fiddling overseer, was rolling, and writhing, and crying in great agony.

"It is the cholera!" said Madam Carroll, "I heard it had appeared on the neighboring estate, where Sambo went yester-eve to fiddle for a dance."

The pedler was arrested in his course to bed, and he and the major were soon at the hut of the sufferer. Madam and Laura soon after followed.

"Oh, golly! golly! I die, I die! neber feel 'im so. Oh, sabe, massa! dear me, oh, sabe 'im!" cried Sambo, as the visitants entered the shed.

Brown saw the case was cholera. He had been in the midst of it during 1832, and knew as much about the needed remedy as did the London Board of Health—perhaps more. He left the shed, and repaired once more to his well-filled box in the major's hall. On his return he carefully measured out a table-spoonful of pulverized rock-salt, a tea-spoonful of Cayenne pepper, and twenty drops of laudanum. These he placed in a large tumbler, pouring half a pint of warm water over the compound. Giving it a good stir with his pencil-case, he said to the patient:—

"Here, nigger, shut your eyes, and open your swallow wide, and keep a stiff upper lip, while ye pour this here down ye."

The negro obeyed, draining the harsh liquid to the dregs.

"Now, don't let a drop of it up, blackee," cried the leech, as the sufferer was retching; "it will soon make ye'r inwards hot as a tinker's ladle; then, I defy ye to get rid of it till it does the job for ye."

The pedler was right. The perspiration soon began to pour in showers from the sable brow of Sambo, forced out by the raging fire kindled within. The patient soon fell into a quiet doze; and by the next day, though severely shaken by the draught, he was free from pain and out of danger. The pedler gave him some soothing febrifuges, and proposed to be off to another estate. This the major resolutely opposed, entreating Brown, for the sake of humanity, to stay a day or two longer, to watch the disease among the stock of the farm. Little did the major reflect that the fatal shaft might be aimed at an object lying nearer his heart than the slaves of his homely sheds.

The next day the rich southern planter and the Yankee pedler were seen riding out together, side by side, over the forest domains, equipped for game; and as Ralph was a first-rate shot and the major not slow, they returned with lots of game. But what was the revulsion that came over the spirits of the buoyant sportsmen on learning that Madam Carroll had been seized with the cholera during their absence!

"The blacks might be turned over to the pedler when seized with the malady; but it would not do to try his nostrums on the family." So reasoned the major, and forthwith despatched two faithful domestics on horseback to the nearest physicians. The doctors came, but the disease mocked their skill; and, despite calomel, opium, camphor, &c., Madam Carroll was in the collapsed state ere the light of another morning.

After the doctors had given over in despair, and retired from the bed of the dying, the pedler was called in as a forlorn hope. He looked at the sufferer, and the agonized daughter sobbing at her feet, and hastily withdrew from the room. The major followed.

"No use, major," said the pedler, in solemn accents, "to disturb the ashes of the dead. Death hath fixed his seal on the partner of your joys and sorrows. Eight hours ago I might have warded off his stroke; but eight hours in Asiatic cholera, major, is a fearful gap."

The major was called back into the room. His lady felt that the last tide of life was

fast ebbing out. She desired prayers and spiritual consolation in the trying hour. No clergyman was within seven miles, and ere one could be brought, death would have entered the mansion. Ralph Brown was taken into council. He said when at home in Boston, he was leader of a Sunday school, and an elder in the congregational church, and could not refuse his prayers to the request of the dying.

He put up a devout and solemn petition at the bedside. No Methodist class-leader could have done it better; and soon thereafter the expiring saint raised her trembling hand towards heaven, in token of victory over death, and "fell asleep in Jesus."

After the solemnities of the funeral were past, Laura Carroll, who had incessantly watched over her beloved parent, was the next shining mark aimed at by the king of terrors. She was lain prostrate on her couch, under the premonitory symptoms of the fatal pestilence. The major's heart was wrung with anguish for the past, and with fearful apprehensions for the future. He was about to despatch messengers as before for the medical men. Ralph Brown was evidently uneasy, and he thus unbosomed himself to the afflicted father:—

"I say, major, I've seen more of cholera than your M.D.'s down here south. I noted their practice in the late mortal case. If you commit Laura into their hands, you will be childless, major, as well as a widower."

The major paused—was in great agitation—reflected anxiously. At length he said, "I resign the treasure of my heart to you, Mr. Brown; and I pray the Almighty to bless the means you may employ for her recovery."

The pedler solemnly responded—"Amen!"

The severe medicine used in Sambo's case was administered to the suffering young lady. Ralph watched the effect with trembling anxiety. The attack was a fearful one, and for a time the symptoms were alarming; but at the end of four hours after the dose, the pedler, with hope and joy beaming on his countenance, announced to the anxious father that his daughter was out of danger. But the fragile constitution of Laura had been so shaken by the violence of the attack, or the drug, or both, that it required skillful nursing to bring her up to health. This was pleasing employment to the young man; and his kind and considerate attentions had their due effect upon the sensitive and sincere heart of Miss Carroll. It was the first time in her life the thought had ever crossed her mind

that she might possibly unite her fortune with a "Yankee pedler."

Laura was scarcely out of danger, when the fearful scourge was sweeping over the plantation in its fury; and for pity's sake the traveler delayed his departure, that the power of salt and pepper might be arrayed against the cholera. He went from shantee to shantee, by night and by day, as sole physician of the estate, since the major would not entrust the shabbiest of his stock to the regular faculty. And it must be said in favor of salt and pepper, that not a single death occurred where the compound was administered in due season. Not a slave holder in Virginia escaped with so little loss among his dark cattle as did Major Carroll. But the time at length arrived when Ralph Brown would stay no longer. Laura was evidently distressed at his departure. Her cheeks were suffused and her long dark eye-lashes wet with tears, when she reached out her pale slim hand, all tremulous from a heart in commotion, to bid him farewell. Ralph felt the gentle tremor like electricity through his frame; but both were silent.

The major followed the pedler into the hall and said, "I know not how to express my gratitude, Mr. Brown."

"Never mind, major," interrupted Ralph—"no soft sawder. Here, I want to leave a draught of two thousand dollars with you on Richmond Bank. If the backer turns out bad, and you want to use the trifle, go it, major."

Thus saying, he was in his wagon-seat, and his horse in full motion up the avenue in a trice, while the major's heart was well nigh bursting with suppressed gratitude.

Time rolled on. Tobacco was a failure; and major Carroll having eight hundred human beings on his hands to support, required the bank-check; and was after all a melancholy man, at loss of his companion, and the untoward circumstances attending him. Laura, on the contrary, gathered health and freshness from hope, which "blooms immortal in the human breast;" besides, Ralph Brown's new music awoke in her joyous soul new aspirations, new gratifications, and an inspiring emulation to show him on his return that she had breathed over every sweet note he had left behind. It need scarcely be said that such employment, spurred on by such a motive, made the hours pass lightly, while it greatly improved Laura Carroll in the art of music.

Autumn had scattered its yellow leaves upon the passing streams; winter had chained

them up in his icy fetters, and cast his hoar winding-sheet over the face of nature; spring had unloosed the chains, and dissolved the sheet; and now summer again clothed the mountain and the valley with living green, making the groves vocal with the songs of birds. Still Major Carroll was in thoughtful mood. He knew not how he should meet Ralph Brown, when he should come for his 2,600 dollars. A sprightly rap was heard at the hall door; it was opened by the porter; and Ralph Brown, in fine spirits, stood before Major Carroll!

"Mornin', major—hope I see you. What! not in the dumps, major, this magnificent weather?" said the pedler.

"I'm glad to see you, Mr. Brown," replied the major. "Yes, glad on many accounts—but mortified"—

"Mortified! mister, d'ye say? Then I'll be off with myself," interrupted Brown.

"To tell you frankly," resumed the major, "I have not a shilling of money for you."

"Money! footer, major; I've never thought of the trifle since I left:—ah! Miss Laura, is it you? most happy!" cried the pedler; and the young lady colored to the temples, as she entered, and they held each other by the hand, in "expressive silence."

The pedler's horse was not left standing to his wagon, as at the first call; but two sable grooms had the mare unharnessed at once, in the stable, and the baggage in the hall. But there was another appendage to the visitant the slaves knew not how to dispose of. A dark-eyed, keen-looking, curly-haired boy, some fourteen years of age, was seen sitting upon the wagon, where Brown had left him. Ralph stepped to the door—"Frank," said he, "go with the niggers, and see Naragansett has a clean straw bed; and then navigate yourself into the kitchen, and tell the wench to give you some grub."

The evening passed more merrily than usual at the mansion; for the pedler would put the inmates in high spirits by his anecdotes, in spite of themselves. Laura played some of the sweetest pieces of the new music—tried her soft warbling voice in concert; and she received in return the unqualified encomiums of her late tuner on her wonderful improvement.

The major at length, rather awkwardly, said that, hard as the times were, he, like a fool, had been over-persuaded to attend the races the next day at Charlottesville—regretted the incivility of absence from his guest.

"Now, major," replied Ralph, "I aint to be babied in this way. I know a thing or

two about horse flesh; aint green, major; and I reckon you'll leave the road behind ye, so I can come arter, if you're too proud to go with me."

"Proud, Mr. Brown! I shall be too proud of your company, if you will consent to go; but I thought you would be too tired after this long journey, and require rest," replied the major.

"Rest! No rest to the wicked, major; and when ye talk of 700 miles being a long journey, you're rather green, major."

The next morning the host and guest were on their way to the races, mounted on two fleet steeds taken fresh from the major's stables. When about half way, the major turned round, surveying the road they had come, and exclaimed—

"What, in heaven's name, is that behind us? Is it an ass, or a young camel? A queerer sprite in shape of a horse I never saw wrapped up in skin!"

"Lord, major," answered Ralph, "you're jokin'. That is my wagon-boy—slept with your niggers last night. He is on my Naragansett mare, that trailed the wagon up to your door."

The sportsmen soon stopped at an inn, to breathe their horses. As the boy and mare came up—

"Well," said the major, "that is a queer animal. She is slim as a weasel, and gaunt as a greyhound; and yet to keep up at our rapid pace is a wonderment!"

"Frank," cried Ralph, "leave the mare and saunter along the road; the major and I want to measure her figure-head."

The boy slunk away like a sprite, while the major and his guest stood by the side of Naragansett.

"Now, major," said Brown, "a meanin' word in your ear. I calkilate you are but spoonies down here south; you are not up to human natur' and soft sawder. I can stick the leek into the best of ye, and no mistake. That there mare, major, will devour the ground like a wild-cat. She will scale over Virginian soil like a swallow. Now do you bet on that there mare to-day, or I'll for ever blot your name out of the books of the elect."

"Why, Mr. Brown, you are mad," replied the major. "Sweepstakes, Sir Charles, and Eclipse will all be there—the high-flyers of Virginia—and think you that weasel can cope with them? Why look, sir, how her hips slant off, like the roof of a Dutchman's house; her tail sweeps the ground; neither her mane, fore-top, nor fetter-locks have even been trimmed."

"Major, I say, none of your bother, now. I warn't born a fool, I tell ye, by a tarnal sight. Look at the cords and sinners in this here hind leg; see how the gambel joints are bent for runnin'; jest bring your calkilations to bear upon this here eye, and see how the white of it bungs out, liked a peeled inion. That there little chap kicking up the dust in the road can put the devil in this here mare, major; and if you dare bet agin her it will be a caution to you for life."

The major was taciturn, but at length said, "I cannot bet to-day on anything. My purse is empty."

"Hush, hush, mister," cried the pedler, "here's the speltre. Major, I never bet, nor swear, nor drink, as teetotaller and ruling elder down east; but if you don't go the figure to-day, I'll blot your name from the elect." As the pedler said this, he handed the major a large packet, adding, "Go it, major—don't be afeard; cover the whole posse of 'em I'll be your purser."

On arriving at the race ground, it was learned that four mile heats, and the best in three, were the order of the day; and true enough, Sweepstakes, Sir Charles, and Eclipse were on the ground. The judges at the goal had already entered the three famous horses, for the prime purse of one thousand dollars. Besides this, the side bets, the sly bets, and the dormant bets, were very considerable on the respective horses, just as they happened to be favorites with the patrician dons present. The pedler at once entered Naragansett as a competitor for the purse, under the name of "the Mare." When the horses appeared upon the turf, Eclipse required four men to hold him, before he could be mounted, so eager was he to devour the ground. Sweepstakes was rearing and flirting in a fearful manner. Sir Charles champed his bit in proud disdain, measuring his steps by inches, as he seemed to feel his superiority as master of the Eclipse. Off to the left stood Naragansett, in sheep-like quiescence; and while the other jockeys wore gilt caps, carried gilt whips, the dark-eyed boy on the mare was hatless, and ne'er a sprig in his hand. But when the dons came to scan the beast, and beheld her drooping tail, lama-like quiet, and long hair covering her eyes and feet, they shouted outright, in a most obstreperous laugh. They thought it a joke—a burlesque on their sport, practised by some wag. They cried out, "who bets on that mare?"

"One hundred dollars, for luck sake," replied the major. It was covered in a mo-

ment. Other bets were tendered against her; two to one, three to one, five to one, and ten to one. The major covered them all as offered; and was astonished that it made so little impression on his packet; twenty dollar bank notes, fifty dollar, and one hundred dollar notes turned up; and he saw that he held in his hand enough to match all the money brought upon the ground by the dons. They, too, were astonished that the Major should be in funds; and much more so, that he should bet so wantonly on that scarecrow mare.

And now it was one, two, three, and off. Every horse on the turf took the lead of the mare to the first quarter post. At the two miles' point, Sweepstakes and Eclipse had fallen behind; and to the astonishment of the spectators, Sir Charles and the mare were neck and neck. As they swept along in fine style, the mare just secured her distance, and came in at the goal half a neck ahead, as declared by the judges. The other two horses drew off the course.

"Look there!" exclaimed many voices, "the mare is blown—she holds down her head and tail, and Sir Charles will take the other two heats without effort."

"Oh! yes, yes, she is blown," cried the dons; and they cracked up ten to one for Sir Charles, the best in three. The major put faith in his neighbors. He saw the mare's head was down—he thought her tail trembled. He feared for Ralph's money he had so liberally planked, and dared not venture more. The challenges, ten to one, were clamorous against him. He hesitated—ay, even trembled in his shoes. Brown, who had kept aloof from the contest, now crossed the path of the major. He whispered in the ear of the latter as he passed—

"Go it, major—don't be afeard—stick the leek into 'em, with a tarnation reef. I'll back ye. If you cow out, major, I blot your name from the elect, as I told ye."

Thus reassured, the major stood his hand. Stacks of bank notes were piled up before the judges; and most astonishing, as well to the major as to his neighbors, his packet held out like the widow's oil.

And now Sir Charles and Naragansett are again displaying wonders—the mountains skip like rams, and the little hills like lambs, on either side. Sir Charles was a fine young horse, the pride of Virginia; and when he eclipsed Eclipse the year previous, he was crowned with gold, and covered with scarlet. He was the idol of the state. And now the fate of Virginia hung in equal poise. It hung

so for two-thirds of the second heat, when the boy on the mare touched his thumb to the neck of his beast, and she cleared the goal, leaving Sir Charles three lengths in the rear.

Not a shout was issued from all that immense multitude. The dons were chop-fallen, dumbfounded; they even doubted if this were not the phantasy of a fitful dream. At length a low murmur was raised, disputing the first heat. Many said the horses came in neck and neck, and they must run again to decide the contest. The judges, however, decided differently: they said the mare had won the stakes. But still the discontents were getting noisy, and cried out, "who is the owner of this mare? Let him say whether she may run again?"

"I own that there critter!" replied Ralph Brown; "and though I never bet, nor swear, nor drink; yet jest for your amusement, gentlemen, she may whip round agin; and if the hos beats her, I'll return the stakes, and pay the shot."

All were delighted with this, and gave a shout—"Well done the Yankee pedler! he's a man after all." But the major now in his turn winked to the pedler, and said, "Don't play the fool: you've fairly won the money; and the mare now is certainly fagged, and the knowing ones see it."

"Keep cool, major," said Ralph, "I didn't cross the Potomac for nothin'. I was born ag'in before these here 'squires had their eye-teeth cut. They think they are 'cute, like; but I'll let the illumination into them."

Saying this, the pedler dropped a word in the ear of his curly-pated boy, not heard by those around. The horses started again; and for half the course kept neck and neck as before; when young curl-head rammed his thumb into the mare's flank, blowing out a whistle at the same time so clear and piercing, it could be heard a mile off. The mare sprang into the air as if she had been a wild sprite of the winds! She seemed to fly, rather than run; and even poor Sir Charles gazed on with terror and wonderment as he ploughed his way through the clouds of dust, far in the wake of the flying witch! Virginia was never so taken by surprise: and when the mare reached the goal, her competitor was fifty yards behind. The dons had too much chivalry to let this pass in silence; they raised a shout of triumph for the winner, freely relinquished their claims to the stakes, and gathered around the weasel-mare in admiration of her parts. True enough by this time the animal had got her

spirits roused: her head and tail were up; she sprightly champed her bit; her fiery nostrils were widely distended; and the white of her eyes was terrible round about.

"This mare shall never go from Virginia," said one capitalist, "if money can detain her."

"No, never," said another; and they all gathered round the pedler, demanding his price.

"The critter is not on sale," replied Ralph, "my wagon would stick fast in the mud I reckon, but for this catamount."

"Wagon?" said the dons disdainfully: "this flying dragon never saw a wagon!"

"Good rhyme, gentlemen; good rhyme. I'll set it to music, and sing it to the critter as we jog on our journey together."

The gentlemen, however, became in earnest, and made him several sly bids for the mare—tempting enough.

"Well, I'll tell you what, gentlemen, fair play's a jewel; if I must part with this screamer, it's to be done by way of auction." Thus saying, the pedler mounted the platform erected for the judges; and raising his rattan cried, "Who bids? I put up this here critter for sale—the flying witch of Narragansett. She's a raal buster, gentlemen; an immortal sprite wrapped up in a mare's skin!—d'ye see the white of her eye as I call her by her name? Once, twice; who bids?—1,000 dollars, say I for myself; just a-going, going—gone! And so I've knocked her down to myself at half-price."

"Ah that's not fair," cried many voices; "we've not had a chance."

"Quick is my word, gentlemen—can't humor your slow motions. If you want the critter, bid away in earnest. Now, she's up ag'in; who bids? Once, twice—jest a-going."

"1,250 dollars!"

"Thank ye. This critter's sire was a catamount, and her dam the witch of Endor! 1,250 dollars; jest a-going; once, twice, th-r-e-e"—

"1,500 dollars!"

"Thank ye. Ay, gentlemen, ye jest begin to sense the virtues of this here buster. 1,500 once, 1,500 twice"—

"2,000 dollars!"

"Thank ye, thank ye. Cain't dally; 2,000 once, 2,000 twice; going, going, th-r-e-e times! Gone at 2,000 dollars; cheap as pusley. Now, mister, stump the speltre, and the mare is yourn."

The bank notes were paid over to the pedler; and the pockets of the major were

crammed with the winnings; and both together were on their way home before dinner.

Seated at the tea-table in the evening, the mass of bank notes was disgorged from the major's ample pockets. On counting them they amounted to thousands more than I dare state, for fear of gaining no credit with those ignorant of the deep gaming in Virginia. The amount was so great that even Laura looked on with astonishment, never having seen so much money in the mansion before. The amount was ascertained; and the major placed the huge pile before the pedler, saying—

"I congratulate you, Mr. Brown, on winning more money to-day than was ever won in Virginia at a horse-race before."

Ralph opened both eyes and mouth in great astonishment, exclaiming, "I win! did ye say, mister? Not a rap. I never made a bet in my life."

"All the same," replied the major; "the money is yours, every farthing of it. I had not a shilling in my purse to hazard. The risk was yours; and yours the good fortune."

"Away with your nonsense, major!" cried Ralph; "don't poke fun at me. I've a conscience against bets. You know, too, major, that besides other sorts of business I do a little in the religious way down east; and the mothers in Israel, of Varmount State and New Hampshire, would be shocked to know I'd so fallen from grace as to step upon a race-ground, much more to hear I had pocketed the speltre. No, no, major, not I. Now, I'll jest tell ye, squire, the kink of this matter: I've known that ere Narragansett mare from colthood up; I've seen her caperin' over the paster of an old Rhode Island farmer for four summers past. When I seed her last May I thought of you, major, and the loss of the backer last year, and said to myself, 'Now I'll jest give a friend a lift, and grease the wheels of my wagon a little in the same spec.' I bought the mare for seventy-five dollars, and put her to school for her edication on Long Island. They know a thing or two, major, on Long Island, about horse-flesh. When they'd tried her, they wanted to coax me out of her for 500 dollars. I told 'em she was for a friend of mine down south, and couldn't be traded. That there curl-pated joker you seed thumming the critter is a very devil with a hos, major; have ye never heard of him?—'tis Frank Durfy, that beats all the riders in creation. He can make that mare jump straight out of her skin. Now I

only made believes about the wagon, major. The mare came at short stages from Long Island tied to my cart-tail, while old Roan I left three miles from here drew the wagon and luggage. I only jest put her in that mornin' I came here; and three miles slow drivin' didn't stiffen her."

At length the major returned the packet of notes lent him in the morning for his bets; squared the account of 2,600 dollars the pedler had against him; and placed the balance of the money—a huge lot—in his bureau. The pedler now announced that he should be off the next morning, as he had a great quantity of rare goods to dispose of among the planters. The major's remonstrances against this movement were unavailing; and Laura turned pale as ashes at the announcement. The bales of rich goods were removed from the hall to the pedler's sleeping-room, and the key of his door being placed in his hand, he bade the major and daughter good night, intending to be off before they were up in the morning. His large amount of money he deposited in one of the bales.

He slept soundly for the night, well satisfied with his day's labor. On awakening early in the morning, he bounced out of bed; when, lo! to his horror and amazement, the key had fallen out, the door stood on the jar, and his bales of goods, money and all, had disappeared. He rung his bell with tremor and haste. The negro ran to his call, learned the disaster, and hastened to communicate it to massa and young mistress. They soon joined Ralph Brown in the parlor. He was walking the floor in unusual agitation. Laura was in great distress at the loss—felt it as if it had been her own. The major appeared anxious and thoughtful; but at length said—

"Make yourself perfectly easy, Mr. Brown: I am responsible for all losses sustained by my guests while at my house; and if the robbers cannot be traced out, and the goods restored, my purse shall make the loss good, to the last farthing."

"That will not satisfy me, major," said Ralph; "we must leave no stone unturned to ferret out this devilment."

The parties made a hasty breakfast, and were soon on horseback, to scour over the estate, thinking some tokens of the goods might turn up among the negroes. Nothing of the kind, however, appeared; and not a blush was seen on the sable cheeks of the stock. The major at length rode on to Charlotteville, to consult his lawyer on so

grave an emergency, while Ralph was left to watch the movements on the estate. On the major's return, night had set in—no clue to the robbery had been obtained, and Ralph's uneasiness was not allayed. While at tea, the Major thus said—

"Well, Mr. Brown, you must not be held in suspense: just tell me the value of the goods you have lost."

"Major," replied Ralph, "it is not the goods alone, but all my money was in one of the bales."

"Unfortunate!" responded father and daughter in the same breath.

"Well," resumed the Major, "what is the total amount of the loss, including goods and cash?"

"Not less than fifteen thousand dollars," replied Ralph.

Laura almost fell into fainting fits, at the fearful amount of loss. The major, more calm, replied—

"Well, I supposed it would be about that figure, and so I have provided for it. Here, Mr. Brown, is a mortgage for twenty thousand dollars, I have got executed to-day, and secured on five thousand acres, the east half of my farm, worth as you know one hundred thousand dollars at least, and unencumbered; and I have to beg that you will relinquish peddling, take possession of my estate, and manage it as your own; for I can do nothing with the niggers and land."

The pedler made no reply—drank his tea in thoughtful mood; but before bed-time he was side by side with Laura at the piano, performing a duet.

Within six weeks from this event, Laura Carroll was Laura Carroll no more. She was Mistress Ralph Brown! and the Major released his equity of redemption on the mortgage, making his son-in-law proprietor in fee of half of his estate, as a wedding present. The new-married pair took a week's outing to Richmond in the major's best coach. On their return home, their sleeping room was the very one where the pedler's great disaster had so recently occurred. Despite this, the happy pair were so tired they slept soundly till the morning; when rousing up, strange to tell, the key lay on the floor, the door stood ajar as previously, and lo! there stood the bales of goods apparently untouched. Ralph ran to the one where he had placed the money, and every stiver of it was in its place, just as he had left it six weeks before.

"Ah!" exclaimed Ralph, "the major drew

the wool over my eyes for once, and has now let the illumination into me, and no mistake ; but thank God, Laura, you and I have won the stakes, after all." Laura blushed and smiled, as a sweet bride should ever do.

Three years after the marriage, I visited Major Carroll for the last time. A surprising change had come over the place. The mansion had been refitted up, the courtyard enlarged, ornamented and beautified with gravel walks, trees, flowering shrubs and flowers. The roses bloomed more freshly, and the birds sang more sweetly around the spot than formerly. Thirty New England farmers had been imported, and had put the land under high cultivation—the negroes having been emancipated, and by their own choice placed themselves as hired servants on the estate. Green grass and waving grain clothed the surface where late sterility reigned ; and lowing herds and bleating sheep sported over the extensive

pastures. Chapels for religious service, and a dozen school-houses for the instruction of the young Africans, had sprung up as by enchantment. A large temperance society had been formed among the negroes ; and almost to a man of them had become members. The songs of the sable maids and swains were cheerful and merry, as they carolled o'er the lea at early dawn, and at evening's close. Even the fiddle of old Sambo seemed to have got a new string, as he played to the light-hearted dancers on the green, under a Virginia sky, and by moonlight.

While standing beside the Major, admiring this transformation, I said to him—"None but a rare genius and a practical operator combined could have produced what I see."

"Ay, right," replied the Major—"the genius and the operator are no other than Ralph Brown, the YANKEE PEDLER."

DISCOVERY OF A MEROVINGIAN CEMETERY AT ENVERMEU.—The Abbé Cochet, inspector of the historical monuments of the department, has recently made a new archæological discovery. The workmen who were employed in cutting a new road from Blangy towards Balbec, across Envermeu, dug into a Merovingian cemetery, very analogous to those discovered at Douvrend and at Londinières :—making the third Frankish cemetery found in the valley of the Eaulne during the last twelve years. At Envermeu the Abbé Cochet has already upwards of fifty skeletons. Those of females are easily recognized by the necklaces, bracelets, and earrings, and the various implements of the toilette which accompany them. Those of males are ascertained by the long knives and

poniards, by styli, tweezers, and such objects ; warriors, by swords, lances, and axes. The most curious object is a Merovingian helmet. It is surmounted by a point like the casques worn by the Norman warriors as represented in the Bayeux Tapestry. Only the frame-work remains :—and this was the case with the Saxon helmet, crested by the figure of a hog, discovered by Mr. Bateman in Derbyshire. At the feet of the Envermeu skeletons were earthen vessels, or urns, of various forms. The field in which this discovery has been made is known by the name of *la Tombe*. The museum of Rouen, in which the *départemental* antiquities are classified and preserved, will receive this new and valuable addition.—*Revue de Rouen*.

From the English Review.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE MORMONITES.

THERE are few persons, probably, who have not, at one time or another, heard of the existence of a sect called the "Mormonites," or "Latter Day Saints," and of the crowds of deluded fanatics, who, under those names, have, from time to time, quitted the shores of this country, on their way to a new land of promise in the Far West. But among those under whose notice this one among the many religious phenomena of the present day has occasionally fallen, there are few, we apprehend, who have ever troubled themselves to inquire into the origin or peculiar tenets of the new sect,—few who have any conception of its numerical extent,—still fewer who have viewed it in its more important aspect as one of the "signs of the times." It is hard to say, how long this indifference of the more enlightened portion of the Christian public to the proceedings of the followers of Mormon might have continued, but for an attempt recently made to constrain a clergyman of our Church to desecrate the Burial Service at the grave of one of the members of the sect. While it appeared simply as one of the extravagant phases of American religionism, it was not likely to excite any very lively interest in this country; but the case is altogether different when we find that the pestilence is spreading extensively in our parishes, as we fear it is, especially in the manufacturing districts; and that the spirit of ribaldry towards the Church, by which it has been characterized from the first, is changed into a spirit of persecution, endeavoring to expose her sacred offices to irreverent, and, if the profanation were acquiesced in, not altogether unmerited scorn.

With this view we have collected together a vast mass of documentary evidence, which we shall endeavor to present to our readers in a condensed and digested form. In doing so, we hold ourselves wholly absolved from the necessity of dealing with the errors, the absurdities, and blasphemies of the sect, in the way of controversy. The imposture is too palpable, the heresy too manifest, to call for serious argument. The most efficient way to

expose the imposture is to state the facts, as we find them set forth both by the Mormonite leaders themselves, and by certain parties who have broken off their former connection with them,—the most powerful confutation of the heresy, to exhibit their doctrine as it is propounded by themselves, both originally in their doctrinal documents, and subsequently in their apologetic writings.

We shall begin our account by putting the Mormonite prophet himself into the witness box. A History of the different American Sects—altogether forty-three in number—published at Philadelphia in the year 1844, contains, (pp. 404—410,) on the subject of the Mormonites, an article from the pen of Joseph Smith, under the title "Latter Day Saints, by Joseph Smith, Nauvoo, Illinois." The writer begins by stating that

"The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints was founded upon direct revelation, as the true Church of God has ever been, according to the Scriptures (Amos iii. 7, and Acts i. 2): and through the will and blessings of God, I have been an instrument in his hands, thus far, to move forward the cause of Zion."

He then proceeds to give a sketch of his own life. He was born, according to his own account, on the 23rd of December, 1805, at Sharon, Windsor County, in the State of Vermont, whence his parents removed, when he was about ten years old, to Palmyra, in the State of New York, and, after an interval of four years, to Manchester, in the same State, which was the scene of the first supernatural events in his life. At the age of fourteen, he states, he was much troubled in mind by observing the contradictions of the different religious denominations around him, and in his anxiety to be delivered from the confusion of mind thence ensuing, he was in fervent prayer for illumination from above. While thus engaged in a secret recess of a grove, he had a vision:

"I was enwrapped in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages, who exactly resembled

each other in features and likeness, surrounded with a brilliant light, which eclipsed the sun at noon-day. They told me that all the religious denominations were believing in incorrect doctrines, and that none of them was acknowledged of God, as his Church and kingdom. And I was expressly commanded to 'go not after them,' at the same time receiving a promise that the fullness of the gospel should at some future time be made known unto me."

This promise was fulfilled about three years after, when, on the 21st of September, 1823, being then near eighteen years old, he had in a room, three times repeated the same night, a vision of an angel who declared to him :

"That the preparatory work for the second coming of the Messiah was speedily to commence ; that the time was at hand for the gospel in all its fullness to be preached in power, unto all nations, that a people might be prepared for the millennial reign. I was informed that I was chosen to be an instrument in the hands of God, to bring about some of his purposes in this glorious dispensation."

At the same time the Angel gave him a "brief sketch" of the origin and early history of the aboriginal inhabitants of America, and informed him that certain "plates of records," containing the details of which the Angel gave the epitome, were deposited in a certain place specified by the heavenly messenger. This was followed by many subsequent visits of Angels, till at last, on the morning of the 22nd of September, 1827, the Angel of the Lord delivered the records themselves into Joseph's hands.

"These records were engraven on plates which had the appearance of gold ; each plate was six inches wide and eight inches long, and not quite so thick as common tin. They were filled with engravings in Egyptian characters, and bound together in a volume, as the leaves of a book, with three rings running through the whole. The volume was something near six inches in thickness, a part of which was sealed. The characters on the unsealed part were small and beautifully engraved. The whole book exhibited many marks of antiquity in its construction, and much skill in the art of engraving. With the records was found a curious instrument, which the ancients called 'Urim and Thummim,' which consisted of two transparent stones set in the rim of a bow fastened to a breastplate. Through the medium of the Urim and Thummim, I translated the record, by the gift and power of God."*

*It is worth while to compare with this the account which Joseph Smith gave to one of his comrades, at the time when he first started the imposture, and

The translation, so made, is the celebrated Book of Mormon, of which a brief abstract is inserted in the narrative. The prophet then proceeds to relate the origin of his Church :

"On the 6th of April, 1830, the 'Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints,' was first organized in the town of Manchester, Ontario county, State of New York. Some few were called and ordained by the Spirit of revelation and prophecy, and began to preach as the Spirit gave them utterance, and though weak, yet were they strengthened by the power of God ; and many were brought to repentance, were immersed in the water, and were filled with the Holy Ghost by the laying on of hands. They saw visions and prophesied, devils were cast out, and the sick healed by the laying on of hands. From that time the work rolled forth with astonishing rapidity." . . .

Next follows an enumeration of the various settlements successively effected by his followers, in Jackson County, in Clay County, and in Caldwell and Davies Counties, in the State of Missouri, from all which they were ejected, from the latter in 1838, when they were, according to Smith's account, from 12,000 to 15,000 in number. On their expulsion from Caldwell and Davies Coun-

before he had any idea himself of the extent to which the business might grow. An affidavit of Peter Ingersoll, one of Joseph Smith's acquaintances in early life, after giving a general account of the character of Smith, and of his occupations and practices as a money-digger, thus proceeds :—

"One day he came, and greeted me with a joyful countenance. Upon asking the cause of his unusual happiness, he replied in the following language :— 'As I was passing yesterday across the woods, after a heavy shower of rain, I found, in a hollow, some beautiful white sand, that had been washed up by the water. I took off my frock, and tied up several quarts of it, and then went home. On my entering the house I found the family at the table, eating dinner. They were anxious to know the contents of my frock. At that moment, I happened to think of what I had heard about a history found in Canada, called the golden Bible ; so I very gravely told them it was the golden Bible. To my surprise, they were credulous enough to believe what I said. Accordingly, I told them that I had received a commandment to let no one see it ; for, says I, no man can see it with the naked eye and live. However, I offered to take out the book and show it to them ; but they refused to see it, and left the room. Now,' said Joe, 'I have got the d—d fools fixed, and will carry out the fun.' Notwithstanding, he told me he had no such book, and believed there never was any such book ; yet, he told me that he actually went to Willard Chase, to get him to make a chest, in which he might deposit his golden Bible. But, as Chase would not do it, he made a box himself, of clapboards, and put it into a pillow-case, and allowed people only to lift it, and feel of it through the case." —Bennett's History of the Saints, pp. 63, 64.

ties, they migrated to Hancock County in the State of Illinois, where, in the "fall" of 1839, they commenced a city, which, in December 1840, obtained an Act of Incorporation from the Legislature of Illinois, and received from its founder the name of "Nauvoo," signifying "beautiful." The city is described at the date of the account as containing 1500 houses, and upwards of 15,000 inhabitants. It was graced by an "University," and defended by a military body raised from the inhabitants themselves, called the "Nauvoo Legion," commanded by a "Lieutenant-General" (a Mormonite), but subject to the superior authority of the Governor of the State, and of the President of the United States. An eminence in this city was chosen for the site of the great Mormon temple, the building of which, at the date of the account, was still in progress:—

"The temple of God, now in the course of erection, being already raised one story, and which is 120 feet by 80 feet, of stone with polished pilasters, of an entire new order of architecture, will be a splendid house for the worship of God, as well as an unique wonder for the world, it being built by the direct revelation of Jesus Christ, for the salvation of the living and the dead."

From this temple and city as its centre, Mormonism spread itself far and wide, not only through the United States, but beyond the Atlantic into Europe, and into other parts of the world.

So far the account given by Joseph Smith through the medium of "HE PASA ECCLESIA." We now turn to the history of the alleged revelations given to Joseph Smith from time to time, and recorded in the second of the Mormonite Standard Books. The first of these books is the Book of Mormon, already referred to, which, containing what are alleged to be certain ancient records, answers in a manner to the Old Testament of the sacred volume, while the place of the New Testament is filled by "The Book of Doctrines and Covenants." This volume, which was printed and published separately, consists of two parts; viz. Seven "Lectures on Faith," or an abstract of Mormonite Doctrine in a homiletic form; and a collection of "Covenants and Commandments," given by revelation, from time to time, divided into 111 Sections. They do not in the collection follow in the order in which they are alleged to have been received; but as the date is generally attached to them, we shall be able to follow the history of the prophet as traced

out by himself in this "canonical" book. The earliest of the revelations contained in it have reference to the translation of the "golden plates," and in particular to an untoward accident which happened at the very commencement of the work. Joseph Smith was employing an *amanuensis*, named Martin Harris, a farmer of some substance, and of an excitable temperament and unstable religious views, who from a Quaker had successively turned Methodist, Universalist, Baptist, and Presbyterian, and having grown tired of this last profession also, was at this time open to any religious novelty which might come in his way. On him Joseph Smith succeeded in palming off the story of the golden plates, and having embarked him in the enterprise, for which Harris was to find the money, he dictated to him from behind a curtain, from time to time, portions of what professed to be a translation of the golden Bible. While the work was thus progressing, Harris having taken home with him the first 116 pages of it, they were abstracted by an unfriendly hand, seemingly with the intention of embarrassing the prophet, and confuting him by the publication of them, if he should be unwary enough to attempt to reproduce them. The work of translation was thus suspended, in the hope, no doubt, that the lost manuscript might be recovered; but all endeavors to procure its restitution (Harris's wife was the thief) having proved fruitless, another revelation was given in May, 1829.

"Now, behold, I say unto you, that because you delivered up those writings which you had power given unto you to translate, by the means of the Urim and Thummim, into the hands of a wicked man, you have lost them; and *you also lost your gift at the same time, and your mind became darkened; nevertheless, it is now restored unto you again*, therefore see that you are faithful and continue on unto the finishing of the remainder of the work of translation as you have begun: do not run faster, or labor more than you have strength and means provided to enable you to translate; but be diligent unto the end; pray always, that you may come off conqueror; yea, that you may conquer Satan, and that you may escape the hands of the servants of Satan that do uphold his work. Behold, they have sought to destroy you; yea, even the man in whom you have trusted, has sought to destroy you. And for this cause I said that he is a wicked man; for he has sought to take away the things wherewith you have been entrusted; and he has also sought to destroy your gift; and because you have delivered the writings into his hands, behold wicked men have taken them from you; therefore, you have delivered them up; yea, that which was sacred unto wickedness.

And, behold, Satan has put it into their hearts to alter the words which you have caused to be written, or which you have translated, which have gone out of your hands: and, behold, I say unto you, that because they have altered the words, they read contrary from that which you translated and caused to be written; and, on this wise, the devil has sought to lay a cunning plan, that he may destroy this work; for he has put into their hearts to do this, that by lying they may say they have caught you in the words which you have pretended to translate.

"Verily, I say unto you, that I will not suffer that Satan shall accomplish his evil design in this thing, for, behold, he has put it into their hearts to get thee to tempt the Lord thy God, in asking to translate it over again; and then, behold, they say and think in their hearts, we will see if God has given him power to translate; if so, He will also give him power again, and if God giveth him power again, or if he translates again, or, in other words, if he bringeth forth the same words, behold, we have the same with us, and we have altered them: therefore, they will not agree, and we will say that he has lied in his words, and that he has no gift, and that he has no power: therefore, we will destroy him, and also the work, and we will do this that we may not be ashamed in the end, and that we may get glory of the world. . . .

"Now, behold, they have altered these words, because Satan saith unto them, *He hath deceived you*: and thus he flattereth them away to do iniquity, to get thee to tempt the Lord thy God.

"Behold, I say unto you, that you shall not translate again those words which have gone forth out of your hands; for, behold, they shall not accomplish their evil designs in lying against those words. For, behold, if you should bring forth the same words they will say that you have lied; that you have pretended to translate, but that you have contradicted yourself: and, behold, they will publish this, and Satan will harden the hearts of the people to stir them up to anger against you, that they will not believe my words. * * *

"And now, verily I say unto you, that an account of those things that you have written, which have gone out of your hands, are engraven upon the plates of Nephi; yea, and you remember it was said in those writings that a more particular account was given of these things upon the plates of Nephi.

"And now, because the account which is engraven upon the plates of Nephi is more particular concerning the things which, in my wisdom, I would bring to the knowledge of the people in this account, therefore you shall translate the engravings which are on the plates of Nephi, down even till you come to the reign of king Benjamin, or until you come to that which you have translated, which you have retained; and behold, you shall publish it as the record of Nephi, and thus I will confound those who have altered my words. I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work; yea, I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil. Behold, they have only got a part, or an abridgement of the account of Nephi. Behold, there are many things engraven on

the plates of Nephi which do throw greater views upon my gospel; therefore, it is wisdom in me that you should translate this first part of the engravings of Nephi, and send forth in this work. And behold, all the remainder of this work does contain all those parts of my gospel which my holy prophets, yea, and also my disciples, desired in their prayers should come forth unto this people. And I said unto them, that it should be granted unto them according to their faith in their prayers; yea, and this was their faith, that my gospel which I gave unto them, that they might preach in their days, might come unto their brethren the Lamanites, and also all that had become Lamanites because of their dissensions."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xxxvi. §§ 1, 2, 5—10.

The history of this *contre-temps*, which seriously perplexed the prophet for a time, is recounted with still greater plainness in the Preface to the first American edition of the Book of Mormon, published in 1830; but in the second American, and in both the European editions of the book, that preface has been suppressed. The passage in question is curious:

"As many false reports have been circulated respecting the following work, and also many unlawful measures taken by evil designing persons to destroy me, and also the work; I would inform you that I translated by the gift and power of God, and caused to be written one hundred and sixteen pages, the which I took from the book of Lehi, which was an account abridged from the plates of Lehi, by the hand of Mormon; which said account some person or persons have stolen and kept from me, notwithstanding my utmost exertions to recover it again; and being commanded of the Lord that I should not translate the same over again, for Satan had put it into their hearts to tempt the Lord their God, by altering the words that they did read contrary from that which I translated and caused to be written; and if I should bring forth the same words again, or, in other words, if I should translate the same over again, they would publish that which they had stolen, and Satan would stir up the hearts of this generation, that they might not receive this work; but, behold! the Lord said unto me, I will not suffer that Satan shall accomplish his evil design in this thing; therefore thou shalt translate from the plates of Nephi, until ye come to that which ye have translated, which ye have retained; and behold, ye shall publish it as the record of Nephi; and thus I will confound those who have altered my words. I will not suffer that they shall destroy my work; yea, I will show unto them that my wisdom is greater than the cunning of the devil. Wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, I have, through his grace and mercy, accomplished that which He hath commanded me respecting this thing. I would also inform you that the plates of which hath been spoken, were found in the township of Manchester, Ontario County, New York."

From the tone in which Harris the scribe—"the wicked man"—is spoken of in the above revelation, it would appear that the prophet was not without suspicion of his fidelity; and Harris, on his part, seems to have been uncomfortably pressing for a sight of the golden plates from which the prophet was translating, or "pretending to translate." The curiosity of the scribe was accordingly repressed, and his fears and his "faith" wrought upon him to make him an eye-witness of what he had *not* seen, by "revelation," in the manner following:

"Behold, I say unto you, that as my servant Martin Harris *has desired a witness at my hand, that you, my servant Joseph Smith, jun., have got the plates of which you have testified and borne record that you have received of me*; and now, behold, this shall you say unto him,—he who spake unto you said unto you, I, the Lord, am God, and have given these things unto you, my servant Joseph Smith, jun., and have commanded you that you should stand as a witness of these things, and I have caused you that you should enter into a covenant with me, that *you should not show them, except to those persons to whom I commanded you*; and you have no power over them, except I grant it unto you. And you have a gift to translate the plates, and this is the first gift that I bestowed upon you, and *I have commanded that you should PRETEND to no other gift until my purpose is fulfilled in this*; for I will grant unto you no other gift until it is finished.

"Verily, I say unto you, that *we shall come unto the inhabitants of the earth, if they will not hearken unto my words*; for hereafter you shall be ordained, and go forth and deliver my words unto the children of men. Behold, *if they will not believe my words, they would not believe you, my servant Joseph, if it were possible that you could show them all these things which I have committed unto you*. O! this unbelieving and stiff-necked generation! *mine anger is kindled against them*.

"And now again I speak unto you, my servant Joseph, concerning the man that desires the witness. Behold, I say unto him, *he exalts himself, and does not humble himself sufficiently before me*; but if he will bow down before me, and humble himself in mighty prayer and faith, in the sincerity of his heart, then will I grant unto him a view of the things which he desires to see. And then he shall say unto the people of this generation, Behold, I have seen the things which the Lord has shown unto Joseph Smith, jun., and I know of a surety that they are true, for *I have seen them, for they have been shown unto me by the power of God, and not of man*. And I, the Lord, command him, my servant Martin Harris, that *he shall say no more unto them concerning these things, except he shall say, I have seen them, and they have been shown unto me by the power of God, and these are the words which he shall say*; but if he deny this, he will break the covenant which he

has before covenanted with me, and behold he is condemned. And now, *except he humble himself, and acknowledge unto me the things that he has done which are wrong, and covenant with me that he will keep my commandments, and exercise faith in me, behold I say unto him, he shall have no such views*, for I will grant unto him no views of the things of which I have spoken. And if this be the case, I command you my servant Joseph, that you shall say unto him, that *he shall do no more nor trouble me any more concerning this matter*.—Covenants and Commandments, Sect. xxxii.

While this revelation, given in March, 1829, in the interval between the suspension of the work in July, 1828, and its resumption in May, 1829, was working in the mind of Martin Harris, another instrument was in training, in the person of one Oliver Cowdery, a school-teacher and Baptist preacher in the neighborhood; to whom, in April, 1829, divers "revelations" were given, through Joseph Smith, from which the following are extracts.

"Behold thou hast a gift, and blessed art thou because of thy gift. Remember it is sacred, and cometh from above: and if thou wilt inquire, thou shalt know mysteries which are great and marvelous: therefore thou shalt exercise thy gift, that thou mayest find out mysteries; that thou mayest bring many to the knowledge of the truth, yea, convince them of the error of their ways. Make not thy gift known unto any, save it be those who are of thy faith. Trifle not with sacred things. If thou wilt do good, yea, and hold out faithful to the end, thou shalt be saved in the kingdom of God, which is the greatest of all the gifts of God; for there is no gift greater than the gift of salvation.

"Therefore be diligent, stand by my servant Joseph, faithfully, in whatsoever difficult circumstances he may be for the word's sake. Admonish him in his faults, and also receive admonition of him. Be patient; be sober; be temperate; have patience, faith, hope, and charity.

"Behold, thou art Oliver, and I have spoken unto thee because of thy desires; therefore treasure up these words in thy heart. Be faithful and diligent in keeping the commandments of God, and I will encircle thee in the arms of my love.

"Behold, I am Jesus Christ, the Son of God. I am the same that came unto my own, and my own received me not. I am the light which shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not.—Covenants and Commandments, Sect. viii. §§ 5—14.

The hope of becoming himself a translator, which the preceding "revelations" had raised, is dashed to the ground by another "revelation," still in April, 1829, which reduces him to the simple condition of *amanuensis*.

"Behold, I say unto you, my son, that because

you did not translate according to that which you desired of me, and did commence again to write for my servant, Joseph Smith, jun., even so I would that ye should continue until you have finished this record, which I have entrusted unto him: and then, behold, other records have I, that I will give unto you power that you may assist to translate.

"Be patient, my son, for it is wisdom in me, and it is not expedient that you should translate at this present time. Behold, the work which you are called to do, is to write for my servant Joseph; and, behold, it is because that you did not continue as you commenced, when you began to translate, that I have taken away this privilege from you. Do not murmur, my son, for it is wisdom in me that I have dealt with you after this manner.

"Behold, you have not understood; you have supposed that I would give it unto you, when you took no thought, save it was to ask me; but, behold, I say unto you, that you must study it out in your mind; then you must ask me if it be right, and if it is right I will cause that your bosom shall burn within you; therefore, you shall feel that it is right; but if it be not right, you shall have no such feelings, but you shall have a stupor of thought, that shall cause you to forget the thing which is wrong: therefore you cannot write that which is sacred, save it be given you from me.

"Now if you had known this, you could have translated; nevertheless, it is not expedient that you should translate now. Behold, it was expedient when you commenced, but you feared and the time is past, and it is not expedient now: for, do ye not behold that I have given unto my servant Joseph sufficient strength, whereby it is made up; and neither of you have I condemned."

The work was now resumed, Harris and Cowdery acting as assistants; and in the mean time "revelations" were given to various other parties, several of whom appear afterwards among the first founders and leaders of the sect. They are much of the same character, partly almost in the same words, consisting of announcements of the "great and marvelous work" about to come forth, and of promises of spiritual endowments to the persons addressed, if they have a desire to assist in "bringing forth and establishing" it, and faith to believe in the word of the Lord by his prophet. Revelations were also given to "David Whitmer," who, with Martin Harris and Oliver Cowdery, was chosen to fill up the number of three witnesses mentioned in Section xxxii., above quoted.

Shortly after, in the same month of June, 1829, the minds of the three witnesses were judged to be ripe for the operation of attesting their sight of that which they had not seen, and a "revelation" was given to the three conjointly.

"Behold, I say unto you, that you must *rely upon my word*, which if you do, with full purpose of heart, you shall have a view of the plates, and also of the breastplate, the sword of Laban, the Urim and Thummim, which were given to the brother of Jared upon the mount, when he talked with the Lord face to face, and the miraculous directors which were given to Lehi while in the wilderness, on the borders of the Red Sea; and it is *by your faith that you shall obtain a view of them*, even by that faith which was had by the prophets of old.

"And after that you have obtained faith, and have seen them with your eyes, *you shall testify of them, by the power of God*; and this you shall do that my servant Joseph Smith, jun., may not be destroyed, that I may bring about my righteous purposes unto the children of men in this work. And ye shall testify that you have seen them, *EVEN AS MY SERVANT JOSEPH SMITH, JUN., HAS SEEN THEM, for it is by my power that he hath seen them, and it is because he had faith*; and he has translated the book, even that part which I have commanded him, and as your Lord and your God liveth it is true.

"Wherefore you have received the same power, and the same faith, and the same gift like unto him; and if you do these last commandments of mine, which I have given you, the gates of hell shall not prevail against you; for my grace is sufficient for you, and you shall be lifted up at the last day. And I Jesus Christ, your Lord and your God, have spoken it unto you, that I might bring about my righteous purposes unto the children of men. Amen."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xlii.

Upon the strength of this "revelation," the prophet obtained, as an endorsement of his work, the following "Testimony of three Witnesses," which is appended or prefixed to all the editions of the Book of Mormon.

"Be it known unto all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people unto whom this work shall come, that we, through the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, have seen the plates which contain this record, which is a record of the people of Nephi, and also of the Lamanites, their brethren, and also of the people of Jared, who came from the tower of which hath been spoken; and *we also know that they have been translated by the gift and power of God, for his voice* (i. e. through Joseph Smith,) *hath declared it unto us*; wherefore we know of a surety that the work is true. And we also testify that we have seen the engravings which are upon the plates; and *they have been shewn unto us by the power of God, and not of man*. And we declare with words of soberness, that an angel of God came down from heaven, and he brought and laid before our eyes, that we beheld and saw the plates, and the engravings thereon; and we know that it is by the grace of God the Father, and our Lord Jesus Christ, that we beheld and bear record that these things are true; and it is marvelous in our eyes, nevertheless *the voice of the Lord command-*

ed us that we should bear record of it; wherefore, to be obedient unto the commandments of God, we bear testimony of these things. And we know that if we are faithful in Christ, we shall rid our garments of the blood of all men, and be found spotless before the judgment-seat of Christ, and shall dwell with him eternally in the heavens. And the honor be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, which is one God. Amen.

“OLIVER COWDERY,
DAVID WHITMER,
MARTIN HARRIS.”

To this testimony that of eight other witnesses is added, who profess to have handled the plates, and seen the engravings thereon; but their declaration is brought in without any account of the circumstances under which they were admitted to the sight of a treasure so long and so mysteriously guarded, and they were one and all intimately connected with Joseph Smith, and embarked in his scheme, which they hoped would have been a lucrative one. Besides, though their names continue to appear in the successive editions of the Book of Mormon, of the eleven witnesses, six apostatized from the faith in Joseph's lifetime; while of the other five, three died before him, and two were his own brothers. No weight whatever, therefore, can attach to this attestation of the existence of the golden plates; on the contrary, it makes rather against the authority of the prophet, since, in his “revelations,” the number of persons who should be permitted to see the plates is expressly limited to three. As regards the value of Harris's testimony, in particular, the following anecdote is conclusive:—

“On one occasion, a sensible and religious gentleman in Palmyra put the following question to Harris: ‘Did you see these plates?’ Harris replied that he did. ‘But did you see the plates and the engravings on them with your bodily eyes?’ Harris replied, ‘Yes, I saw them with my eyes; they were shown unto me by the power of God, and not of man.’ ‘But did you see them with your natural, your bodily eyes, just as you see this pencil-case in my hand? Now say no or yes to this.’ Harris replied, ‘I did not see them as I do that pencil-case, yet I saw them with the eye of faith; I saw them just as distinctly as I see anything around me, though at the time they were covered over with a cloth.’”

It appears, indeed, pretty plain that Harris was all along suspended between “faith” and doubt, for it was not without difficulty that he was prevailed upon, when the transaction was completed, to supply the necessary funds for defraying the printing expen-

ses. To stimulate his flagging zeal, he was favored, in March, 1830, with an alarming “revelation,” which throws a singular light upon the footing on which Harris, the prophet, and, it would seem, the prophet's wife, were with each other at this time. We give the more important passages:—

“Behold, the mystery of Godliness, how great is it? for, behold, I am endless, and the punishment which is given from my hand is endless punishment, for endless is my name: wherefore—

Eternal punishment is God's punishment.

Endless punishment is God's punishment.

Wherefore I command you to repent, and keep the commandments which you have received by the hand of my servant Joseph Smith, jun., in my name; and it is by my Almighty power that you have received them; therefore I command you to repent—repent, lest I smite you by the rod of my mouth, and by my wrath, and by my anger, and your sufferings be sore—how sore you know not! how exquisite you know not! yea, how hard to bear you know not!

“And again, I command thee that thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife; nor seek thy neighbor's life. And again, I command thee that thou shalt not covet thine own property, but impart it freely to the printing of the Book of Mormon, which contains the truth and the word of God, which is my word to the Gentile, that soon it may go to the Jew, of whom the Lamanites are a remnant, that they may believe the gospel, and look not for a Messiah to come who has already come.

“Behold, this is a great and the last commandment which I shall give unto you concerning this matter; for this shall suffice for thy daily walk, even unto the end of thy life. And misery thou shalt receive if thou wilt slight these counsels; yea, even the destruction of thyself and property. Impart a portion of thy property; yea, even part of thy lands, and all save the support of thy family. Pay the debt thou hast contracted with the printer. Release thyself from bondage. Leave thy house and home, except when thou shalt desire to see thy family; and speak freely to all: yea, preach, exhort, declare the truth, even with a loud voice, with a sound of rejoicing, crying, Hosanna, hosanna! blessed be the name of the Lord God.” *Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xlv. §§ 2, 3, 5.

This admonition produced the desired effect. Harris became both paymaster and witness for the Book of Mormon, and an elder of the Church. This, however, was only a beginning of what awaited him; for in August 1831, when the settlement in Missouri had been determined on, and community of goods was made the law of the “Church,” we have the following revelation concerning him:—

“It is wisdom in me that my servant Martin Harris should be an example unto the Church, in

laying his moneys before the bishop of the Church. And also, this is a law unto every man that cometh unto this land, to receive an inheritance; and he shall do with his moneys according as the law directs. And it is wisdom also, that there should be lands purchased in Independence, for the place of the store-house, and also for the house of the printing.

"And other directions concerning my servant Martin Harris shall be given him of the spirit, that he may receive his inheritance as seemeth him good. And let him repent of his sins, for he seeketh the praise of the world."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xviii. §§ 7, 8.

So great was the ascendancy which Joseph possessed over the mind of Harris, that in spite of all his misgivings, and of all his losses and disappointments, he continued with him until the year 1837, when the failure of the "Safety Society Bank," established by the prophet at Kirtland in Ohio, having swallowed up the remainder of his property, he returned in great disgust to Palmyra, and openly denounced Joseph as "a complete wretch." But we must not anticipate.

Before we proceed with our history, it will be proper here to give a short account of the contents of the book which has made so much noise in the world, and of its probable origin. As regards its contents, it professes to be the history of the descendants of one Lehi, of the tribe of Joseph, who emigrated from Jerusalem in the days of Zedekiah, with his four sons, one of whom, Nephi, was a great prophet. After many perils by land and by sea, they reached the continent of America, where they divided into two great families, the Nephites, or white men, and the Lamanites, or red men. Besides the history of these tribes of the ancient stock of Israel,—including an alleged descent of Christ upon the American Continent, after his ascension from Mount Olivet,—the book contains a variety of prophetic matter. Nephi foretells, with astonishing minuteness, not only the coming of the Messiah, but the history of the Christian Church during the first four centuries. Another great prophet, Mormon by name, nearly a thousand years after Nephi, and four hundred years after Christ, acts the part of Ezra, by collecting the plates on which the records and documents of his race are engraved, and completing the golden Bible; which is deposited after his death by his son Moroni under the hill, where, 1427 years after, by direction of the Angel, it is found by Joseph Smith, in fulfillment of the Scripture prophecy, that "truth shall spring out of the earth."*

* For fuller particulars we refer our readers to

With regard to the real origin of this book, we cannot do better than transcribe from the "Boston Weekly Messenger" of May 1st, 1839, the following document, which, with remarkable simplicity and manifest truthfulness, tells its own tale:—

ORIGIN OF THE "BOOK OF MORMON," OR "GOLDEN BIBLE."

"As this book has excited much attention, and has been put by a certain new sect, in the place of the Sacred Scriptures, I deem it a duty which I owe to the public, to state what I know touching its origin. That its claims to a Divine origin are wholly unfounded, needs no proof to a mind unperverted by the grossest delusions. That any sane person should rank it higher than any other merely human composition, is a matter of the greatest astonishment; yet it is received as Divine by some who dwell in enlightened New England, and even by those who have sustained the character of devoted Christians. Learning recently that Mormonism has found its way into a church in Massachusetts, and has impregnated some of its members with its gross delusions, so that excommunication has become necessary, I am determined to delay no longer doing what I can to strip the mask from this monster of sin, and to lay open this pit of abominations.

"Rev. Solomon Spaulding, to whom I was united in marriage in early life, was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was distinguished for a lively imagination and a great fondness for history. At the time of our marriage, he resided in Cherry Valley, New York. From this place we removed to New Salem, Ashtabula county, Ohio; sometimes called Conneaut, as it is situated upon Conneaut Creek. Shortly after our removal to this place, his health sunk, and he was laid aside from active labors. In the town of New Salem there are numerous mounds and forts, supposed by many to be the dilapidated dwellings and fortifications of a race now extinct. These ancient relics arrest the attention of the new settlers, and become objects of research for the curious. Numerous implements were found, and other articles evincing great skill in the arts. Mr. Spaulding being an educated man, and passionately fond of history, took a lively interest in these developments of antiquity; and in order to beguile the hours of retirement, and furnish employment for his lively imagination, he conceived the idea of giving an *historical sketch of this long lost race*. Their extreme antiquity of course would lead him to write in the *most ancient style*, and as the Old Testament is the most ancient book in the world, he imitated its style as nearly as possible. His sole object in writing this *historical romance* was to amuse himself and his neighbors. This was about the year 1812. Hull's surrender at Detroit occurred near the same time, and I recollect the date well from that circumstance. As he pro-

Caswall's Prophet of the Nineteenth century, which, in an "Appendix," contains a copious epitome of the Book of Mormon.

gressed in his narrative, the neighbors would come in from time to time to hear portions read, and a great interest in the work was excited among them. It claimed to have been written by *one of the lost nation*, and to have been *recovered from the earth*, and assumed the title of 'Manuscript Found.' The neighbors would often inquire how Mr. S. progressed in deciphering 'the manuscript,' and when he had a sufficient portion prepared he would inform them, and they would assemble to hear it read. He was enabled, from his acquaintance with the classics and ancient history, to introduce *many singular names*, which were particularly noticed by the people, and could be easily recognized by them. Mr. Solomon Spaulding had a brother, Mr. John Spaulding, residing in the place at the time, who was perfectly familiar with this work, and repeatedly heard the whole of it read.

"From New Salem we removed to Pittsburgh, Pa. Here Mr. S. found an acquaintance and friend, in the person of Mr. Patterson, an editor of a newspaper. He exhibited his manuscript to Mr. P., who was very much pleased with it, and borrowed it for perusal. He retained it a long time, and informed Mr. S. that, if he would make out a title-page and preface, he would publish it, and it might be a source of profit. This Mr. S. refused to do, for reasons which I cannot now state. Sidney Rigdon, who has figured so largely in the history of the Mormons, was at this time connected with the printing-office of Mr. Patterson, as is well known in that region, and as Rigdon himself has frequently stated. Here he had ample opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Spaulding's manuscript, and to copy it if he chose. It was a matter of notoriety and interest to all who were connected with the printing establishment. At length the manuscript was returned to its author, and soon after we removed to Amity, Washington county, Pa., where Mr. S. deceased in 1816. The manuscript then fell into my hands, and was carefully preserved. It has frequently been examined by my daughter, Mrs. McKenstry, of Monson, Massachusetts, with whom I now reside, and by other friends. After the "Book of Mormon" came out, a copy of it was taken to New Salem, the place of Mr. Spaulding's former residence, and the very place where the "Manuscript Found" was written. A woman preacher appointed a meeting there, and in the meeting read and repeated copious extracts from the "Book of Mormon." The historical part was immediately recognized by all the older inhabitants, as the identical work of Mr. S., in which they had been so deeply interested years before. Mr. John Spaulding was present, who is an eminently pious man, and *recognized perfectly* the work of his brother. He was amazed and afflicted, that it should have been perverted to so wicked a purpose. His grief found vent in a flood of tears, and he arose on the spot and expressed in the meeting his deep sorrow and regret that the writings of his sainted brother should be used for a purpose so vile and shocking. The excitement in New Salem became so great, that the inhabitants had a meeting, and deputed Dr. Philastus

Hurlbut, one of their number, to repair to this place, and to obtain from me the original manuscript of Mr. Spaulding, for the purpose of comparing it with the Mormon Bible, to satisfy their own minds and to prevent their friends from embracing an error so delusive. This was in the year 1834. Dr. Hurlbut brought with him an introduction and request for the manuscript, signed by Messrs. Henry Lake, Aaron Wright, and others, with all whom I was acquainted, as they were my neighbors when I resided in New Salem.

"I am sure that nothing could grieve my husband more, were he living, than the use which has been made of his work. The air of antiquity which was thrown about the composition, doubtless suggested the idea of converting it to purposes of delusion. Thus an historical romance, with the addition of a few pious expressions and extracts from the Sacred Scriptures, has been construed into a new Bible, and palmed off upon a company of poor deluded fanatics, as Divine. I have given the previous brief narration, that this work of deep deception and wickedness may be searched to the foundation, and its author exposed to the contempt and execration he so justly deserves.

"MATILDA DAVISON.

"Rev. Solomon Spaulding was the first husband of the narrator of the above history. Since his decease she has been married to a second husband by the name of Davison. She is now residing in this place; is a woman of irreproachable character, and an humble Christian, and her testimony is worthy of implicit confidence.

"A. ELY, D.D.,

"Pastor Cong. Church in Monson.

"D. R. AUSTIN,

"Principal of Monson Academy.

"Monson, Mass., April 1st, 1839."

The story told by Mrs. Davison has since been the subject of careful investigation by other parties interested in unmasking the Mormonite imposture, and has not only been found correct, but has been confirmed by many circumstantial details, which those of our readers who may feel curious on the subject, will find briefly recorded in the second chapter of Mr. Caswell's "Prophet of the Nineteenth Century." For our present purpose it suffices to have authenticated the quarter from which Joseph Smith derived the materials of a work, which he was by no means qualified by his education to compose. Nor can there be much doubt left as to the medium through which the book found its way out of the printing-office at Pittsburgh into the hands of Joseph Smith. There is a name mentioned in Mrs. Davison's narrative, which figures conspicuously, as we shall presently see, in the history of Mormonism; and the fact that the party in question, Sidney Rigdon, did not himself advance the forgery, but employed for this purpose Joseph Smith, a loose vagabond, whom his habits and occu-

pation as a money-digger pointed out as a proper person for so audacious an attempt to impose upon the public, only proves the deep cunning with which the scheme was contrived. The pretended translation from behind the curtain, of which Martin Harris was made the dupe, was nothing more than a dictation of Spaulding's romance, with such alterations and embellishments as would suit the particular purpose which the two confederates—for such Sidney Rigdon and Joseph Smith doubtless were at this early period—had in view. The fact that the prediction of the discovery of the “golden plates,” by a prophet in the latter days occurs in the “books of Nephi,” substituted for the 116 pages which had been abstracted, is a critical circumstance. Joseph having interlarded Spaulding's manuscript with his predictions of himself in the character of a great prophet, could not venture to reproduce the same matter, as the least discrepancy between his first and second “translation” would have proved fatal to his whole device. Hence the delay of ten months, during which, in all probability, Smith was not only engaged in endeavoring to recover the lost manuscript, but in secret communication with Rigdon, as to the best way of extricating himself from the dilemma in which he found himself so unexpectedly placed.

The prophecy, itself, which points to Joseph Smith, jun., the son of Joseph Smith, sen., the head of the Mormonite Sect, is to be found in the 2d chapter of the 2d Book of Nephi, and consists of a prediction said to have been uttered by Joseph, the son of Israel, and recounted by Nephi to his youngest son, whose name was also Joseph. It runs thus:—

“Joseph truly testified, saying: A seer shall the Lord my God raise up, who shall be a choice seer unto the fruit of my loins. Yea, Joseph truly said, thus saith the Lord unto me: A choice seer will I raise up out of the fruit of thy loins; and he shall be esteemed highly among the fruit of thy loins. And unto him will I give commandment, that he shall do a work for the fruit of thy loins, his brethren, which shall be of great worth unto them, even to the bringing of them to the knowledge of the covenants which I have made with thy fathers. And I will give unto him a commandment, that he shall do none other work, save the work which I shall command him. And I will make him great in mine eyes; for he shall do my work. And he shall be great like unto Moses, whom I have said I would raise up unto you, to deliver my people, O house of Israel. And Moses will I raise up, to deliver thy people out of the land of Egypt. But a seer will I raise up out of the fruit of thy loins;

and unto him will I give power to bring forth my word unto the seed of thy loins; and not to the bringing forth my word only, saith the Lord, but to the convincing them of my word, which shall have already gone forth among them. Wherefore, the fruit of thy loins shall write; and the fruit of the loins of Judah shall write; and that which shall be written by the fruit of thy loins, and also that which shall be written by the fruit of the loins of Judah, shall grow together, unto the confounding of false doctrines, and laying down of contentions, and establishing peace among the fruit of thy loins, and bringing them to the knowledge of their fathers in the latter days; and also to the knowledge of my covenants, saith the Lord. And out of weakness he shall be made strong, in that day when my work shall commence among all my people, unto the restoring thee, O house of Israel, saith the Lord. And thus prophesied Joseph, saying: Behold, that seer will the Lord bless; and they that seek to destroy him, shall be confounded; for this promise, of which I have obtained of the Lord, of the fruit of my loins, shall be fulfilled. Behold, I am sure of the fulfilling of this promise. And his name shall be called after me; and it shall be after the name of his father. And he shall be like unto me; for the thing which the Lord shall bring forth by his hand, by the power of the Lord shall bring my people unto salvation; yea, thus prophesied Joseph, I am sure of this thing, even as I am sure of the promise of Moses; for the Lord hath said unto me, I will preserve thy seed for ever. And the Lord hath said, I will raise up a Moses; and I will give power unto him in a rod; and I will give judgment unto him in writing. Yet I will not loose his tongue, that he shall speak much; for I will not make him mighty in speaking. But I will write unto him my law, by the finger of mine own hand; and I will make a spokesman for him. And the Lord said unto me also, I will raise up unto the fruit of thy loins; and I will make for him a spokesman. And I, behold, I will give unto him, that he shall write the writing of the fruit of thy loins, unto the fruit of thy loins; and the spokesman of thy loins shall declare it. And the words which he shall write, shall be the words which are expedient in my wisdom should go forth unto the fruit of thy loins. And it shall be as if the fruit of thy loins had cried unto them from the dust; for I know their faith. And they shall cry from the dust; yea, even repentance unto thy brethren, even after many generations have gone by them. And it shall come to pass that their cry shall go, even according to the simpleness of their words. Because of their faith, their words shall proceed forth out of my mouth unto their brethren, who are the fruit of thy loins; and the weakness of their words will I make strong in their faith, unto the remembering of my covenant which I made unto thy fathers.”

The latter part of this “prophecy” seems to point to Sidney Rigdon, the position assigned to him in it tallying exactly with that which he occupied afterwards by “revelation” in the Church of Latter Day Saints. Further

on, in the eleventh chapter of the same book, another prophecy is introduced, which bears directly upon the discovery and translation of the "Golden Bible," by the prophet Joseph :—

"But behold, I prophesy unto you concerning the last days; concerning the days when the Lord God shall bring these things forth unto the children of men. After my seed and the seed of my brethren shall have dwindled in unbelief, and shall have been smitten by the Gentiles; yea, after the Lord God shall have camped against them round about, and shall have laid siege against them with a mount, and raised forts against them; and after they shall have been brought down low in the dust, even that they are not, yet the words of the righteous shall be written, and the prayers of the faithful shall be heard, and all those who have dwindled in unbelief, shall not be forgotten; for those who shall be destroyed shall speak unto them out of the ground, and their speech shall be low out of the dust, and their voice shall be as one that hath a familiar spirit; for the Lord God will give unto him power, that he may whisper concerning them, even as it were out of the ground; and their speech shall whisper out of the dust. For thus saith the Lord God: They shall write the things which shall be done among them, and they shall be written and sealed up in a book, and those who have dwindled in unbelief, shall not have them, for they seek to destroy the things of God: wherefore, as those who have been destroyed, have been destroyed speedily; and the multitude of their terrible ones, shall be as chaff that passeth away. Yea, thus saith the Lord God: It shall be at an instant, suddenly."

The people upon whom this destruction fell were the builders of the ancient cities, the ruins of which put the first idea of the old romance into the head of Spaulding; they are the "Nephites" of the fiction, whose records are upon the golden plates. After a sally against all the sects of Christendom, (among which the Church is of course not forgotten,) the "prophecy" thus proceeds :—

"And it shall come to pass, that the Lord God shall bring forth unto you the words of a book, and they shall be the words of them which have slumbered. And behold the book shall be sealed: and in the book shall be a revelation from God, from the beginning of the world to the ending thereof. Wherefore, because of the things which are sealed up, the things which are sealed shall not be delivered in the day of the wickedness and abominations of the people. Wherefore, the book shall be kept from them. But the book shall be delivered unto a man, and he shall deliver the words of the book, which are the words of those who have slumbered in the dust; and he shall deliver these words unto another; but the words which are sealed he shall not deliver, neither

shall he deliver the book. For the book shall be sealed by the power of God, and the revelation which was sealed shall be kept in the book until the own due time of the Lord, that they may come forth: for behold, they reveal all things from the foundation of the world until the end thereof. And the day cometh that the words of the book which were sealed shall be read upon the house-tops; and they shall be read by the power of Christ: and all things shall be revealed unto the children of men which ever have been among the children of men, and which ever will be, even unto the end of the earth. Wherefore, at that day, when the book shall be delivered unto the man of whom I have spoken, the book shall be hid from the eyes of the world, that the eyes of none shall behold it, save it be that three witnesses shall behold it, by the power of God, besides him to whom the book shall be delivered; and they shall testify to the truth of the book and the things therein. And there is none other which shall view it, save it be a few, according to the will of God, to bear testimony of his word unto the children of men: for the Lord God hath said, that the words of the faithful should speak as if it were from the dead. Wherefore, the Lord God will proceed to bring forth the words of the book; and in the mouth of as many witnesses as seemeth him good, will he establish his word; and wo be unto him that rejecteth the word of God."

A similar prophecy is placed on record by Moroni, the son of Mormon, in the fourth chapter of that portion of the whole collection called the "Book of Mormon," to which the title "The Book of Mormon," specially belongs.

"I am the son of Mormon, and my father was a descendant of Nephi; and I am the same who hideth up this record unto the Lord; the plates thereof are of no worth, because of the commandment of the Lord. For he truly saith, that no one shall have them to get gain; but the record thereof is of great worth; and whoso shall bring it to light, him will the Lord bless. For none can have power to bring it to light, save it be given him of God; for God will that it shall be done with an eye single to his glory, or the welfare of the ancient and long dispersed covenant people of the Lord. And blessed be him that shall bring this thing to light; for it shall be brought out of darkness unto light, according to the word of God; yea, it shall be brought out of the earth, and it shall shine forth out of darkness, and come unto the knowledge of the people; and it shall be done by the power of God; and if there be faults, they be the faults of a man. But behold, we know no fault. Nevertheless, God knoweth all things; therefore he that condemneth, let him be aware lest he shall be in danger of hell-fire. And he that sayeth, show unto me, or ye shall be smitten, let him beware lest he commandeth that which is forbidden of the Lord."

To these "prophecies" we shall add one more extract from the twelfth chapter of the

second book of Nephi, which defines the position assigned to the "Book of Mormon" relative to the Holy Scriptures.

"Behold there shall be many at that day, when I shall proceed to do a marvelous work among them, that I may remember my covenants which I have made unto the children of men, that I may set my hand again the second time to recover my people, which are of the house of Israel; and also, that I may remember the promises which I have made unto thee, Nephi, and also unto thy father, that I would remember your seed; and that the words of your seed should proceed forth out of my mouth unto your seed. And my words shall hiss forth unto the ends of the earth, for a standard unto my people, which are of the house of Israel. And because my words shall hiss forth, many of the Gentiles shall say, a Bible, a Bible, we have got a Bible, and there cannot be any more Bible. But thus saith the Lord God: O fools, they shall have a Bible; and it shall proceed forth from the Jews, mine ancient covenant people. And what thank they the Jews for the Bible which they receive from them? Yea, what do the Gentiles mean? Do they remember the travels, and the labors, and the pains of the Jews, and their diligence unto me, in bringing forth salvation unto the Gentiles?

"O ye Gentiles, have ye remembered the Jews, mine ancient covenant people? nay, but ye have cursed them, and have hated them, and have not sought to recover them. But behold I will return all these things upon your own heads: for I the Lord hath not forgotten my people. Thou fool, that shall say, a Bible, we have got a Bible, and we need no more Bible. Have ye obtained a Bible, save it were by the Jews? Know ye not that there are more nations than one? Know ye not that I the Lord your God have created all men, and that I remember those who are upon the isles of the sea; and that I rule in the heavens above, and in the earth beneath; and I bring forth my word unto the children of men, yea, even upon all the nations of the earth? Wherefore murmur ye, because that ye shall receive more of my word? Know ye not that the testimony of two nations is a witness unto you that I am God, that I remember one nation like unto another? Wherefore I speak the same words unto one nation like unto another. And when the two nations shall run together, the testimony of the two nations shall run together also. And I do this that I may prove unto many, that I am the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; and that I speak forth my words according to mine own pleasure. And because that I have spoken one word, ye need not suppose that I cannot speak another; for my work is not yet finished; neither shall it be, until the end of man; neither from that time henceforth and forever.

"Wherefore, because that ye have a Bible, ye need not suppose that it contains all my words; neither need ye suppose that I have not caused more to be written; for I command all men, both in the east, and in the west, and in the north, and in the south, and in the islands of the sea, that they shall write the words which I speak unto

them: for out of the books which shall be written, I will judge the world, every man according to their works, according to that which is written. For, behold, I shall speak unto the Jews, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the Nephites, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto the other tribes of the house of Israel, which I have led away, and they shall write it; and I shall also speak unto all nations of the earth, and they shall write it.

"And it shall come to pass that the Jews shall have the words of the Nephites, and the Nephites shall have the words of the Jews; and the Nephites and the Jews shall have the words of the lost tribes of Israel; and the lost tribes of Israel shall have the words of the Nephites and the Jews.

"And it shall come to pass that my people, which are of the house of Israel, shall be gathered home unto the lands of their possession; and my word also shall be gathered in one.* And I will show unto them that fight against my word and against my people, who are of the house of Israel, that I am God, and that I covenanted with Abraham that I would remember his seed forever."

We now resume the thread of our history. The translation from the "Golden Plates," or the "Book of Mormon," being at last completed, and printed at the expense of Martin Harris, the prophet deemed that the time was now come for organizing a "Church." As far back as June, 1829, a "revelation" had been "given to Joseph Smith, jun., Oliver Cowdery, and David Whitmer," directing them to look out twelve men fit to be chosen as apostles, and announcing other measures preparatory to the "building up the Church of Christ, according to the fullness of the gospel." Another "revelation," to the same purpose, followed in April of the following year:

"The rise of the Church of Christ in these last days, being one thousand eight hundred and thirty years since the coming of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ in the flesh, it being regularly organized and established agreeably to the laws of our country, by the will and commandments of God, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month which is called April; which commandments were given to Joseph Smith, jun., who was called of God, and ordained an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the first elder of this church: and to Oliver Cowdery, who was also called of God, an apostle of Jesus Christ, to be the second elder of this church, and ordained under his hand; and this according to the grace of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to whom be all glory, both now and forever. Amen.

* In like manner Christ is made to say, in the Book of Doctrine and Covenants, "The Book of Mormon and the Holy Scriptures are given of me for your instruction."—Sect. iv. § 3.

"After it was truly manifested unto this first elder that he had received a remission of his sins, he was entangled again in the vanities of the world; but after repenting, and humbling himself sincerely, through faith, God ministered unto him by an holy angel, whose countenance was as lightning, and whose garments were pure and white above all other whiteness; and gave unto him commandments which inspired him; and gave him power from on high, by the means which were before prepared, to translate the Book of Mormon, which contains a record of a fallen people, and the fullness of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the Gentiles and to the Jews also, which was given by inspiration, and is confirmed to others by the ministering of angels, and is declared unto the world by them, proving to the world that the Holy Scriptures are true, and that God does inspire men and call them to his holy work in this age and generation, as well as in generations of old, thereby showing that he is the same God yesterday, to-day, and forever. Amen.

"Therefore, having so great witnesses, by them shall the world be judged, even as many as shall hereafter come to a knowledge of this work; and those who receive it in faith, and work righteousness, shall receive a crown of eternal life, but those who harden their hearts in unbelief, and reject it, it shall turn to their own condemnation, for the Lord God has spoken it; and we, the elders of the church, have heard and bear witness to the words of the glorious Majesty on high, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. ii. §§ 1—3.

Then follows a short account, after Joseph's own manner, of the creation, the fall, the Old Testament, the coming of Christ, and the Christian dispensation, ending with the appointment of baptism, as the means of entrance into the Mormon "Church." After this, we have an outline of the constitution of the "Church," of the functions of her several ministers and members, and of the sacraments and ordinances. Baptism is to be ministered by immersion, but only to those who have reached the age of "accountability," which is fixed at eight years.* A difficulty having arisen from the wish of some persons to join the Church, who were, nevertheless, unwilling to be rebaptized, the question was settled by a special "revelation," which declared that

"Although a man should be baptized a hundred times, it availeth him nothing, for you cannot enter in at the straight gate by the law of Moses, neither by your dead works,"

and commanded them to—

"Enter in at the gate, as I have commanded,

* *Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xxii. § 4.

and seek not to counsel your God."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xlvii.

A special form is given for the administration of the Lord's Supper, but this is subsequently modified by a "revelation" which declares the use of the proper elements of the sacrament to be immaterial:

"Behold, I say unto you, that *it mattereth not what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink, when ye partake of the sacrament*, if it so be that ye do it with an eye single to my glory; remembering unto the Father my body which was laid down for you, and my blood which was shed for the remission of your sins: wherefore, a commandment I give unto you, that you shall not purchase wine, neither strong drink of your enemies: wherefore, you shall partake of none, except it is made new among you; yea, in this my Father's kingdom, which shall be built upon the earth."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. i. § 1.

The Church being constituted—at Manchester, State of New York—the prophet next had a "revelation," appointing himself to the prophetic office, and providing for his own ordination by one of the three witnesses:

"Behold there shall be a record kept among you, and in it thou shalt be called a seer, a translator, a prophet, an apostle of Jesus Christ, an elder of the Church through the will of God the Father, and the grace of your Lord Jesus Christ, being inspired of the Holy Ghost to lay the foundation thereof, and to build it up unto the most holy faith, which church was organized and established in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty, in the fourth month, and on the sixth day of the month, which is called April.

"Wherefore, meaning the church, thou shalt give heed unto all his words and commandments, which he shall give unto you as he receiveth them, walking in all holiness before me; for his word ye shall receive, as if from mine own mouth, in all patience and faith; for by doing these things the gates of hell shall not prevail against you; yea, and the Lord God will disperse the powers of darkness from before you, and cause the heavens to shake for your good, and his name's glory. For thus saith the Lord God, him have I inspired to move the cause of Zion in mighty power for good, and his diligence I know, and his prayers I have heard, yea, his weeping for Zion I have seen, and I will cause that he shall mourn for her no longer, for his days of rejoicing are come unto the remission of his sins, and the manifestations of my blessings upon his works.

"For, behold, I will bless all those who labor in my vineyard with a mighty blessing, and they shall believe on his words, which are given him through me by the Comforter, which manifesteth that Jesus was crucified by sinful men for the sins of the world, yea, for the remission of sins unto the contrite heart. Wherefore, it behoveth me that he

should be ordained by you, Oliver Cowdery, mine apostle: this being an ordinance unto you, that you are an elder under his hand, he being the first unto you, that you might be an elder unto this church of Christ, bearing my name, and the first preacher of this church unto the church, and before the world, yea, before the Gentiles; yea, and thus saith the Lord God, lo, lo! to the Jews also. Amen.—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xlv.

Another "revelation" shortly after made provision for the temporal necessities of the prophet, while confirming his alleged inspiration:—

"Magnify thine office, and after thou hast sowed thy fields and secured them, go speedily unto the church which is in Colesville, Fayette, and Manchester, and *they shall support thee*; and I will bless them both spiritually and temporarily; but if they receive thee not, I will send upon them a cursing instead of a blessing.

"And thou shalt continue in calling upon God in my name, and writing the things which shall be given thee by the Comforter, and expounding all scriptures unto the church; and it shall be given thee in the very moment what thou shalt speak and write, and they shall hear it, or I will send unto them a cursing instead of a blessing." *Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. ix. § 2, 3.

And in September of the same year 1830, a special "revelation" became necessary to repress rival claims to prophetic gifts. One Hiram Page, one of the eight witnesses, was instructed that "those things which he had written from that stone," were not of God, but that "Satan was deceiving him;" and to apostle Oliver himself, the wide distinction between himself and the prophet had to be pointed out:—

"Behold, verily, verily, I say unto thee, no one shall be appointed to receive commandments and revelations in this Church, excepting my servant Joseph Smith, jun., for he receiveth them even as Moses; and thou shalt be obedient unto the things which I shall give unto him, even as Aaron, to declare faithfully the commandments and the revelations, with power and authority unto the Church. And if thou art led at any time by the Comforter, to speak or teach, or at all times by the way of commandment unto the Church, thou mayest do it. But thou shalt not write by way of commandment, but by wisdom: and thou shalt not command him who is at thy head, and at the head of the Church, for I have given him the keys of the mysteries, and the revelations which are sealed, until I shall appoint unto them another in his stead."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. li. § 2.

It would be an endless task to adduce the various "revelations" which now succeeded

each other, all having for their object to enforce the prophet's behests in the Church, to consolidate his authority, to repress the claims of his accomplices in the fraud to a share of his power, and to dispose of intractable Church-officers by sending them forth on missionary excursions. While the "Church" continued in Manchester and its vicinity, under the sole control of Joseph, he contrived to maintain his authority tolerably well. But a mighty change took place when, at the end of 1830, Sidney Rigdon's joint-authority was brought into play. His introduction to the Church was most skillfully managed by means of a mission to Kirtland, Ohio, where Rigdon was presiding over a congregation of Campbellite Baptists. On the new doctrine of the Book of Mormon being preached to them, a number of the Campbellites, and among them Rigdon himself, were converted, and received baptism at the hands of Joseph's emissaries. This was followed by a visit from Rigdon to the "Church" at Manchester, when this "revelation" was "given to Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon," in December, 1830:—

"Behold, verily, verily, I say unto my servant Sidney, I have looked upon thee and thy works. I have heard thy prayers, and prepared thee for a greater work. Thou art blessed, for thou shalt do great things. Behold thou wast sent forth, even as John, to prepare the way before me, and before Elijah which should come, and thou knewest it not. Thou didst baptize by water unto repentance, but they received not the Holy Ghost; but now I give unto thee a commandment, that thou shalt baptize by water, and they shall receive the Holy Ghost by the laying on of thy hands, even as the apostles of old."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xi. § 2.

Soon after this, at the beginning of the year 1831, the head-quarters of the "Church" were removed to Kirtland, and from this time forward the "revelations" assume a fuller and more ambitious character, which evidently bespeaks the influence of a thorough man of business, more highly educated, and more deeply versed in the Scriptures than Joseph. One Edward Partridge, a creature of Rigdon's, who had come with him from Kirtland to Manchester, and returned thither in his and Joseph's company, was by "revelation" appointed "Bishop;" an office which had regard rather to the ecclesiastical government of the "Church," and the management of her temporalities, than to spiritual oversight, and which rendered him at times very obnoxious to Smith, as several of the "reve-

lations" testify. With Rigdon, too, there appears to have been sharp conflicts, which were composed on one occasion by a "revelation," dividing the blame between them.* Rigdon, however, soon attained to an equality of power with the prophet, and one of the visions, which sets forth the three states, the celestial, terrestrial, and telestial, runs in their joint names†. At one time Joseph Smith and Sidney Rigdon saw fit to send away all the elders from the "Church," on different missions, "two and two," that they should "teach the principles of the gospel, which are in the Bible and in the Book of Mormon, in the which is the fullness of the gospel," with a special injunction to "observe the covenants and church articles to do them." And all this they are bidden to

"Observe to do as I have commanded concerning your teaching, until the fullness of my scriptures are (sic!) given"‡

The expression, the "fullness of my scriptures," has reference to a new translation of the Bible which had been taken in hand, probably as the suggestion of Rigdon, but the execution of which, except the publication of a few fragments, was apparently prevented by subsequent occurrences and by the want of funds.

On the 17th of February, 1834, the "Church" which had been going on increasing was finally "organized by revelation," when Joseph Smith, Sidney Rigdon, and R. G. Williams were acknowledged presidents. A council was appointed to assist them in the administration of its affairs, and a regular staff of resident and traveling officers, whose respective duties and relative positions were accurately defined.§ A costly temple was erected, as well as private residences for Smith and Rigdon, who having possessed themselves of the surplus wealth of their converts, launched out into a multiplicity of enterprises, and among others established a "Safety Society Bank," which proved eventually the ruin of the Mormon cause in the State of Ohio. Of these transactions few traces are to be found in the "revelations" given at this period; the history of them is chiefly derived from the opponents of the Mormons; and as it lies out of the way of our more immediate object,

we shall refer our readers once more to Mr. Caswall's book for information.*

Long, however, before the removal of the "Saints" from Kirtland became a matter of necessity, in consequence of the failure of the bank, under circumstances of great disgrace, a scheme had been formed for the establishment of a much larger settlement than any this sect had as yet had, farther West. As early as June, 1831, a "revelation" was given, pointing to certain land in Missouri, as land "to be consecrated to the Lord's people."

"If ye are faithful, ye shall assemble yourselves together to rejoice upon the land of Missouri, which is the land of your inheritance, which is near the land of your enemies. But, behold, I the Lord will hasten the city in its time, and will crown the faithful with joy and with rejoicings."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. lxvi. § 9.

An assembly of elders was convened, on the ground which it was intended hereafter to occupy, and which was now declared to be the proper location for the city of Zion, and the great temple that should be built.† At this time,—August 1831,—the idea of acquiring the land otherwise than by purchase, though probably broached, received no countenance:—

"Behold this is the will of the Lord your God concerning his Saints, that they should assemble themselves together unto the land of Zion, not in haste, lest there should be confusion, which bringeth pestilence. Behold, the land of Zion, I, the Lord, holdeth it in mine own hands; nevertheless, I the Lord, rendereth unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's: wherefore, I, the Lord, willeth that you should purchase the lands, that you may have advantage of the world, that you may have claim on the world, that they may not be stirred up unto anger; for Satan putteth it into their hearts to anger against you, and to the shedding of blood; wherefore the land of Zion shall not be obtained but by purchase or by blood, otherwise there is none inheritance for you. And if by purchase, behold you are blessed; and if by blood, as you are forbidden to shed blood, lo, your enemies are upon you, and ye shall be scourged from city to city, and from synagogue to synagogue, and but few shall stand to receive an inheritance."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sec. xx. § 8.

In the following year, 1832, a formal promise of the restoration of Zion, the erection of the New Jerusalem in Missouri, was given by "revelation:"—

* *Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. lxxxiii. §§ 7, 8.

† *Ibid.* Sect. xcii. § 3.

‡ *Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xiii. § 2, 5.

§ *Ibid.* Sect. v.

* *Prophet of the Nineteenth Century*, chap. vii. viii.

† *Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xxvii. § 1.

"A revelation of Jesus Christ unto his servant Joseph Smith, jun., and six elders, as they united their hearts and lifted their voices on high; yea, the word of the Lord concerning his Church, established in the last days for the restoration of his people, as He has spoken by the mouth of his prophets, and for the gathering of his saints to stand upon mount Zion, which shall be the city New Jerusalem, which city shall be built, beginning at the temple lot, which is appointed by the finger of the Lord, in the western boundaries of the State of Missouri, and dedicated by the hand of Joseph Smith, jun., and others with whom the Lord was well pleased.

"Verily this is the word of the Lord, that the city New Jerusalem shall be built by the gathering of the saints beginning at this place, even the place of the temple, which temple shall be reared in this generation; for verily, this generation shall not all pass away until an house shall be built unto the Lord, and a cloud shall rest upon it, which cloud shall be even the glory of the Lord, which shall fill the house."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. iv. § 1, 2.

And in the month of December, 1833, a commandment went forth for a general gathering in all the churches in every part of the world, in order to collect funds for "the redemption of Zion."*

How far the investments in Missouri may have helped to embarrass the finances of the "Church" at Kirtland, it is impossible to say. The probability, however, is, that they had no small share in the catastrophe which eventually accelerated the transfer of the centre of Mormonism to the spot prophetically pointed out as the place in which the New Jerusalem should be erected. And certain it is that the most stringent measures were taken to levy contributions upon the members of the Church, by a system of enforced donations, which had much more the character of confiscation than of taxation. The principle of complete surrender of private property was laid down broadly, soon after the removal to Kirtland, in the first instance under the guise of securing support for the poor, but in reality for enriching the Church, and placing all the property of the members at the disposal of the leaders.

"If thou lovest me, thou shalt serve me and keep all my commandments. And behold, thou wilt remember the poor, and consecrate of thy properties for their support that which thou hast to impart unto them *with a covenant and a deed which cannot be broken*; and inasmuch as ye impart of your substance unto the poor, ye will do it unto me, and they shall be laid before the bishop of my church and his counsellors, two of

the elders, or high priests, such as he shall or has appointed and set apart for that purpose.

"And it shall come to pass, that *after they are laid before the bishop of my church, and after that he has received these testimonies concerning the consecration of the properties of my church, that they cannot be taken from the church agreeably to my commandments*; every man shall be made accountable unto me, a steward over his own property, or that which he has received by consecration, inasmuch as is sufficient for himself and family.

"And again, *if there shall be properties in the hands of the church, or any individuals of it, more than is necessary for their support, after this first consecration, which is a residue to be consecrated unto the bishop, it shall be kept to administer to those who have not*, from time to time, that every man who has need may be amply supplied, and receive according to his wants. Therefore, *the residue shall be kept in my store-house, to administer to the poor and the needy, as shall be appointed by the high council of the church, and the bishop and his council, and for the purpose of purchasing lands for the public benefit of the church, and building houses of worship, and building up of the New Jerusalem which is hereafter to be revealed, that my covenant people may be gathered in one in that day when I shall come to my temple. And this I do for the salvation of my people.*

"And it shall come to pass, that he that sinneth and repenteth not, shall be cast out of the church, and shall not receive again that which he has consecrated unto the poor and needy of my church; or in other words unto me; for inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me; for it shall come to pass, that which I spake by the mouths of my prophets, shall be fulfilled; for I will consecrate of the riches of those who embrace my gospel among the Gentiles, unto the poor of my people who are of the house of Israel. . . ."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xiii. 8—11. .

However unpalatable this system might prove, and undoubtedly did prove, to many of the members, and especially the new comers, it was constantly enforced by "revelations," and carried out with greater rigor than ever, after the removal from Kirtland, as appears from a "revelation" given at Far West, Missouri, July 8, 1838, in answer to the question, "O Lord, show unto thy servants how much thou requirest of the properties of thy people for a tithing." The answer is as follows:—

"Verily, thus saith the Lord, I require all their surplus property to put into the hands of the bishop of my church in Zion, for the building of mine house, and for the laying the foundation of Zion and for the priesthood, and for the debts of the presidency of my church; and this shall be the beginning of the tithing of my people; and after that, those who have thus been tithed, shall pay one-tenth of all their interest annually, and

* *Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. xcv. §§ 9, 10.

this shall be a standing law unto them forever, for my holy priesthood, saith the Lord.

"Verily I say unto you, it shall come to pass, that all those who gather unto the land of Zion shall be tithed of their surplus properties, and shall observe this law, or they shall not be found worthy to abide among you. And I say unto you, if my people observe not this law, to keep it holy, and by this law sanctify the land of Zion unto me, that my statutes and my judgments may be kept thereon, that it may be most holy; behold, verily I say unto you, it shall not be a land of Zion unto you; and this shall be an ensample unto all the stakes of Zion. Even so. Amen." *Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. cvii.

The settlement of Zion, however, notwithstanding the most confident predictions, and the most positive and explicit "revelations," proved an utter failure. One short year was sufficient to provoke the Missourians to a war of extermination against the sect, which ended in its expulsion from the State,* and its removal to the State of Illinois, where, on the banks of the Mississippi, the foundations of the famous city of Nauvoo were laid in 1839. To avoid the confession of failure, the prophet boldly asserted, that notwithstanding all that had passed, Independence in Jackson County, Missouri, was the place where Zion should be built; but in the mean time, Nauvoo, "the beautiful city," was to be their principal "stake," until "the time of the Gentiles should be fulfilled." No one could suspect the straits to which the sect had been reduced, the sufferings which its members had undergone, or the damage which the character of the prophet had sustained, from the tone of gratulation and of triumph, and of arrogated supremacy over all the nations and kingdoms of the earth, which pervades the "revelation" given at Nauvoo in January, 1841:—

"I say unto you, that you are now called immediately to make a solemn proclamation of my gospel, and of this stake which I have planted to be a corner-stone of Zion, which shall be polished with that refinement which is after the similitude of a palace. This proclamation shall be made to all the kings of the world—to the four corners thereof—to the honorable president elect, and the high-minded governors of the nation in which you live, and to all the nations of the earth scattered abroad. Let it be written in the spirit of meekness, and by the power of the Holy Ghost which shall be in you at the time of the writing of the same; for it shall be given you by the Holy Ghost to know my will concerning those kings

and authorities, even what shall befall them in a time to come. For, behold, I am about to call upon them to give heed to the light and glory of Zion, for the set time has come to favor her."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. ciii. § 1.

At Nauvoo the wickedness of the Mormon system reached its climax. Flushed by his success, after the most fearful reverses, the prophet now overleapt all the bonds of self-restraint, and in more than one sense carried himself as the Mahomet of the West. A full, and to all appearance authentic, account of the state of affairs at Nauvoo,* and of the private as well as public conduct of Joseph Smith at this period, is given by one whose testimony it is hardly possible for a follower of the prophet to repudiate, considering the reception which was given him, the estimation in which he was for a long time held by the prophet, and the position which he occupied at Nauvoo, where he continued to live as a Mormonite, for the space of eighteen months, holding, during the greater part of that time, a high station in the sect, which gave him admission to all its mysteries, and a knowledge of all its secrets;—we allude to General J. A. Bennet, whose "*Exposé of Joe Smith and of Mormonism*" is quoted (No. 3) at the head of this article. According to J. A. Bennet's own account, he never was a believer in Mormonism, but having reasons to suspect the Mormon leader of "a daring and colossal scheme of rebellion and usurpation throughout the Northwestern States," having in fact documents to show a scheme for conquering Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, and Missouri, and creating a despotic military and religious empire, with Joe Smith at the head, he determined to spy out the land, and for this purpose feigned himself a convert to Mormonism. However questionable the morality of this proceeding may be,† certain it is that the inspiration of Joseph did not serve him to discern the traitor in the camp. So far from discovering Bennet's real intentions, Joseph

* See also Caswall's *City of the Mormons; or, Three Days at Nauvoo in 1842*.

† Bennet himself offers a kind of apology for it. "Persons unacquainted," he says, "with the subject, can scarcely imagine the baseness and turpitude of Mormon principles, or the horrid practices to which these principles gave rise. When they learn how habitually the Mormons sacrifice to their brutal propensities the virtue and happiness of young and innocent females; how they cruelly persecute those who refuse to join them, and how they murder those who attempt to expose them; they will look with indulgence upon almost any means employed to thwart their villanous designs, and detect and disclose their infamy."

* For an account of the wars between the Missourians and the Mormonites, see Caswall, *The Prophet of the Nineteenth Century*, ch. ix. x.

distinguished him by "revelation" as a valuable accession to the staff of the Church.

"Let my servant James A. Bennet, help you in your labor in sending my word to the kings of the people of the earth, and stand by you, even you my servant Joseph Smith, in the hour of affliction, and his reward shall not fail if he receive counsel; and for his love he shall be great, for he shall be mine if he do this, saith the Lord. I have seen the work which he hath done, which I accept, if he continue, and will crown him with blessings and great glory."—*Covenants and Commandments*, Sect. ciii. § 6.

Such a "revelation" in the standard book of the sect, the record of the prophet's "inspired" utterance, bestowed upon a man who himself openly declares that he never was anything but a spy and a traitor among the "saints," is the most conclusive evidence, if any were needed, that Joseph Smith has no pretensions whatever to be accounted a prophet. The mistake which he made in pronouncing Mr. Caswall's manuscript of the Greek Testament a dictionary of Egyptian hieroglyphics,* is a mere trifle compared with the moral mistake of his reposing, and that professedly while under the influence of inspiration, the greatest confidence in an individual who was in fact at that very moment planning his destruction. Nor was this want of discernment confined to the one instance of the "revelation" quoted above; Bennet had not been much more than six months in Nauvoo, where Smith was then omnipotent, before he combined in his person the offices of Mayor of the City, Major-General of the Nauvoo Legion, and First President of the Church of the Latter Day Saints; and it is worthy of remark, that when he determined to leave Nauvoo, he withdrew with the full knowledge and consent of Joseph, and received a vote of thanks from the City Council. All these circumstances, as well as his standing in society, which is attested by a number of testimonials of the first respectability, impart a degree of credibility, and an air of authenticity, to the report of General Bennet, to which few of the other opponents of Mormonism can lay claim.

Having, then, made our readers acquainted with the history and character of our witness, we now proceed briefly to sum up the most important points of his evidence. According to General Bennet's statement, the whole community at Nauvoo was nothing more than a huge organization for the gratification of the rapacity, the lust, and lawless

ambition of Joseph Smith and his associates. While these were accommodated with comfortable quarters at the public expense, and lived in ease and comparative luxury, their deluded followers were exposed to every species of privation. This Bennet states, both upon his own authority, and upon that of others whose evidence he quotes; and, in illustration of the spirit in which the prophet acted, he adduces the following anecdote:

"At the very time that the elders of this Church, and indeed the poorer class were suffering from the want of the common necessities of life, Smith demanded at the hands of the people 1200 dollars per year, in order to aggrandize himself and enable him to live in luxury. And when some complained that this would be a violation of the rules of the Church, he remarked that if he could not obtain his demand, his people might go to h—, and he would go to the Rocky Mountains."—*Bennet's History of the Saints*, p. 60.

While the general multitude of believers in Mormonism were thus left to toil and to starve, being deprived of their property by "revelations," under the plea of its being devoted to the service of the Most High, there was an extensive organization, under the name of the Order Lodge, to which those who were thought worthy of it were initiated, by the most ridiculous, profane, and indecent mysteries*. Among the ceremonies which took place at these secret rites, was a blasphemous personation of the Holy Trinity, in which, in General Bennet's time, God the Father was represented by Joseph, God the Son by his brother Hyrum Smith, and God the Holy Ghost by one George Miller. One of the most horrible features of this secret organization was the spiritual seraglio, formed for the gratification of the profligate propensities of the prophet, and of the other leaders of that sect. We cannot pollute our pages with any of the details given by General Bennet; suffice it to say, that a regular course of initiation took place, of both married and unmarried females, through three degrees, or orders, that of the "Cyprian Saints," or the "Saints of the White Veil,"—that of the "Cham-

* The account given by Bennet of this Order Lodge is confirmed by a curious Tract, republished by Arthur Hall (London), entitled, "Sketch of the Rise, Progress, and Dispersion of the Mormons. By John Thomas, M.D., Author of 'Elpin Israel,' Virginia, U. S. of America; to which is added, *An Account of the Nauvoo Temple Mysteries, and other Abominations, practised by the Mormons previous to their Emigration for California.* By Increase M'Gee Van Dusen, formerly one of the Initiated."

bered Sisters of Charity," or "Saints of the Green Veil,"—and, lastly, that of "Cloistered Saints," "Consecratees of the Closter," or "Saints of the Black Veil;" the adepts of the last and highest degree in this ascending scale of corruption being exempted from any restraint, and living in the indulgence of the grossest debauchery with the leaders of the sect, and especially with the prophet himself, who in this select circle assumed the familiar *soubriquet* of the "Old White Hat."

Another and most frightful part of this secret organization was the body of desperadoes, incorporated originally at Zion, in Missouri, under the mysterious name of the "Daughter of Zion," otherwise called "the Danites;" men who were solemnly bound under a fearful oath, and under the penalty of instant and certain death, to execute the decrees of the leaders, and especially of the prophet himself, whatever they might be: robbery, perjury, murder, or whatever other crime it was desirable to commit, in furtherance of the interests of the ruling body, these "Danites" were ready to execute. At the time of General Bennet's sojourn at Nauvoo, their number was 1200, and out of them the twelve most desperate characters were selected, and distinguished by the appellation, the "destroying angels," or, less obviously to the uninitiated, the "flying angels." Most daring assassinations, at great distances, as well as at the Mormon city itself, were planned and carried into effect; among them that of Governor Boggs of Missouri, whose violent death Smith had the audacity to predict. Bennet himself was in no small danger from these emissaries of death, after his separation from the sect; but being thoroughly aware of the system, he was on his guard and managed to escape:

"Nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of all the *faithful*," says General Bennet "of the Mormon Church, regard Joe Smith as God's viceroy on earth, and obey him accordingly; and all the Danites of that Church (and, by-the-by, they compose no very inconsiderable proportion of their mighty hosts), are sworn to receive him as the supreme lord of the Church, and to obey him as the supreme God. If therefore, any state officer, in the administration of public justice, happens to give offence to his Holiness the Prophet, it becomes the will of God, *as spoken by the mouth of his prophet*, that that functionary should die; and his followers, the *faithful saints*, immediately set about the work of assassination, in obedience, as they suppose, to their Divine master; and for which NOBLE DEED they expect to receive an excellent and superior glory in the celestial kingdom"

"The standard of morality and Christian excellence with them is quite unstable. Joe Smith has but to give the *word*, and it becomes the LAW which they delight to obey—BECAUSE IT COMES FROM GOD!!! Acts, therefore, which but yesterday were considered the most immoral, wicked, and devilish—to-day are the most moral, righteous, and God-like; because God, who makes right, has so declared it *by the mouth of his anointed prophet*."—Bennet's *History of the Saints*, pp. 148, 149.

Although, after all that has been stated respecting the character and career of the founder of Mormonism, it is impossible that he should be regarded in any other light than that of a daring impostor, yet the following anecdotes are not without interest, as showing the tone of his mind.

"One day, Joe, the prophet, was gravely dictating to George Robinson a revelation which he had just received from the Lord. Robinson, according to custom, wrote down the very words the Lord spake to Joe, and in the exact order in which the latter heard them. He had written for some considerable time, when Smith's inspiration began to flag; and to gain breath, he requested Robinson to read over what he had written. He did so, until he came to a particular passage, when Smith interrupted him, and desired to have that read again. Robinson complied; and Smith, shaking his head, knitting his brows, and looking very much perplexed, said—'That will never do! you must alter that, George.' Robinson, though not a little surprised at 'the Lord's blunder,' did as he was directed, and changed the offensive passage into one more fit for the inspection of the Gentiles."—Bennet's *History of the Saints*, p. 176.

Upon another occasion:—

"As General Bennet and Smith were walking together on the banks of the Mississippi, Smith suddenly said to him, in a peculiarly inquiring manner: 'General, Harris says that you have no faith, and that you do not believe that we shall ever obtain our inheritances in Jackson County, Missouri.' Though somewhat perplexed by the prophet's remark, and still more by his manner, Bennet coldly replied: 'What does Harris know about my belief, or the real state of my mind? I like to tease him now and then about it, as he is so firm in the faith, and takes it all in such good part.' 'Well,' said Joe, laughing heartily, 'I guess you have got about as much faith as I have. Ha! ha! ha!' 'I should judge about as much,' was Bennet's reply."—Bennet's *History of the Saints*, p. 176.

It is no wonder that a community governed upon a system of such daring iniquity should have been torn by internal dissensions, and regarded with suspicion and hostility by

all around. Many of those whom the prophet associated with himself in the government of Nauvoo, separated from him; among them some of his early accomplices, and even Sidney Rigdon himself, the partner of his fraud from the beginning—the feelings of the father overcoming every other consideration, on his making the discovery that Smith had attempted to add his daughter to the number of his "spiritual wives." The depredations of the Mormonites, and their lawless conduct, soon rendered them as obnoxious in Illinois as they had been in Missouri, and after another Mormon war, in the course of which Joseph himself, with his brother Hyrum, lost his life, being shot by an armed mob, in Carthage gaol, the remnant of the Nauvooans migrated still further west, and effected a settlement in California, where they cut a conspicuous figure, in that entertaining and instructive work, recently published; *Life in the Far West*, by G. F. Ruxton.

But what is truly surprising, is that, notwithstanding all the reverses which the leaders of the sect suffered, their dissensions among one another, and the exposure of the fraud and imposture of the prophet himself, thousands should still be found who regard Joseph in the light of a martyr; who receive the "Book of Mormon" and the "Doctrine and Covenants" as inspired writings; and who look for the fulfillment of the promises

given to the "Latter Day Saints" by the vilest religious impostor which the world has seen since the days of Mahomet. At this present moment we have reason to believe that the number of Mormonites in England is not much under 30,000. In London and the suburbs alone they have near upon twenty different meeting-houses, though all of very moderate dimensions. With fanatical expectations of worldly prosperity and temporal glory, the professors of Mormonism combine the most bitter hostility against every existing religious system, and especially against the true Catholic and Apostolic Church, whose commission they deny, and whose ordinances they revile in the grossest and most offensive terms. Their creed is a tissue of ignorance and profaneness, founded upon the most palpable perversions of Holy Scripture, and characterized by the most carnal conceptions of things spiritual. We had intended to have given an outline of the doctrines of the sect as they are set forth at the present time by the preachers of Mormonism in Europe and in America; but we have already so far exceeded our limits, that we must adjourn this part of our proposed labors to a future opportunity, if, indeed we shall ever be able to afford leisure and space to revert to a subject which would be altogether unworthy of serious attention, but for the extensive spread among our benighted populations of so fearful a spiritual pestilence.

THE AUTHOR OF "THE AMBER WITCH."—The Pomeranian pastor, Meinhold, whose singular romance, the *Amber Witch*, is well known in England through more than one translation, has just been condemned to three months' imprisonment, and a fine of one hundred thalers, besides costs, for slander against another clergyman, named Stosch, in a communication published in the *New Prussian Zeitung*. The sentence was rendered more severe than usual in such cases by the fact that Meinhold had previously been condemned for the same offence against another party. The *Amber Witch* is one of the "curiosities of literature," for in the last German edition the author is obliged to prove that it is entirely a work of imagin-

ation, and not as almost all the German critics believed it to be when it first appeared, the reprint of an old chronicle. "It was, in fact," says the correspondent of the *Times*, "written as a trap for the disciples of Strauss and his school, who had pronounced the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be a collection of legends, from historical research, assisted by 'internal evidence.' Meinhold did not spare them when they fell into the snare, and made merry with the historical knowledge and critical acumen that could not detect the contemporary romancer under the mask of the chronicler of two centuries ago, while they decided so positively as to the authority of the most ancient writings in the world."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

MIRABEAU.

AN ANECDOTE OF HIS PRIVATE LIFE.

THE public life as well as the private character of Mirabeau are universally known ; but the following anecdote has not, we believe, been recorded in any of the biographies. The particulars were included in the brief furnished to M. de Galitzane, advocate-general in the parliament of Provence, when he was retained for the defence of Madame Mirabeau in her husband's protest against her. M. de Galitzane afterwards followed the Bourbons into exile, and returned with them in 1814 ; and it is on his authority that the story is given as fact.

Mirabeau had just been released from the donjon of the castle of Vincennes near Paris. He had been confined there for three years and a half, by virtue of that most odious mandate, a *lettre-de-cachet*. His imprisonment had been of a most painful nature ; and it was prolonged at the instance of his father the Marquis de Mirabeau. On his being reconciled to his father, the confinement terminated, in the year 1780, when Mirabeau was thirty-one years of age.

One of his father's conditions was, that Mirabeau should reside for some time at a distance from Paris ; and it was settled that he should go on a visit to his brother-in-law, Count du Saillant, whose estate was situated a few leagues from the city of Limoges, the capital of the Limousin. Accordingly the count went to Vincennes to receive Mirabeau on the day of his liberation, and they pursued their journey at once with all speed.

The arrival of Mirabeau at the ancient manorial château created a great sensation in that remote part of France. The country gentlemen residing in the neighborhood had often heard him spoken of as a remarkable man, not only on account of his brilliant talents, but also for his violent passions ; and they hastened to the château to contemplate a being who had excited their curiosity to an extraordinary pitch. The greater portion of these country squires were mere sportsmen,

whose knowledge did not extend much beyond the names and qualities of their dogs and horses, and in whose houses it would have been almost in vain to seek for any other book than the local almanac, containing the list of the fairs and markets, to which they repaired with the utmost punctuality, to loiter away their time, talk about their rural affairs, dine abundantly, and wash down their food with strong Auvergne wine.

Count du Saillant was quite of a different stamp from his neighbors. He had seen the world, he commanded a regiment, and at that period his château was perhaps the most civilized country residence in the Limousin. People came from a considerable distance to visit its hospitable owner ; and among the guests there was a curious mixture of provincial oddities, clad in their quaint costumes. At that epoch, indeed, the young Limousin noblemen, when they joined their regiments, to don their sword and epaulettes for the first time, were very slightly to be distinguished, either by their manners or appearance, from their rustic retainers.

It will easily be imagined, then, that Mirabeau, who was gifted with brilliant natural qualities, cultivated and polished by education—a man, moreover, who had seen much of the world, and had been engaged in several strange and perilous adventures—occupied the most conspicuous post in this society, many of the component members whereof seemed to have barely reached the first degrees in the scale of civilization. His vigorous frame ; his enormous head, augmented in bulk by a lofty frizzled *coiffure* ; his huge face, indented with scars, and furrowed with seams, from the effect of small-pox injudiciously treated in his childhood ; his piercing eyes, the reflection of the tumultuous passions at war within him ; his mouth, whose expression indicated in turn irony, disdain, indignation, and benevolence ; his dress, always carefully attended to, but

in an exaggerated style, giving him somewhat the air of a traveling charlatan decked out with embroidery, large frill, and ruffles; in short, this extraordinary looking individual astonished the country folks even before he opened his mouth. But when his sonorous voice was heard, and his imagination, heated by some interesting subject of conversation, imparted a high degree of energy to his eloquence, some of the worthy rustic hearers felt as though they were in the presence of a saint, others in that of a devil; and according to their several impressions, they were tempted either to fall down at his feet, or to exorcise him by making the sign of the cross, and uttering a prayer.

Seated in a large antique arm-chair, with his feet stretched out on the floor, Mirabeau often contemplated, with a smile playing on his lips, those men, who seemed to belong to the primitive ages; so simple, frank, and at the same time clownish, were they in their manners. He listened to their conversations, which generally turned upon the chase, the exploits of their dogs, or the excellence of their horses, of whose breed and qualifications they were very proud. Mirabeau entered freely into their notions; took an interest in the success of their sporting projects; talked, too, about crops; chestnuts, of which large quantities are produced in the Limousin; live and dead stock; ameliorations in husbandry; and so forth; and he quite won the hearts of the company by his familiarity with the topics in which they felt the most interest, and by his good nature.

This monotonous life was, however, frequently wearisome to Mirabeau; and in order to vary it, and for the sake of exercise, after being occupied for several hours in writing, he was in the habit of taking a fowling-piece, according to the custom of the country, and putting a book into his game-bag, he would frequently make long excursions on foot in every direction. He admired the noble forests of chestnut-trees which abound in the Limousin; the vast meadows, where numerous herds of cattle of a superior breed are reared; and the running streams by which that picturesque country is intersected. He generally returned to the château long after sunset, saying that night scenery was peculiarly attractive to him.

It was during and after supper that those conversations took place for which Mirabeau supplied the principal and the most interesting materials. He possessed the knack of provoking objections to what he might ad-

vance, in order to combat them, as he did with great force of logic and in energetic language; and thus he gave himself lessons in argument, caring little about his auditory, his sole aim being to exercise his mental ingenuity and to cultivate eloquence. Above all, he was fond of discussing religious matters with the curé of the parish. Without displaying much latitudinarianism, he disputed several points of doctrine and certain pretensions of the church so acutely, that the pastor could say but little in reply. This astonished the Limousin gentry, who, up to that time, had listened to nothing but the drowsy discourses of their curés, or the sermons of some obscure mendicant friars, and who placed implicit faith in the dogmas of the church. The faith of a few was shaken, but the greater number of his hearers were very much tempted to look upon the visitor as an emissary of Satan sent to the château to destroy them. The curé, however, did not despair of eventually converting Mirabeau.

At this period several robberies had taken place at no great distance from the château: four or five farmers had been stopped shortly after nightfall on their return from the market-towns, and robbed of their purses. Not one of these persons had offered any resistance, for each preferred to make a sacrifice rather than run the risk of a struggle in a country full of ravines, and covered with a rank vegetation very favorable to the exploits of brigands, who might be lying in wait to massacre any individual who might resist the one detached from the band to demand the traveler's money or his life. These outrages ceased for a short time, but they soon recommenced, and the robbers remained undiscovered.

One evening, about an hour after sunset, a guest arrived at the château. He was one of Count du Saillant's most intimate friends, and was on his way home from a neighboring fair. This gentleman appeared to be very thoughtful, and spoke but little, which surprised everybody, inasmuch as he was usually a merry companion. His gasconades had frequently roused Mirabeau from his reveries, and of this he was not a little proud. He had not the reputation of being particularly courageous, however, though he often told glowing tales about his own exploits; and it must be admitted that he took the roars of laughter with which they were usually received very good-humoredly.

Count du Saillant being much surprised at this sudden change in his friend's manner

took him aside after supper, and begged that he would accompany him to another room. When they were there alone, he tried in vain for a long time to obtain a satisfactory answer to his anxious inquiries as to the cause of his friend's unwonted melancholy and taciturnity. At length the visitor said—"Nay, nay; you would never believe it. You would declare that I was telling you one of my fables, as you are pleased to call them; and perhaps *this* time we might fall out."

"What do you mean?" cried Count du Saillant: "this seems to be a serious affair. Am I, then, connected with your presentiments?"

"Not exactly *you*, but"—

"What does this *but* mean? Has it anything to do with my wife? Explain yourself."

"Not the least in the world. Madame du Saillant is in nowise concerned in the matter; but"—

"*But!*—*but!* you tire me out with your *buts*. Are you resolved still to worry me with your mysteries? Tell me at once what has occurred—what has happened to you?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing at all. No doubt I was frightened."

"Frightened!—and at what? By whom? For God's sake, my dear friend, do not prolong this painful state of uncertainty."

"Do you really wish me to speak out?"

"Not only so, but I demand this of you as an act of friendship."

"Well, I was stopped to-night at about the distance of half a league from your château."

"Stopped! In what way? By whom?"

"Why, stopped as people are stopped by footpads. A gun was leveled at me; I was peremptorily ordered to deliver up my purse; I threw it down on the ground, and galloped off. Do not ask me any more questions."

"Why not? I wish to know all. Should you know the robber again? Did you notice his figure and general appearance?"

"It being dark, I could not exactly discover: I cannot positively say. However, it seems to me"—

"What seems to you? What or whom do you think you saw?"

"I never can tell *you*."

"Speak—speak: you cannot surely wish to screen a malefactor from justice?"

"No; but if the said malefactor should be"—

"If he were my own son, I should insist upon your telling me."

"Well, then, it appeared to me that the robber was your brother-in-law, MIRABEAU! But I might be mistaken; and, as I said before, fear"—

"Impossible: no, it cannot be. Mirabeau a footpad! No, no. You *are* mistaken, my good friend."

"Certainly—certainly."

"Let us not speak any more of this," said Count du Saillant. "We will return to the drawing-room, and I hope you will be as gay as usual; if not, I shall set you down as a madman. I will so manage that our absence shall not be thought anything of." And the gentlemen re-entered the drawing-room, one a short time before the other.

The visitor succeeded in resuming his accustomed manner; but the count fell into a gloomy reverie, in spite of all his efforts. He could not banish from his mind the extraordinary story he had heard: it haunted him; and at last, worn out with the most painful conjectures, he again took his friend aside, questioned him afresh, and the result was, that a plan was agreed upon for solving the mystery. It was arranged that M. De — should in the course of the evening mention casually, as it were, that he was engaged on a certain day to meet a party at a friend's house to dinner, and that he proposed coming afterwards to take a bed at the château, where he hoped to arrive at about nine in the evening. The announcement was accordingly made in the course of conversation, when all the guests were present—good care being taken that it should be heard by Mirabeau, who at the time was playing a game of chess with the curé.

A week passed away, in the course of which a farmer was stopped and robbed of his purse; and at length the critical night arrived.

Count du Saillant was upon the rack the whole evening; and his anxiety became almost unbearable when the hour for his friend's promised arrival had passed without his having made his appearance. Neither had Mirabeau returned from his nocturnal promenade. Presently a storm of lightning, thunder, and heavy rain came on; in the midst of it the bell at the gate of the courtyard rang loudly. The count rushed out of the room into the court-yard, heedless of the contending elements; and before the groom could arrive to take his friend's horse, the anxious host was at his side. His guest was in the act of dismounting.

"Well," said M. De —, "I have been stopped. It is really he. I recognized him perfectly."

Not a word more was spoken then; but as soon as the groom had led the horse to the stables, M. De — rapidly told the count that, during the storm, and as he was riding along, a man, who was half-concealed behind a very large tree, ordered him to throw down his purse. At that moment a flash of lightning enabled him to discover a portion of the robber's person, and M. De — rode at him; but the robber retreated a few paces, and then leveling his gun at the horseman, cried with a powerful voice, which it was impossible to mistake, "Pass on, or you are a dead man!" Another flash of lightning showed the whole of the robber's figure: it was Mirabeau, whose voice had already betrayed him! The wayfarer, having no inclination to be shot, put spurs to his horse, and soon reached the château.

The count enjoined strict silence, and begged of his friend to avoid displaying any change in his usual demeanor when in company with the other guests; he then ordered his valet to come again to him as soon as Mirabeau should return. Half an hour afterwards Mirabeau arrived. He was wet to the skin, and hastened to his own room; he told the servant to inform the count that he could not join the company at the evening meal, and begged that his supper might be brought to his room; and he went to bed as soon as he had supped.

All went on as usual with the party assembled below, excepting that the gentleman who had had so unpleasant an adventure on the road appeared more gay than usual.

When his guests had all departed, the master of the house repaired alone to his brother-in-law's apartment. He found him fast asleep, and was obliged to shake him rather violently before he could rouse him.

"What's the matter? Who's there? What do you want with me?" cried Mirabeau, staring at his brother-in-law, whose eyes were flashing with rage and disgust.

"What do I want? I want to tell you that you are a wretch!"

"A fine compliment, truly!" replied Mirabeau with the greatest coolness. "It was scarcely worth while to awaken me only to abuse me: go away and let me sleep."

"Can you sleep after having committed so bad an action? Tell me—where did you pass the evening? Why did you not join us at the supper-table?"

"I was wet through—tired—harrassed: I had been overtaken by the storm. Are you satisfied now? Go, and let me get some

sleep: do you want to keep me chattering all night?"

"I insist upon an explanation of your strange conduct. You stopped Monsieur De — on his way hither this evening: this is the second time you have attacked that gentleman, for he recognized you as the same man who robbed him a week ago. You have turned highwayman then!"

"Would it not have been all in good time to tell me this to-morrow morning?" said Mirabeau with inimitable *sang-froid*. "Supposing that I *did* stop your friend, what of that?"

"That you are a wretch!"

"And that you are a fool, my dear Du Saillant. Do you imagine that it was for the sake of his money that I stopped this poor country squire? I wished to put him to the proof, and to put myself to the proof. I wished to ascertain what degree of resolution was necessary in order to place one's self in formal opposition to the most sacred laws of society: the trial was a dangerous one; but I have made it several times. I am satisfied with myself—but your friend is a coward." He then felt in the pocket of his waistcoat, which lay on a chair by his bedside, and drawing a key from it, said, "Take this key, open my *scrutoire*, and bring me the second drawer on the left hand."

The count, astounded at so much coolness, and carried away by an irresistible impulse—for Mirabeau spoke with the greatest firmness—unlocked the cabinet, and brought the drawer to Mirabeau. It contained nine purses; some made of leather, others of silk; each purse was encircled by a label on which was written a date—it was that of the day on which the owner had been stopped and robbed; the sum contained in the purse was also written down.

"You see," said Mirabeau, "that I did not wish to reap any pecuniary benefit from my proceedings. A timid person, my dear friend, could never become a highwayman; a soldier who fights in the ranks does not require half so much courage as a footpad. You are not the kind of man to understand me, therefore I will not attempt to make myself more intelligible. You would talk to me about honor—about religion; but these have never stood in the way of a well-considered and a firm resolve. Tell me, Du Saillant, when you lead your regiment into the heat of battle, to conquer a province to which he whom you call your master has no right whatever, do you consider that you are per-

forming a better action than mine, in stopping your friend on the king's highway, and demanding his purse?"

"I obey without reasoning," replied the count.

"And I reason without obeying, when obedience appears to me to be contrary to reason," rejoined Mirabeau. "I study all kinds of social positions, in order to appreciate them justly. I do not neglect even those positions or cases which are in decided opposition to the established order of things; for established order is merely conventional, and may be changed when it is generally admitted to be faulty. Such a study is a dangerous, but it is a necessary one for him who wishes to gain a perfect knowledge of men and things. You are living within the bound-

dary of the law, whether it be for good or evil. I study the law, and I endeavor to acquire strength enough to combat it if it be bad, when the proper time shall arrive."

"You wish for a convulsion then?" cried the count.

"I neither wish to bring it about nor do I desire to witness it; but should it come to pass through the force of public opinion, I would second it to the full extent of my power. In such a case you will hear me spoken of. Adieu. I shall depart to-morrow; but pray leave me now, and let me have a little sleep."

Count du Saillant left the room without saying another word. Very early on the following morning Mirabeau was on his way to Paris.

CATALANI.—Among the hearers of Catalani, in Paris, was the Emperor Napoleon, who, although destitute of any taste for music, wished to fix the admired cantatrice in his capital, partly from an ambitious desire to see himself surrounded by great artists, and partly with the view of diverting the thoughts of the Parisians from graver and more dangerous topics. Accordingly, he commanded her attendance at the Tuileries. The poor woman had never been brought before into contact with this terrible virtuoso of war, who, at that time, filled all Europe with the fame of his *fioriture*; she trembled from head to foot on entering his presence. "Where are you going, Madame?" inquired the master, with his abrupt tone and imperial voice. "To London, Sire."—"You must remain in Paris, where you shall be well paid, and where your talents will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs a-year, and two month's vacation: that is settled. Adieu, Madam." And the cantatrice retired, more dead than alive, without having dared to inform her brusque interrogator that it was impossible for her to break an engagement which she had formed with the English Ambassador at Portugal. If Napoleon had been acquainted with this circumstance, he would undoubtedly have laid an embargo on the fair singer, whom he would have considered a rich capture from his enemies. Ma-

dame Catalani was not the less obliged to make her escape from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix, on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, and to whose captain she paid £150 for his services. This interview with the Emperor Napoleon made so deep an impression on Madame Catalani, that she was wont to speak of it as the most agitating moment of her life. A few days before her death, while she was sitting in her saloon, without any presentiment of her approaching end, she received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, "I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women: bless me, Madame, I am Jenny Lind!" Madame Catalani, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish Nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview they parted, each to pursue her own appointed path,—the one to close her eyes, with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears—the other to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love.

From the People's Journal.

AMERICAN POETRY.

A VERY unfair estimate of American poetry has recently made its appearance in a well-known London periodical.* We cannot accuse the critic in question of a prejudice against American authors in general, for he acknowledges fully and fairly the great merits of the prose writers of America—her Coopers and Irvings, her Prescotts and Danas—but we do accuse him of a deplorable deficiency in the matter of genuine poetic taste. Many with minds largely endowed by nature, and vigorously cultivated, have shown themselves unable to appreciate poetry. Franklin called poets "the mere waste paper of mankind;" and a still more celebrated philosopher, pointing contemptuously to "Paradise Lost," is said to have put the question, of "What does it prove?" In our own day there are not a few men of signal ability who are utterly incapable of perceiving the beauties and the uses of poetry—for instance, the veteran reformer, Joseph Hume, whose head is invariably referred to by the phrenologists as furnishing an example of deficient ideality. And certainly the speeches of the member for Montrose, admirable as they generally are, do bear out the phrenologists' assertion. The same may be said of Mr. Thomas Wakley, undeniably a man of vigorous intellect, and of a plenteous endowment of self-esteem into the bargain, as was evidenced some time since, when he very quietly let his constituents know that he could "write as good poetry as Wordsworth, if he thought it worth while." Now nothing can be more certain than that the redoubted coroner of Middlesex would not have the slightest chance of winning the tiniest leaf in the poetic *coronar* (as a cockney would call it), though he were to live through the united years of every man, woman, and child, upon whose body he has held an inquest, and were to labor unceasingly during those years for the acquisition of the single leaflet.

The writer of the criticism to which we alluded at the beginning of this paper, is

* Frazer's Magazine, reprinted in the August number of the Eclectic Magazine.

certainly a man of decided ability. He would, we have no doubt, make a good critic of prose writing, but he is altogether out of his element when he ventures to criticise poetry. Poetic feeling is absolutely essential to him who undertakes this office, and of poetic feeling our friend possesses little or none. He does not believe that America has given us any true poetry. She certainly has not produced a poet entitled to rank with Shakespeare and Milton, with Shelley and Bailey; but she has from time to time given us lyrical effusions which, if there be any truth in the words of Keats, that "a thing of beauty is a joy for ever," will be as imperishable as the great masterpieces of our own poetic literature.

We have charged this critic with a want of poetic taste. Now to the proof. He speaks of John Greenleaf Whittier, but seems perfectly unaware of the existence of that gentleman's ballad of "Cassandra Southwick," one of the noblest lyrics in the English language. Cassandra's father had been imprisoned and deprived of his property, by the Puritans of Boston, for entertaining two Quakers. She and her brother were afterwards fined ten pounds each, for non-attendance at church, which they being unable to pay, an order was passed by the General Court of Boston (it may still be seen on the court records), by which the treasurer of the county was "fully empowered to sell the said persons to any of the English nation at Virginia or Barbadoes, to answer said fines." What could be more soul-stirring than the reply of the "rough sea captain," when the sheriff inquires who will take and dispose of the Quaker maid? Cassandra feels a hard hand press her own, and a kind voice encourage her, and then—

A weight seemed lifted from my heart, a pitying
friend was nigh,
I felt it in his hard, rough hand, and saw it in his
eye;
And when again the sheriff spoke, that voice so
kind to me,
Growled back its stormy answer, like the roaring
of the sea.

"Pile my ship with bars of silver, pack with coins
of Spanish gold,
From keel-piece up to deck plank, the roomage of
her hold;
By the living God who made me! I would sooner
in your bay
Sink ship, and crew, and cargo, than bear this
child away."

"Well answered, worthy captain! shame on their
cruel laws!"
Ran through the crowd in murmurs loud, the
people's just applause;
Like the herdsman of Tekoa, in Israel of old,
Shall we sell the poor and righteous, again for
silver, gold.

I looked on haughty Endicott,* with weapon half-
way drawn;
Swept round the throng his lion glare of bitter
hate and scorn;
Fiercely he drew his bridle rein, and turned in
silence back,
And sneering priest, and baffled clerk, rode mur-
muring in his track.

And Willis, too. Is there no poetry in
"The Leper," or in "Absalom;" or in that
lovely picture, "A child's first impression of
a star," which looks as if it had been painted
with a pencil dipped in sunset clouds?—

She had been told that God made all the stars
That twinkled up in heaven; and now she stood
Watching the coming of the twilight on,
As if it were a new and perfect world,
And this were its first eve. She stood alone
By the low window, with the silken lash
Of her soft eye upraised, and her sweet mouth
Half parted with new and strange delight
Of beauty that she could not comprehend,
And had not seen before. The purple folds
Of the low sunset clouds, and the blue sky
That looked so clear and delicate above,
Filled her young heart with gladness, and the eve
Stole on with its deep shadows, and she still
Stood looking at the west, with that half smile,
As if a pleasant thought were at her heart.
Presently, in the edge of the last tint
Of sunset, where the blue was melted in
To the faint, golden mellowness, a star
Stood suddenly. A laugh of wild delight
Burst from her lips, and putting up her hands
Her simple thought broke forth expressively—
"Father, dear father, God has made a star!"

The description of Jesus in "The Leper,"
is worthy to be compared with the noble one
in Festus Bailey's "Angel World."

Fitzgreen Halleck's poem, "The death of
Marco Bozzaris," may not be quite equal to
the "Battle of the Baltic," and be a right
glorious poem notwithstanding; and surely
Edward Everett's "Dirge of Alaric, the Vis-

igoth," was deserving of, at least, passing
mention. Not a syllable is uttered concern-
ing the simple and beautiful songs of General
George Morris. The great song-writer of
the States, and the poetesses of America,
are very cavalierly dismissed without notice,
on account of their great number. We won-
der whether this critic ever read Mrs. Fran-
ces Osgood's poem of "Labor?" It is a
piece of great poetic beauty, and would of
itself preserve her name to posterity. She is,
alas, no longer a denizen of earth! There
is also an American lady bearing the name
of Lydia Sigourney, who has written a poem
entitled "Alpine Flowers;" which poem has
been, not undeservedly, compared with Cole-
ridge's celebrated "Hymn before Sunrise in
the Vale of Chamouni." But we fear that
our critic resembles Peter Bell—that

A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose is to him,
And it is nothing more;

and that flowers, whether by river's side or
far away up the Alpine heights, possess
small attractions in his eyes. Here are Mrs.
Sigourney's lines on the "Death of an In-
fant;" we cannot refrain from giving them,
they are so beautiful:—

Death found strange beauty on that polish'd brow,
And dash'd it out. There was a tint of rose
On cheek and lip. He touched the veins with ice,
And the rose faded.

Forth from those blue eyes
There spake a wishful tenderness, a doubt
Whether to grieve or sleep, which innocence
Alone may wear. With ruthless haste he bound
The silken fringes of those curtaining lids
For ever.

There had been a murmuring sound,
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,
Charming her even to tears—the spoiler set
The seal of silence.

But there beam'd a smile,
So fix'd, so holy, from that cherub brow,
Death gaz'd, and left it there. He dar'd not steal
The signet ring of heaven.

To supply even specimens of our favorite
American poets is quite out of the question
in a paper like this. Before us lies a heap
of songs and ballads, the production of the
rich fancy and warm heart of George Morris.
Not many weeks since, at a public meeting
in London, a gentleman claimed to be heard
speak on the ground of his connection with
the public press from the time he was seven

* The Sheriff.

years of age. We will not undertake to say that General Morris ran his juvenile fingers over the chords of the lyre at so very early a period, but it is certain he tried his hand at writing for the newspapers when he was yet but a mere child.

While in his teens, he was a constant contributor to various periodicals. Many of his articles attracted notice. He began to acquire a literary reputation; and, at length, in 1822, being then in his twentieth year, he became editor of the "New York Mirror."

This responsible post he continued to hold until the termination of that paper's existence in 1834.

Morris accomplished an infinity of good in the twenty years during which he wielded the editorial pen. Perhaps no other man in the United States was so well qualified for the noble task he set himself at the outset of his career as editor. American literature was in its infancy, and subject to all the weaknesses of that period. Morris resolved to do his utmost towards forming a character for it, and looked abroad anxiously for such as could aid him in his endeavor. The "Mirror" will ever be fondly remembered by the American literary man, for it has been the cradle of American genius. In it Willis, Theodore Fay, and many others, whose names will not soon be forgotten, first tried their "prentice hands." In its pages clever artists of every kind were certain of a kind reception. Morris, indeed, appears to have been almost a universal genius. He saw the wants of his country—it had no literature, no drama, no school of painting. Morris vigorously girded up his loins, resolved to do his utmost to remedy all this. None had a sharper eye than he for the detection of latent talent, and none were more ready by sound counsel and otherwise to aid its possessor. A writer in "Graham's Magazine," (American) speaks warmly of Morris's perseverance and address in disciplining a corps of youthful writers; of the keen eye which could discern in some nameless manuscripts the promise of future power; of the firm and open temper which his example inspired into the relations of literary men with one another throughout the land; of the inestimable value to America of the singular variety and discursiveness of the intellectual sympathies of General Morris.

To him this writer attributes the present flourishing condition and bright prospects of transatlantic literature. He evidently possesses a personal knowledge of the renowned literary general, and discourses right eloquently in his praise. Nor do we think that

he overrates his merits in the least. From other sources we have ourselves learned much of the genial nature of George Morris, and his gigantic labors as a literary pioneer. Considering its juvenility as a nation, republican America indeed has been amazingly prolific of good writers. The large share Morris has had in awakening the latent talent of his countrymen must ever be to him a high source of gratulation. And, then, as an original writer he has won for himself a high place amongst literary Americans; he is, in fact, known throughout the States as "The song-writer of America." And we have the authority of Willis for stating that ninety-nine people out of a hundred—take them as they come in the census—would find more to admire in Morris's songs than in the writings of any other American poet. Willis also tells us, as a proof of the General's popularity with those shrewd, dollar-loving men, the publishers, that "he can at any time obtain fifty dollars for a song unread, when the whole remainder of the American Parnassus could not sell one to the same buyer for one shilling! He is the best known poet of the country by acclamation—not by criticism."

Morris seems to have had juster notions of what was required in a song than many who have achieved celebrity as song-writers in this country. "The just notion and office of the modern song" has been defined to be, the embodiment and expression in beauty of some thought or sentiment—gay, pensive, moral, or sentimental—which is as natural and appropriate in certain circumstances as the odor to the flower. Its graceful purpose is to exhibit an incident in the substance of an emotion, to communicate wisdom in the form of sentiment. A song should be the embodiment of some general feeling, and have reference to some season or occurrence.

It is not a very difficult thing to make words rhyme; some of the most unimaginative intellects we ever knew could do so with surprising facility. It is rare to find a sentimental miss or lackadaisical master who cannot accomplish this *intellectual* feat, with the help of Walker's Rhyming Dictionary. As for love, why every one writes about it now-a-days. There is such an abhorrence of the simple Saxon—such an outrageous running after outlandish phraseology, that we wonder folk are satisfied with this plain term. We wonder they do not seek for an equivalent in high Dutch or in low Dutch, in Hungarian or in Hindostanee. We wish they would, with all our heart and soul. We have no objection, provided the heart be

touched, that a head should produce a little of the stuff called "nonsense verses"—that this article should be committed to scented note-paper, and carefully sealed up with skewered hearts of amazing corpulence. God forbid that we should be thought guilty of a sneer at real affection!—far from it; such ever commands our reverence. But we do not find it in the noisy tribe of goslings green who would fain be thought of the nightingale species. Did the reader ever contemplate a child engaged in the interesting operation of sucking a lollipop?—we assure him that that act was dictated by quite as much of true sentiment as puts in action the fingers and wits of the generality of our young amatory poetasters. We know of none who have written more charmingly of love than George Morris. Would to Apollo that our rhymesters would condescend to read carefully his poetical effusions! But they contain no straining after effect—no extravagant metaphors—no driveling conceits; and so there is little fear of their being taken as models by those gentlemen. Let the reader mark the surpassing excellence of the love songs; their perfect naturalness; the quiet beauty of the similes; the fine blending of graceful thought and tender feeling which characterize them. Morris is, indeed, the poet of home joys. None have described more eloquently the beauty and dignity of true affection—of passion based upon esteem; and his fame is certain to endure while the Anglo-Saxon woman has a hearthstone over which to repeat her most cherished household words.

Here is Morris's "Seasons of Love." Seldom have the benign effects of the passion been more felicitously painted:—

The spring time of love
Is both happy and gay,
For joy sprinkles blossoms
And balm in our way;
The sky, earth, and ocean,
In beauty repose,
And all the bright future
Is *couleur de rose*.

The summer of love
Is the bloom of the heart,
When hill, grove, and valley,
Their music impart;
And the pure glow of heaven
Is seen in fond eyes,
As lakes show the rainbow
That's hung in the skies.

The autumn of love
Is the season of cheer—
Life's mild Indian summer,
The smile of the year;

Which comes when the golden,
Ripe harvest is stored;
And yields its own blessings—
Repose and reward.

The winter of love
Is the beam that we win,
While the storm scowls without,
From the sunshine within.
Love's reign is eternal,
The heart is his throne,
And he has all seasons
Of life for his own.

What simple tenderness is contained in the ballad of "We were boys together"! Every word in that beautiful melody comes home to the heart of him whose early days have been happy. God help those in whom this poem awakens no fond remembrances!—those whose memories it does not get wandering up the stream of life, toward its source; beholding at every step the sun smiling more brightly, the heavens assuming a deeper hue, the grass a fresher green, and the flowers a sweeter perfume. How wondrous are not its effects upon ourselves! The wrinkles have disappeared from our brow, and the years from our shoulders, and the marks of the branding iron of experience from our heart; and again we are a careless child, gathering primroses, and chasing butterflies, and drinking spring water from out the hollow of our hands. Around us are the hedges "with golden gorse bright blossoming, as none bloom now-a-day." We have heard of death, but we know not what it is; and the word change has no meaning for us; and summer and winter, and seed-time and harvest, has each its unutterable joys. Alas! we can never remain long in this happy dream-land. Nevertheless, we have profited greatly by the journey. The cowslips and violets gathered by us in childhood shall be potent in the hour of temptation; and the cap of rushes woven for us by kind hands in days gone by shall be a surer defense than a helmet of steel in the hour of battle. No, no; we will never disgrace our antecedents.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

We were boys together,
And never can forget
The school-house near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
The humble home to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys;
Where woke the transient smile or tear,
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air,
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weigh'd down with care;

To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys—
Foreshadow'd in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together—
The friends we loved of yore
With leaves of autumn weather
Are gone for evermore.
How blest to age the impulse given,
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys!

We regret we have not space to enter more largely into the merits of Morris; but there is one quality in his songs to which we cannot but direct attention—and this is their almost feminine purity. The propensities have had their laureates; and genius, alas! has often defiled its angel wings by contact with the sensual and the impure. But Morris has never attempted to robe vice in beauty; and, as has been well remarked, his lays can bring to the cheek of purity no blush save that of pleasure.

We began by expressing our disapproval of a certain criticism on American poetry; we cannot conclude without expressing our deep obligations to the prose writers of America. Many of them have rendered large service to the cause of humanity, and none more than the ever-to-be-venerated Channing. His eloquent treatise on slavery can never become a forgotten book. The mightiest of earth's conquerors might well envy the little Boston hero the moment when the southern slave-breeders, raging at the exposure of their crimes, swore with the most horrible imprecations that should their an-

tagonist set foot in the south, he should never return alive to Boston—no, though he were girt with a body-guard of thirty thousand men. Channing's tribute to the memory of Milton is a splendid piece of composition. We consider it finer than that of Macaulay's noble offering at the same sacred shrine—rich though that offering be in "barbaric pearl and gold." And what shall we say of Washington Irving, the gentle spirit to whom we owe so many happy hours?—he who has given us Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane—who has collected for us the Moorish legends of Andalusia—who has voyaged with Columbus for our benefit, and traced out the wonderful career of the prophet and his sworded successors—the Addison of the States, and best biographer of gentle Oliver Goldsmith. And Leatherstocking Cooper? who in the number of his fictions almost rivals our own James. And Prescott, the great historian? and Herman Melville? whose narratives fascinate like the eye of the "Ancient Mariner." And Dana, and—but we must conclude; and this we do by wishing fair competence and long life and happiness, and fruitful vines and beautiful olive branches, to every penman at both sides of the ocean who labors to unite the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race in the bonds of brotherhood, and who desires to make those bonds endure till—to apply the words of the fine American poet, Pierpont, writing of the Pilgrim Fathers—

Till the waves of the bay,
Where the Mayflower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

HANDWRITING.—Some time ago, persons inclined to an ambitious turn of mind thought it indicative of an intellectual or literary disposition to write an unreadable hand; and we have heard men boast that they wrote so as not to be understood. This is an odd kind of success, and a very vulgar one to boot. A rapid hand may indicate a habit of writing, and therefore a familiarity with pursuits more or less intellectual; but not to be able to write both well and fast is a defect of skill, and can in no way be twisted into an ornamental trait. To write so that your correspondent cannot decipher you is silly

as regards your own object in writing, disrespectful as regards him. Not to perceive that certain words which do not derive elucidation from the context, such as technical terms and proper names, need particular distinctness, is a mistake of dullness. We do not mean to say that all men who write badly are dullards, or we might be confuted by a storm of illustrious autographs; but we do mean, that when a man intends to make you understand an idea, has a pen in his hand for the purpose, and fails for want of capacity to make the letters of the alphabet, that man's intellect is asleep.—*Spectator*.

From the International Weekly Miscellany.

ENGLISH FEMALE NOVELISTS.

AMONG the most remarkable writers of romances in England, three women are entitled to be reckoned in the first rank, namely, Miss Jewsbury, Miss Bronte, and Mrs. Gaskell. Miss Jewsbury issued her first work about four years since, a novel, in three volumes, under the title of "Zoe," and since then she has published the "Half Sisters." Both these works are excellent in manner as well as ideas, and show that their author is a woman of profound thought and deep feeling. Both are drawn from country life and the middle class, a sphere in which Miss Jewsbury is at home. The tendency of the first is speculative, and is based on religion; that of the second is social, relating to the position of woman.

Miss Jewsbury is still young, for an authoress. She counts only some thirty years, and many productions may be confidently expected from her hand, though perhaps none will excel those already published, for, after gaining a certain climax, no one excels himself. Her usual residence is Manchester; it is but seldom that she visits the metropolis; she is now here. She has lively and pleasing manners, a slight person, fine features, a beautiful, dreamy, light brown eye. She is attractive without being beautiful, retiring, altogether without pretensions, and in conversation is neither brilliant nor very intellectual—a still, thoughtful, modest character.

Miss Bronte was long involved in a mysterious obscurity, from which she first emerged into the light as an actually existing being, at her present visit to London. Two years ago there appeared a romance, 'Jane Eyre,' by 'Currer Bell,' which threw all England into astonishment. Everybody was tormenting himself to discover the real author, for there was no such person as Currer Bell, and no one could tell whether the book was written by a man or woman, because the hues of the romance now indicated a male and now a female hand, without any possibility of supposing that the whole originated with a single pencil. The public attributed it now to one, now to an-

other, and the book passed to a second edition without the solution of the riddle. At last there came out a second romance, 'Shirley,' by the same author, which was devoured with equal avidity, although it could not be compared to the former in value; and still the incognito was preserved. Finally, late in the autumn of last year the report was spread about that the image of Jane Eyre had been discovered in London in the person of a pale young lady, with gray eyes, who had been recognized as the long-sought authoress. Still she remained invisible. And again, in June 1850, it is said that Currer Bell, Jane Eyre, Miss Bronte,—for all three names mean the same person,—is in London though to all inquiries concerning the where and how a satisfactory answer is still wanting. She is now indeed here, but not for the curious public; she will not serve society as a lioness, will not be gazed and gaped at. She is a simple child of the country, brought up in the little parsonage of her father, in the North of England, and must first accustom her eye to the gleaming diadem with which fame seeks to deck her brow, before she can feel herself at home in her own sunshine.

Our third lady, Mrs. Gaskell, belongs also to the country, and is the wife of a Unitarian clergyman. In this capacity she has probably had occasion to know a great deal of the poorer classes, to her honor be it said. Her book, "Mary Barton," conducts us into the factory workman's narrow dwelling, and depicts his joys and sorrows, his aims and efforts, his wants and his misery, with a power of truth that irresistibly lays hold upon the heart. The scene of the story alternates from there to the city mansion of the factory owner, where, along with luxury and splendor we find little love and little happiness, and where sympathy with the condition of the workman is wanting only because it is not known, and because no one understands why or how the workman suffers. The book is at once very beautiful, very instructive, and written in a spirit of conciliation.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

A Hunter's Life in South Africa, by R. Gordon Cumming, a sprightly and entertaining work, reprinted in 2 vols. by HARPER & BROTHERS, is thus commended by *Bentley's Miscellany*:

"To the sportsman, *par excellence*, to the man of nerve and of enterprise, to the young and the daring, to the fox-hunter of England and the deer-stalker of Scotland, to the wild boar-spearer and the tiger-hunter of India, to all that delight in the chase, in its dangers and fatigues, and enjoy it the more from its greater peril to their life or their limbs, we could name few publications that would equally interest them. Five years they indeed were of perilous adventure—of lion-bearding and elephant-spooring, of hippopotamus-shooting and rhinoceros-hunting; five years passed in the forest among the fiercest wild beasts of the earth; and to whom, in their ignorance and simplicity, a horse was as much an unknown animal as was a white man, and a rifle a bewilderment and a puzzle."

The Spectator speaks of the work thus:

Sport and the free life of the hunter, not geographical description or discovery, were the objects of Mr. Cumming, and he enjoyed them to the fullest extent. He has knocked over half-a-dozen elephants or more at a time, chased and slaughtered caméléopards in like manner, killed and carried off hippopotamuses as men do deer at home; and grew so bold that two or three lions were less to him than an over-driven ox to a London Alderman. He met the king of beasts in open plain, rode with them, at them, across them, and round them in the execution of his tactics; knocked them over right and left. The most valuable parts of Mr. Cumming's book are those which describe the habits and appearances of the animals, as he saw them under more favorable circumstances than perhaps any other observer with equal powers of observation.

Lights and Shades of Ireland, a work written by Mrs. Nicholson, and originally published under the title of "Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger," by BAKER & SCRIBNER, New York, and now republished by GILPIN, London, is favorably noticed in a long review by *Tait's Magazine*, which thus commences:

In the year 1847, Mrs. Nicholson, a native of New-York, repaired to Ireland, to become there the distributor of charity to the starving people of that country. As far as her own limited means would reach, aided by some contributors from the United States, she administered relief to the sufferers in person. She accordingly mixed largely with the poorest classes, and was occasionally thrown in contact with bodies and individuals who were engaged officially, or as volunteers, in the same charitable work. The volume before us is, in its most interesting portions, an account of her adventures when so engaged.

Mr. Bentley has lately published—*A Year in the Punjab Frontier in 1848-9*, by Major Herbert Edwardes. *A Pilgrimage to the Land of my Fathers*, or a Narrative of Travel and Sojourn in Judea and Egypt, by the Rev. Moses Margolionth. The History

of the Sicilian Vespers, by the Earl of Ellesmere. A Reprint of Seba Smith's *New Elements of Geometry. Life, Scenery, and Customs in Sierra Leone and the Gambia*, by the Rev. Thomas Eyre Poole, D. D. *Personal Adventures during the late War of Independence in Hungary*.

Mr. Murray's last includes the following among others:—*England from the Peace of Utrecht*, vol. 5 and 6, by Lord Mahon. *State Papers of Henry VIII.'s reign*. *Addresses and Charges*, by Bishop Norwich. *Christianity in Ceylon*, by James Emerson Tennent. *An Englishman domesticated in Abyssinia*, by Mansfield Parkyns, Esq. An Edition of Pope's Works, in 4 vols., edited by John Wilson Croker. *Barron's long expected work, Lavengro*. *Campaign of Radetzky in Piedmont*, by Lord Ellesmere.

Mr. Colburn has lately published:—*The History of Religion*, by John Evelyn. *Lives of the Queens of England of the House of Brunswick*, by Mrs. Everett Green. *Lives of the Princes of England from the Norman Conquest*. *Historic Scenes*, by Agnes Strickland. *Letters of Mary Queen of Scots*, by Agnes Strickland. *Light and Darkness*, by Mrs. Crowe. *Adelaide Lindsay*, by the author of *Emilia Wyndham*. *Petticoat Government*, a novel, by Mrs. Trollope. *An Autumn in Sicily*, by the Marquis of Ormonde.

Smith, Elden, & Co., announce:—*The Stories of Venice*, by John Ruskin. *New Christmas Book*, by Thackeray. *A Volume of Table-talk*, by Leigh Hunt. *Literary Remains of Ellis and Acton Bell*, with notices of both authors, by Currer Bell. *Women Exemplary for Piety and Charity*, by Miss Julia Kavanagh. *Conversations of Goethe with Eckermann*, translated by John Oxenford. *Pique*, a novel.

Blackwood's last embraces:—*Notes on North America, Agricultural, Social, and Economical*, by Professor James F. W. Johnston. *Curran and his Contemporaries*, by Charles Phillips. *Lives of the Queens of Scotland*, by Agnes Strickland. *Agricultural Physiology, Animal and Vegetable*, by J. L. Kemp.

A work of great ability and value has been issued by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS, to which the attention of scholars and clergymen will be attracted—*A Greek and English Lexicon of the New Testament*, by REV. DR. ROBINSON, of the Union Theological Seminary, New York, in one large octavo volume. The typography deserves special commendation. It is remarkably clear and handsome, and will be regarded as among the best specimens of Greek printing among us. Of the merits of the work itself, we have formed, from long acquaintance with the first edition, the highest estimate. In respect of precision, fullness, order and style, we know of no other lexical work so

finely realizing the true idea of a Lexicon as this, in its department. It displays scholarship, research, judgment, and taste, in every page, and combines many qualities not often to be found in this class of works. The latest results of Biblical learning in its various departments, were familiar to the author, and his own practical theories have supplied him with abundant materials for the important feature of exegesis. The etymology and the logical development and changes of each word are minutely presented, together with all its grammatical phases, and the different forms of inflection. A learned and useful comparison of the New Testament usage of the word with that of the classic authors is also given, throwing great light upon many a passage. In addition to this, a great variety of exegetical explanation of words and passages occur, so that the Lexicon as a whole furnishes the student with a fine commentary. The work is highly creditable to the scholarship of our country, and will take rank as a standard production abroad, as well as here.

The first among the beautiful issues of the press, devoted to the welcome purpose of holiday gifts, which the approaching season brings forth, is the splendid volume of the MESSRS. APPLETON, entitled "*Our Saviour, with Prophets and Evangelists*," edited by Rev. Dr. Wainright. The embellishments—eighteen in number—present original and exquisitely finished sketches of that number of prominent Scriptural characters, including our Lord, accompanied by ap-

propriate, though brief, letter press essays, suggested by the history of the different characters delineated. The sketches are highly meritorious as works of art. They evince a fine conception of the character of the persons portrayed, and a degree of spirit and intelligence not often to be found in the purely imaginative creations of the pencil. St. Paul, David, Isaiah, Ezekiel, especially, are replete with the traces of genius; and of all of them it may be said, that they do good justice to the lofty subjects they attempt to sketch.

The illustrative essays are from practised and well-known pens. Among the authors we notice the names of the reverend and esteemed editor, of Dr. Vinton, of Boston, Bishop Spencer, of Jamaica, Dr. Adams and Dr. Smith, of the Presbyterian Church in New-York, Dr. Bellows, Dr. Frothingham, and Mr. Bartol, of the Unitarian denomination; Dr. Hayne and Dr. Charles, of the Baptist denomination, and Dr. Scott, of the Methodist. These productions are of various interest and ability. Some of them possess great excellence. Purity of taste, genuine feeling, and exquisite appropriateness are true of them all, while true eloquence and poetry may be averred of a few. The massive, rich and luxurious binding in which the work makes its appearance, together with the fine typography, and its truly beautiful and meritorious illustrations, will give it an unquestionable precedence in the elegant class of which it is the pioneer.

OUR PLATE.

THE striking scene presented in the engraving accompanying this number, will recall to the reader the closing period of the life of Charles IX of France. Weak and unprincipled, rather than wicked, this unhappy prince was made subservient throughout his short and eventful life, to the policy and intrigues of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, who ruled France, from the time of her husband's decease, whoever might be the apparent head of the kingdom. One part of her policy was to play off against each other the different parties into which the kingdom was divided. The excesses of each party she adroitly fostered, and secretly aided each to injure the other. The great issue which divided the contending parties at that time, was the conflict between Catholicism and Protestantism; and persecution of Protestants became, therefore, a leading part of the policy of the Queen mother. Through her agency, some of the

most revolting and cruel persecutions ever recorded, were the result of her instigation. St. Bartholomew's day was one of them. In all these the unhappy Charles was forced, often with great reluctance, to play the principal part. The frequent and flagrant crimes in which he was thus compelled to participate, embittered his life with regrets, and which gradually rose to a settled and terrible remorse. The sight of his monster mother became at length intolerable; and shortly previous to his death, her presence was the signal of paroxysms of rage and remorse. It is one of these characteristic scenes which the artist has seized upon, and presents at a glance the whole history of the miserable destiny which crime ever secures to itself. We shall present, in another number, a continuation of an article in our last, on the House of Guise, a graphic sketch of these two characters, to which the reader may be referred.



ENJOINED BY PARLIAMENT — THE ORIGINAL OF OUR WALL-PAPER

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS SIGNING HER ABDICATION.

REPRODUCED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT

